# Melchie OWN

IN THIS ISSUE

Hollywood's Kidnap Menace

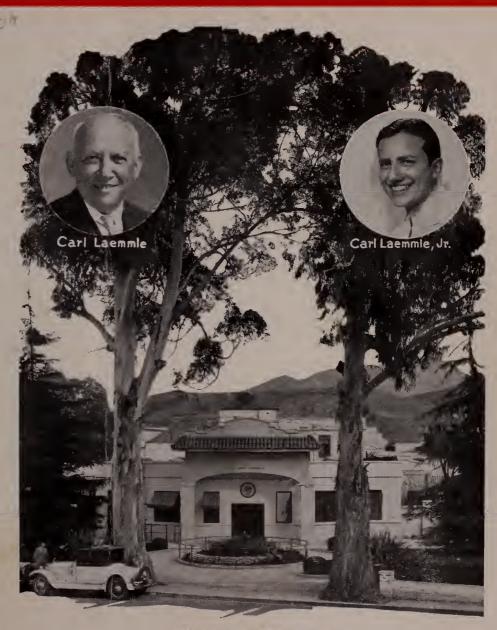
Raft's Broken Romance

Articles by Roger Imhof

Clara Miller



1935

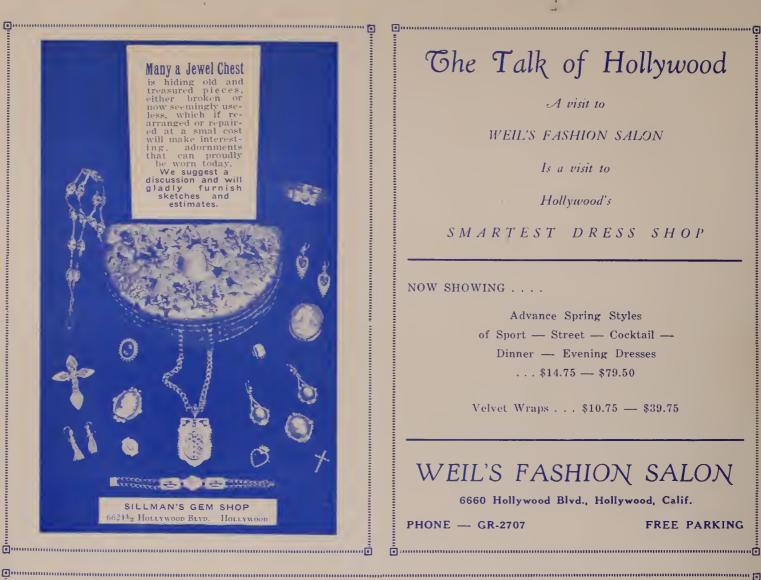


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NO. 9

#### From Our Readers

FIFTY-FIFTY-Quite frequently I don't agree with your writers, but I get a kick out of reading The LOW-DOWN nevertheless. So take the enclosed two dollars and send me the magazine for another year. -Alfred B. Cook, Westwood.

HE'S IN THIS ISSUE-Ben Mendoza is a clever writer and he certainly knows what he's talking about. Let's have more of his penetrating stories on the screen big shots. His interview with Joan Crawford was one of the best you've had in your magazine.-Lydia Spitzer, Berkeley.

SAYS CLEVELAND-Back east here, where we are not so familiar with motion picture gossip, it is difficult to identify more than half the people whose exploits figure in the Do You Know column. Can't you put in all of the names?-Chet Downing, Cleveland.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE—I generally believe what I read in The LOW-DOWN; and I think Louello O. Parsons is correct quite a bit of the time. But in your issue of November 24, you quote Marlene Dietrich as saying "It isn't fair to think I dress in trousers to get publicity. I have never done anything to start publicity about myself"; while in the December Cosmopolitan Miss Parson says "I have always considered Marlene a super show-woman. She never really enjoyed wearing those mannish trousers. But life was suddenly dull so Marlene started wearing trousers." Who's right? You can't both be.-Granthan Mockett, Los Angeles.

(Ed. Note-We were not quoting Marlene directly. The statements were taken from an interview published in one of the fan magazines.)

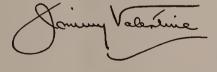
IRATE READER-One of the stupidest statements I ever saw in print was one attributed by you to Raquel Torres in a recent issue of your magazine. Although she probably never has tried it and doesn't expect to, since she has married a millionaire, she states that all any human being is entitled to is a roof over his head and \$25 a week. If she really believes that, why doesn't Raquel give up her expensive home, servants and cars? Personally I think the quotation was VERY appropriately placed in the Hollywood Hooey column.-Charnell LeGrande, Hollywood.

#### Merry Xmas

A NOTHER year has slipped by: the holiday season is with us again, and, as is the custom, The LOW-DOWN wishes its readers and the entire motion picture industry a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Its the conventional thing to say, of course, but with us it's not just an empty, meaningless phrase. We attach a deep, sincere sentiment to the words.

FOR 1934 has been very kind to The LOW-DOWN and to its editor and publisher. A new makeup and the addition of a number of new and competent writers to the staff have greatly improved the magazine with a consequence that the circulation has doubled during the last twelve months. We look for similar inprovement during the coming year.

AS for our readers, genial old Santa has promised us a host of new features; some swell interviews with your favorite stars; and gossip that you'll read FIRST in The LOW-DOWN only. This material will appear in the 1935 issues. Look for it and-A Happy New Year to you all.



#### DO YOU KNOW?

THAT a small-salaried featured player, wishing to impress friends with his importance, has hired two down-and-outers at \$10 a week, equipped them with dummy machine guns from the studio prop room and set them to patroling his rented half-acre estate, presumably to foil a kidnap plot?

THAT an extra girl with plenty of courage and, what is more important, three reliable witnesses, is planning to sue a major studio producer for breach of oral contract because he propositioned her with the promise of steady work in his pictures and then failed to come through after she did?

THAT a younger star has lost so much money recently in one of the Hollywood gaming clubs that his manager and his studio bosses are taking steps to close the place?

THAT a spectacular novel which pictures a great many of Screenland's most famous institutions and characters in a most unflattering light is being filmed secretly on an independent lot; and will be released without the Hays office endorsement of course?

THAT Jimmy Durante, endorser of a well known brand of cigarettes, chews tobacco and smokes only big black cigars?

THAT studio executives recently induced the police to destroy every record of a shooting fray in which one of Hollywood's most promising juveniles seriously wounded a young woman acquaintance?

THAT the details of an ugly scandal involving an actor and a Wampas winner of a year or so ago will get into the papers when the actor's wife files suit for divorce two weeks hence?

THAT a former vaudeville magician, now playing picture roles, has been winning plenty of money in friendly card games on the lot because of his deft manipulation of the pasteboards?

THAT an actress who moved in with a man a year ago and announced at the time she was married recently did make it legal and is now afraid the Hollywood snoopers will discover what actually transpired?



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### The REAL LOW-DOWN

A rity has two strikes called on him before he turns away from the altar. He finds his days of usefulness ended when the honeymoon is over and he will be vexed daily by well-meaning blunderers who confuse his last name with his wife's. Without a doubt, it's embarrassing to be addressed as Mr. Jones if Jones happens to be the bride's name. Either thoughtlessly or with downright malice, a Paramount publicity man released a story the other day which put Hank de la Falaise on such a spot.

The story was captioned "Get Bennett Film," and read: "Paramount International Corporation has acquired the world distribution rights to 'Legong,' Technicolor feature filmed on the Island of Bali by the Marquise Henri de la Falaise, husband of Constance Bennett." The error was inexcusable.

HAD Rudy Vallee never stumbled on the knowledge that he could croon, he would, as Hubert P. Vallee, undoubtedly have made a success in some business or other, for Rudy is a hard-headed and canny gent who cuts more financial corners than a Scotch loan shark.

It's customary for motion picture stars to present their stand-ins, who have an arduous and thankless time of it, with a suitable gift when a picture is completed. But not Vallee. When he was bidding his stand-in goodby after finishing his picture at Warner's recently, Rudy shook hands and said, "Thanks a lot, old man . . . ah . . . By the way, I'm sending you something on from New York as soon as I get there." The anticipatory light is dying in the stand-in's eyes, but he still runs to the mailbox when the postman stops.

I N the old days, when the police axes began biting through the barred door of a speakeasy, some wit invariably shouted, "Don't give your right name." Complying with this advice would be no burdensome task for most motion picture stars. Assuming that they would, however, and assuming, too, that the police have conducted a highly successful raid on the Cocoanut Derby or some other popular Hollywood rendezvous, here are some of the names that would appear on the blotter: Richard Van Mattimore, Mary Dantzler, Frank Cooper, Laura Gainor, John Pringle, Ann Gatley, Augusta Apple, Jane Peters, Chotsey Noonan, Gladys Smith and Virginia McSweeney. The familiar screen names, in case those aren't recognizable,

are: Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, Gary Cooper, Janet Gaynor, John Gilbert, Ann Harding, Lila Lee, Carole Lombard, Sally O'Neill, Mary Pickford Fairbanks and Virginia Valli.

Out of the score of columnists who mistakenly regarded "Love in Bloom," smash hit tune of Bing Crosby's "She Loves Me Not," as the work of Gordon and Revel, Lloyd Pantages was the only one who printed a retraction and gave credit to Ralph Rainger and Leo Robin, its composers. The blunder was excusable, however, since G. and R. did the rest of the music for the picture and were the ones mentioned most prominently in the credit listing.

RAIRLY reliable rumor that William Powell will become Jean Harlow's fourth husband has prompted some ugly gossip about Hal Rosson. Powell, the gossips aver, is giving Rosson a life income in return for Jean's freedom. Absurd! Regardless of what motives prompted Jean to marry Rosson, the cameraman was sincere; a nice chap of simple tastes, he has more than enough money to take care of himself for life. Besides, if anyone requires a payoff, the studio is the one to make it.

W HEN gangster pictures were popular, everybody was making an undeworld feature or two. A successful film of any type brings a host of imitators. And so, jealous of Fox pictures' success with delightful little Shirley Temple, each producer is now sweating overtime to groom his particular 'child hope' for stardom. Universal Pictures, which might have had Shirley under contract long before Fox got a chance at her, is vainly pinning its faith on Baby Jane. In order to exploit the child, they are writing in bigger roles for her in many of their current productions. A whining, querulous child, she is generating a definite audience antagonism as a result.

In passing it is interesting to note that although "Katharine Hepburn will sit down on a curb stone to talk to a studio worker and then deny an audience with a Prince," and despite the fact that "she much prefers to drive around in her simple station wagon instead of her luxurious

limousine," she really "doesn't believe the public wants to be burdened with too much publicity about herself." It would also be interesting to discover just what Kate regards as "too much publicity."

KALLOCH, the designer at Columbia, has evidently been having hallucinations, for he predicted last week that high lace shoes will soon come back. He maintains that this type of footwear will be worn by all smart women with afternoon dresses. Anyone who is worried over Kalloch's prediction may rest easier on learning that he sees also a return of the bustle. So much for Dame Fashion.

HERE'S a rare gem of understatement discovered in a magazine article on Hollywood. "Mae West," says the writer, "is buxom and no longer in her early twenties." The word "buxom," as a matter of fact, inadequately describes Mae's voluptuous figure and the last part of the quotation is off by at least a decade, of which the Belle of the Nineties makes no secret.

A HARD-WORKING writer who has been harassed for years by letters asking questions that begin "What does the average star wear . . . eat . . . do in her spare time . . . etc.?" finally worked over statistics until he evolved the following answers. Fifty well known actresses were considered. Here's the average: 26 years old; weight 112 pounds; has been in Hollywood five and a half years; has two servants; drives two cars; likes swimming, tennis and golf; is usually blonde; has one and one half husbands to her credit, and stands five feet, three inches tall. The literary gent deserves a vote of thanks.

ELISSA Landi is, perhaps, Hollywood's best known actress-novelist. Jean Harlow is following with a ghost-written book which will carry her by-line and will be extensively advertised as her own work. Now comes blonde Alice Faye as the next screen player to succumb to the literary lure. "You see," she says, "I'm going to write a book about Hollywood . . . a whole book. Maybe fiction, with a true-to-life background and real, thinly disguised characters." The hero will no doubt be a curly-haired crooner with a saxophone.

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### We're Telling You



#### Don't Worry, Father

Dear Father-

You were happy as anything when I graduated from college, but you felt I was headed straight for perdition when I decided to become a newspaperman. You'd heard a lot about rum-sodden reporters and had, perhaps, seen a great many examples of the bibulous journalist in motion pictures. Four years passed before you finally came to the conclusion your fears were groundless.

You threw up your hands in despair when I decided to come to Hollywood. Everybody told you the movie folk were a dissolute bunch and you had read a lot about their wild carryings-on. You entertained an idea I'd acquire a taste for strong drink or even worse dissipations and that I might get in the habit of staying out all night. No good would come of it, you said.

Well, let me calm your fears. I'm really meeting the right sort of people-bettermannered folks than you'll find in a college. I wouldn't have believed it myself, but I read it in the paper the other night. You see it isn't the movie people who give Hollywood its bad name, father, it's the college boys and girls who sometimes have extra roles in movies with collegiate backgrounds. It's really true. You have the word of Mr. Aubrey Blair on that. Perhaps I should ask him to write you all about it. He's the secretary of the Junior Screen Actors Guild, a group of refined, genteel, cleancut young actors and actresses who are, unhappily, much maligned by the press and gossips.

In his official capacity as secretary of the J. S. A. G., Mr. Blair was interviewed by a newspaper the other day and here's what he said: "Reports of lax moral conditions on motion picture sets are caused—never by extras . . .—but by college students, who have no one in authority over them and regard film work as a lark." Honest, that's just what Mr. Blair said. I enclose a clipping to prove it.

So you see, father, I'm really associating with the right sort of people. I rub shoulders with the lecherous college riffraff only at football games and then I sit in the press section, which is way across the field from the stand reserved for the students; and I promise you on my honor never to go near a campus unless it is for

reasons strictly business.

So I am really all right. You can take Mr. Blair's word for it. The movie people have an impeccable moral sense. If they do get talked about once in a while, what the hell. Remember Uncle Homer. Rest assured, therefore, that everything is under control, and don't be worrying about

Your dutiful son,

Dean Eddie Chubb.

#### Hollywood Hooey

#### STRANGE INDEED

During the filming of a picture recently, Richard Dix rescued a young calf from a stampede scene and bandaged its injured leg . . . When the day's shooting was done Dix took the animal home and put it to bed in his own room.—Strange Movie Facts in Hollywood magazine.

There has been only one genuine romance in Claudette Colbert's life—the love of a one-man woman for a one-woman man; and that man is Norman Foster, her actor-husband.—David Lee, in Romantic Mayic

I sincerely believe that almost all boys prefer the old-fashioned, unsophisticated type of girl.—Bette Davis, screen player.

Constance (Bennett) is a very motherly sort of girl.—Adrienne Morrison Bennett, her mother.

There are no longer any Dumb Doras in Hollywood.—Louella O. Parsons, gossip writer.

My career comes before all else. I belong solely to my art, so to speak.—Merle Oberon, British screen actress and an exfiancee of Joseph M. Schenck.

Not that I'm bitter about it (broken engagement to Woolworth Donahue, nickeldime store fortune heir); he doesn't come into his inheritance until he's 25. Anyhow, if marriage is denied me, I must devote myself to my career.—Wendy Barrie, British actress.

I honestly believe that the girl who is born homely has a better chance to get what she wants than the girl who is born beautiful.—Myrna Loy, screen player.

To me each fan letter is as sacred as if it were from a close friend.—Francis Lederer, actor.

In two hours a motion picture can teach you more than you'd learn in months of reading or years of travel.—Floyd Gibbons, newspaper correspondent.

The life I live is little different than that of any professional woman in any walk of life.—Carole Lombard, actress.

### Can You IMAGINE?

When some Spanish actors and actorines could not get the "go" of a scene for "Caprice Espagnole," Joseph von Sternberg called his crew of electricians, cameramen, prop men, et al., dressed them up in Mantillas, shawls and old castenets and let THEM go through the scene for the AMAZED actors. After which they, themselves, in SHEER chagrin, did it PERFECTLY.—Lloyd Pantages in the Examiner.

#### Dear Fred

Mr. Frederic Hollander-

Please stick to your composing and give up amateur theatricals. Another ghastly offering like "All Aboard" and you may come to a violent end at the hands of some irate theatre-goer who paid to get in. Leave the impromptu entertainment field to high school pupils, the children's drama classes and Billy Wayne.

And let me disabuse you on another point. You don't play the piano nearly as well as you think or as capably as some of your friends believe. As for the little tunes you write, they may be all right, but no one would suspect it from the way you play them, with that vagrant lock of hair beating time rhythmically on your brow. Professional piano players have a word for that kind of piano. Corney. So just stick to composing. Please!

I hope you aren't going to be offended, Fred, for I have your best interests at heart, and when you stay away from the Tingel-Tangel theatre, they tell me, you're a great guy. So accept, in the spirit it is given, the advice of

Your well-meaning critic,

Dean Eddie Chubb.

#### To-

Madame-

You are well known as an actress and a novelist and you trace the title you claim through several centuries of Central European history. You are presumably a woman of breeding and brains. Yet it is more than mere rumor that you brutally killed your tiny Pekingese puppy with a pair of firetongs during a fit of flaming rage over some trifling violation of household discipline.

They say that you wouldn't permit your butler to call a veterinary after you had broken the dog's back. That you told him to toss the animal out on the lawn to die.

It is fortunate for you that powerful studio executives stopped the Humane Society from making an issue of the matter. You knew, of course, that after your butler, sickened by your brutality, quit his job, he reported the matter to the authorities. But your bosses managed to hush it all up.

Hollywood will overlook your amorous peccadillos, but unless you can curb your sadistic impulses—I understand you're cruel to your riding horses, too—you won't have a friend left in the film colony.

D. E. Chubb.



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#### Fate Takes a Hand In Careers of Stars

By HELEN M. CRANE

("Of all sad words of tongue or pen The saddest are these:

it might have been.")

HOLLYWOOD, which likes its poetry, has its own answer to those famous lines by John Greenleaf Whittier. It is: "sometimes, but not always." Quite frequently, those lines are happy words.

Francis Lederer, for example, might have been a bank clerk in Czecho-Slovakia



instead of an internationally famous screen star. His father wanted him to be a banker and insisted that he take examinations for a clerical job in a Prague financial house. Fortunately, Lederer failed in his examinations.

Richard Dix might have been a soap salesman. His father operated a soap factory and wanted Richard to go on the road selling its product.

Ginger Rogers might have been

teaching school today instead of starring in pictures. To be a teacher was her early ambition but the winning of a state dancing championship side-tracked it.

Katharine Hepburn might have been a surgeon. The star who won the highest acting award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has a doctor father who was anxious that she take up his profession.

John Beal, who plays opposite Miss Hepburn in her latest picture, "The Little Minister," might have been an artist starving in a garret. He was studying for an art career when theatrical producers, impressed by his work in college plays, induced him to become a Thespian.

Except for a turn of fate, Ann Harding might have been a business woman. She was well launched on a business career

with a New York insurance company. She joined a Little Theater group, and this proved to be the turning point in her life.

Robert Woolsey might still be a jockey except for a nasty spill which ended his days on the turf.

Bert Wheeler, his comedy partner might have been the owner of a news KATHARINE HEP. stand. He served his apprenticeship as a

newsboy. A combination of pluck, talent, and circumstances launched him on an acting career.

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### George Raft's Broken Romance

By DOROTHY LUBOU

WOMEN have always pursued George Raft. Strangely enough, for all his appearance of being a steely, metallic personality, George is a soft-hearted, good natured fellow, a natural sucker for an aggressive out-to-get-her-man female. That's the real low-down on the swarthy Italian-German star with the mysterious past.

George isn't at all the way he looks, and that's the basis of most of his feminine troubles. Because he looks that way, and because it is natural for him to be attentive and gentle to all females, regardless of their age or degree of attractiveness, there have been many women in his life. There will undoubtedly be many more.

Great lovers, on and off the screen, make poor husbands. Remember that George has had two unsuccessful marriages and is very bitter on the subject of romance. And remember also, that many of his friends say that he is still in love with Marjorie King, despite a parting of the ways.

Marjorie is the attractive New York show girl whose name was linked with George's before his sudden interest in Virginia Peine Lehman, the blonde Chicago society heiress. Marjorie is no shrinking violet. If she had been, the quiet, self-effacing Raft would have been spared a broken romance that has left its mark on him.

Marjorie is a full blown rose who has seen to it that she was not born to blush unseen. She first saw George at a Hollywood party. It was immediately after George's sensational performance in "Scarface." The show girl may or may not have been insensible to the new star's promising future, but she was undoubtedly attracted to the silent, too-perfectly dressed actor.

She met him again at a party in New York. And though Marjorie had been going places with John Gilbert, she appeared frankly interested in George, and he in her.

When he learned that John Gilbert was her current heart interest he dismissed her from his mind. Several screen actresses were fighting a mong themselves for George's attentions, and George, with a weakness for pretty ladies, let them fight it out.

The spirit of conquest is not one of George's masculine traits. But Marjorie, sensing the attraction between them, made her interest in him obvious and pointed. She too, had inquired of mutual acquaintances about George. Particularly about the women in his life.

She learned that George had recently split up with Molly O'Day after going with her for two years. Molly had helped considerably with encouragement and advice during those difficult days prior to "Scarface," when George and Sammy Finn, living in an expensive apartment to keep up appearances, remained in bed until late in the afternoon, forcing themselves into a



GEORGE RAFT

sleep that approached a stupor, so that the pangs of hunger would not be too great.

She heard conflicting stories about his earlier days in New York, stories one hears whenever Raft's name is mentioned. That Raft had gotten mixed up with some gangsters while dancing professionally in Texas Guinan's night club and that he had fled to Hollywood to escape the underworld's wrath. That he had been a pal of Valentino's when they had both hired out as dancing gigolos in the days of Rector's and Reisenweber's.

She heard of his marriages and of his seventeen year old son whom he adored but must keep under cover because of studio orders. The boy who lived with George's mother in a much more comfortable apartment than had been George's lot at the same age, born and reared as he was in the Tenderloin district of New York.

The many contradictory stories only added to her fascination for George. Marjorie was no sheltered plant in a hot house atmosphere. She had battled life at an early age and the Broadway choruses had made her wise in the ways of men. So when their paths crossed again in New York, Marjorie transferred her affections

from John Gilbert, fast fading from the screen, to George Raft, being touted as another Valentino.

The following year was a trying one for George. A large part of the temperament that was attributed to him at the studio can be traced to nerves caused by the hectic course of his romance with Marjorie. They were very much in love.

Marjorie was insanely jealous. That was the cause of most of their quarrels, which were frequent and tempestuous.

As a star he could not escape having his name connected with several of his leading women. The fact that they were outspoken about their infatuation for George made Marjorie's heated accusations that much more difficult to deny. Marjorie was often in a state bordering on hysteria. Once she said she would kill him if he ever left her. On many an occasion after a quarrel, George rushed to her side when she threatened to kill herself.

George hated scenes, and drawing room dramatics. But he loved Marjorie. So his disposition suffered. He was not satisfied with the stories Paramount was giving him; agents and managers, popping up out of nowhere, were bickering about commissions due, and George's salary was not in keeping with his rapidly growing popularity.

It was no wonder then, that with his personal and professional life in such chaotic state, he should stage a walkout and declare he didn't give a darn if he ever saw the inside of a studio again.

George's friends are the same people who knew him when. His tastes are simple and unsophisticated, another cause for dissension between the party loving show girl and Raft. Marjorie, who had played a few bits in pictures, had given up her interest in a career to give all of her time to George. She gave up cocktail parties and her worldly friends because of George.

Of course, there were compensations. There were orchids from George every day, and on her birthday she was surprised by a sparkling diamond bracelet. But there were times when even these attentions failed to make up for George's active dislike of the social whirl.

The time, for instance, when Marjorie and Peggy Hopkins Joyce, accompanied by the film star and Maxie Rosenbloom, light heavyweight boxer, attended the opening of an important picture at Grauman's Chinese theatre. Marjorie and Peggy were prepared to enjoy the admiring glances of the fans lining the lobby of the theatre and of the famous actors and executives seated about them.

(Continued on page 10)

## ROGER IMHOF

PICTURES FOR THE YEAR

"DAVID HARUM" "HANDY ANDY" "JUDGE PRIEST"

with WILL ROGERS

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MELODY LANE 10 to 11 P.M. Nightly **Except Tuesday** 

OFFICIAL STATION

LOS ANGELES TIMES

#### Youthful Producer Starts New Picture

JOHN B. ALDEN, one of the youngest producers in Hollywood, is now in production with "The King's Highway," which will be a feature-length historical picture of the founding of California.

"One of the most difficult phases in producing 'The King's Highway' was casting,"

declares Mr. Alden. "My one thought was to have each star fit the role perfectly according to descriptions in the old Spanish records of California. After a series of tests, we finally selected a cast featuring Rod La Rocque, Mada Borka, Nigel de Brulier, Mitchell Lewis, Barry Norton and Rita Rozelle.



John B. Alden

"We now have all our research work completed, and sketches taken from the original plans used by the Frays who built the missions are finished for our sets.

"We moved to the Prudential Studios because they have the largest sound stage in Hollywood where our interior shots will be taken. B. V. Mindenburg will supervise the production, and Max Pollock will direct.

"I believe 'The King's Highway' will be a fine picture because it is historical and has a clean dramatic background. No expense will be spared on the production."

The enormous sound stages at the Prudential Studios have been turned into a real "El Camino Real," with sets of missions, presidios and Indian villages. The picture is being produced on a lavish scale.

Besides the starring leads for which Rod La Rocque and Mada Borka have been signed, there are eight featured parts, twelve supporting character roles, and forty-two bit parts. Hundreds of extras will be necessary for the fiesta and other scenes.

#### Do You Know?

THAT a very well known actor has grown a Van-dyke and returned to his home city in the east where he is getting a closed-door divorce under his real name with the press there and in Hollywood being none the wiser?

DOES YOUR FAVORITE COLUMNIST ever tell ALL he knows about Hollywood? "Behind Hollywood Headlines," graphic serial expose of Filmland, which begins in the January 15 issue of The LOW-DOWN, will reveal the answer.

#### ◆ GEORGE RAFT'S BROKEN ROMANCE

(Continued from page 8)

But no sooner had the picture started, than George, looking as uncomfortable as he felt in a brand new tuxedo, whispered in Marjorie's ear a suggestion that they all exit quietly and go somewhere for a hot dog! So out they went, the orchidaceous Peggy, the protesting Maxie and the obedient but disappointed Marjorie. They headed for the beach and had a swell time riding the roller-coaster and trying to bring home the bacon by hitting the pig in the right spot at a dime a throw.

Marjorie encouraged George in his eagerness to make a personal appearance tour while his contract was being altered to his satisfaction. In New York, she met his mother, who was friendly enough. But Mrs. Raft's real favorite among her Georgie's girl friends is Molly O'Day who never fails to visit her when she is in the East.

The clashing of two alien tempers continued on their return to Hollywood. More quarrels and reconciliations. And then George met Virginia Peine Lehman. Virginia has too much money, and a placid, angelic disposition in keeping with her cool, blonde beauty.

George was undoubtedly attracted to Virginia because of her quiet air of breeding. But their acquaintance had progressed only as far as a few luncheon dates, when rumor began linking their names. Had Marjorie remained calm about a casual friendship that was completely lacking in a romantic angle at the time, there would have been no break-up.

But after a particularly violent scene, at a time when the star's nerves were raw from constant work before the camera, George left for New York. Without Marjorie. Virginia Peine followed, stopping off in Chicago long enough to rid herself of a husband.

And just at this time, Grayce Mulrooney Raft, deciding it would be a propitious moment to sue for divorce and heavy alimony, emerged from obscurity, and demanded twelve hundred a week, though she and George had separated long before any one had any idea he would reach his present fame.

George was distraught. His friends on the Coast were wiring him that Marjorie was going to pieces. George could not bear the thought that anyone should be unhappy on his account. Though he still loved the emotional little show girl, he was finding peace and renewed zest for living away from her presence.

George called up Marjorie long distance. She packed up immediately and joined him in New York. They had a long talk. George offered to give Marjorie a leisurely trip around the world, so that they could both think things over and try to forget. Her answer was to return to her hotel and take an overdose of a sleeping powder which proved an unsuccessful attempt at suicide.

For the first time in his life, George, shocked and bewildered, was seen at a night club drinking heavily. But the not-oriety attending Marjorie's suicide attempt proved to be George's liberation. It was definitely the end of their romance.

George is still being seen with Virginia Peine. But I have heard him say he will not marry for a long time. He is free of matrimony, the entanglements of a serious love affair, and studio difficulties. He has found a measure of peace.

Broken romances, like broken vases, are rarely mended satisfactorily. But there is still a strong bond of affection between Marjorie and George, though Marjorie is accepting the attentions of Frank Orsatti, the actor's agent. And even if they never get back together again, they cannot deny that they have loved in the grand manner!

WHY IS HOLLYWOOD NEWS CENSORED and distorted? This and other questions which have puzzled outsiders will be answered in the sensational serial expose, "Behind Hollywood Headlines," beginning January 15 in The LOW-DOWN.

### Tell your troubles

TO THE

#### Associated Bureau of Identification

(HOLLYWOOD'S ONLY DETECTIVE AGENCY)

1442 NORTH HIGHLAND AVENUE Phone HO. 0730

#### HOLIDAY GREETINGS



**RONNIE COSBEY** 

appearing in

"LITTLE MEN"

(Thanks to Ken Goldsmith)

#### **LOSS**

To all my friends I am indeed grateful for this happy occasion to send sincere greetings.



### EDITH FELLOWS

In Keeping With The Spirit of the Season We join . . . . in Wishing All of Our Friends . . . .

#### HOLLY GREETING

lack

Jane Louis
SUNNY BLAISDELL
FREDDIE de FELICE

### CHEERIO



**BILLY HEEB** 

(student of Nellie Nichols)

### Sincere Holiday Wishes



photo by Monogram Pictures

MARVELLE ANDRE

### « Nothing Ever Happens

By EDWIN MARTIN

THERE was a shout outside the publicity office window . . . down below, the sound of a Ford started up . . . a lusty goodbye was shouted to someone . . . it meant that another studio day had ended and Katharine Hepburn was climbing into her station wagon . . . and was going home.

The watchman was going his rounds . . . a disgruntled janitor was sweeping up the



cigaret butts, the pipe 'knockings,' the cigar stubs, and the thousands of sheets of paper, and muttering things under his breath that the boys in the army used to say to the mules.

It was just another day in a studio—but the day hadn't ended, yet, for this plodding reporter, and the equally

tired publicity man, who was trying to find a story for him.

"Nope, it's been one of the dullest days on the lot. Nothing has happened. There isen't a story around the place," he said, pulling on his coat wearily.

But I had to have a story—I noticed a bunch of pictures on the publicity man's desk—they looked a little like Katharine Hepburn.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"Just a story that went wrong," the p.a. said wearily.

"Tell me about it," I said.

The press agent began the story in rather a bored manner. No doubt his dinner was waiting at home and his wife was growing anxious. But press agents' wives, like those of newspapermen, must get used to things like that . . . he began the story.

It had to do with a report going about town—in fact it had been printed several times—about a woman who resembled Hepburn so much that people had followed her at openings—and had beseiged her for autographs.

Thinking it might make a good story, with pictures and everything, the cold-blooded publicist had located the woman and after much persuasion had arranged for her to come to the studio for photographs, telling her his plans of national publicity for her.

The minute the woman arrived, the press agent realized his stunt had failed—she suggested Hepburn in only a remote sort of way.

She was a frightened little woman—not at all like the vital Hepburn—she had worked so hard all her life that she had had no time for romance.

The nearest to glamour she had ever been was during the days she sang in the choir back in a western city.

She had taught school and had finally saved enough money to come to Hollywood

for a course in law at a local university summer school.

No one had ever thought she resembled Hepburn back home. And the idea thrilled her and made her frightened, too. She hated for anyone to think she was trying to impersonate the star—even though the idea of people following her and asking for her autograph gave her the greatest thrill in her life.

Only a heartless person would have had the nerve to quit the stunt he had tried so hard to sell the girl.

So, he led the bewildered, fluttering woman down to the still gallery and told Bob Coburn, the portrait artist, who had so often photographed Hepburn, to "do what he could with her—anything to make her resemble Hepburn in some way—even if he had to pose her in characteristic Hepburn poses.

Bob, an artist, if ever there was one, did a swell job. But still he couldn't make a Hepburn out of a romance-starved little school-teacher.

The poses were in the Hepburn manner—but the pictures were still those of little Miss School-Teacher, trying desperately hard to imitate a genius.

She did a valiant job—but it was hopeless from the start—because there is only one Katharine Hepburn.

Publicity men are soft-hearted chaps even though most of them are newspapermen, so, although there was a lot of copy to be written and a lot of pictures to be taken, he was determined to go through with the rest of the bargain—to let the school-teacher visit the Hepburn set.

It was a dramatic sequence—the set was closed to visitors—so he had to bring the teacher on the set when no one was looking.

It was the scene in which Hepburn comes to "The Little Minister" when he is supposed to be dying from wounds received in a fight for her honor.

John Beal, splendid young stage actor playing the Little Minister, was lying on a couch . . . the atmosphere was tense . . . a wardrobe woman coughed, and ran off the set quickly so as not to ruin the scene . . . the school-teacher's shoes squeaked dangerously . . and the p.a. looked daggers at her . . . she smiled and stood very still . . . new shoes hurt an awful lot—even in the face of adventure.

Hepburn stood poised, alert, getting in mood for the scene, at the door . . . "Quiet," was yelled . . . then came the cameras, recording the most dramatic scene in the Barrie classic.

The drama ended as suddenly as it had begun.

"Cut," yelled director Richard Wallace.
"Save 'em," cried the head electrician.
Life came again to the set—an old ex-

tra woman, dressed in the quaint Scotch costume of 100 years ago, pulled out a

cigaret . . . Professor H. Magaoka, personal friend of the Japanese emperor, visited the set, dressed in the bizarre costume of his country . . . John Beal began sketching pictures on the set . . . Donald Crisp took off his heavy scotch shoes and started walking around in his stocking feet, telling them about his new yacht . . . Alan Hale went back-stage and gave his son a golf lesson . . . Frank Conroy tried to barter with the wardrobe man for the sale of the handsome tweed coat he was wearing . . . he declared it was serviceable even today . . . Mary Gordon passed some Scotch scones she had made herself . . . Beryl Mercer passed around cigars in honor of a Blessed Event that had occurred at her home-her favorite Scottie had just given birth to some puppies . . . Reginald Denny showed Lumsden Hare the new model of a boat he had made (he does this in his spare time) . . . Richard Dix peeped in, pipe and all . . . Laura Harding, friend of Hepburn, came in with some tea and cakes for everyone . . . Dorothy Stickney went wack to her knitting of Christmas mufflers . . . Harry Beresford and Leonard Carey started a game of "pitching for the crack" . . . little Anne Shirley visited the set and was congratulated for her fine work in "Anne of Green Gables" by Miss Hepburn . . . Patsy Doyle, Miss Hepburn's stand-in, started work while they adjusted the lights on her . . . Hermes Pam, studio dance instructor, dropped over and started showing Miss Hepburn some new tap steps . . . she has wanted to learn tap-dancing ever since she saw Fred Astaire in "The Gay Divorcee," and had hired Pam to instruct her . . . it looked quaint . . . . . doing tap-steps in the picturesque old-fashioned costume . . . she was dancing when the little school-teacher left the set . . . and the little school teacher's heart was dancing, too . . . she did not know that she had caused a story to "blow up" . . . that the pictures of herself they gave her on the way out . . . did not look like Hepburn or would never be used . . . she only knew that she had had her day of days . . . her Blue Moon . . . enough of adventure for one lifetime . . . and would be content to go back to the sleepy little western town and teach noisy little boys for another lifetime . . . that is why her heart was dancing in the tempo of Hepburn's flying feet.

The press agent gathered up his homework wearily . . . it was just another studio day to him . . . nothing had happened.

"Sorry, but its been one of the dullest days on the lot! There hasn't been a story around the place," he lamented.

But back in her humble hotel room a romance-starved little school teacher was thanking a kind fate which had turned a "story-that-had-blown-up" into a high adventure for her—and if her friends back home didn't believe it, she had the pictures to show them to prove it!



MADA BORKA

# A LITTLE JOURNEY



# THROUGH "TOYLAND"





MAE WEST

### Best Wishes



PAT PATERSON

CHARLES BOYER

#### Spurns Stage

DICK Cory, 25-year-old stage and radio star, recently turned down an offer of 52-weeks billing in middle-western theaters to remain in Hollywood where he hopes for a chance in pictures.



DICK CORY

Dick is a veteran contest winner. His singing won a contest sponsored by RKO theaters in Nebraska and Iowa. He also has been the judges' selection in two of the famous Atwater-Kent radio competitions.

Five feet ten inches tall, Dick weighs 185 pounds and appears to have excellent screen qualifications.

#### NOT SO EASY

Allen Greer, whom a newspaper critic recently termed 'Hollywood's fightingest two-gun cowboy,' says working on western pictures is harder than maintaining order in a tough cow-country town.

Greer should know. He was marshal in a frontier town when he was scarcely 21. "I've been shot a couple of times and I've been in quite a few jams," says Greer, "but making a picture is really one tough job. Nevertheless I like it."

A stellar pistol shot and one of the fastest men on the draw in the country, Greer has had featured roles in a number of recent horse operas. An independent producer is now preparting a picture in which Greer will star.

#### GOING HOME

Flo Ash, Hollywood interpretive dancer, will spend the Christmas holidays with her parents in Oklahoma City. She plans to return to the film capitol early in January to begin work on several motion picture assignments.

She has been appearing at Gene Austin's Embassy club in San Francisco where she went after completing a dancing role in a Columbia picture.

#### Screen Personalities

#### Radio Tenor Here

S CORES of hopefuls pour into Hollywood daily, but few possess the talent that Dwyer Hawley, young Spokane tenor, has to offer the producers.

Hawley is no stranger to the microphone. He was featured in New York city over a National Broadcasting Company network, and he had a prominent singing role in a short picture made in a Long Island studio.

Possessor of a clear, resonant tenor voice, Hawley has, as well, an engaging personality and he films satisfactorily.

#### HE HAS IT

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Bernie Bartlett is one of Hollywood's most talented children, and he's a swell bet for motion pictures.

Bernie, in Kansas City, was heard regularly on the radio, for he sings in a manner that would do credit to an adult, and he has remarkable presence before the microphone.



#### BERNIE BARTLETT

It is difficult to credit, but he has also composed several songs, among them, "Only Seven," which an eastern publishing company plans to market soon.

Bernie made his west coast debut on the program sponsored by The Hollywood LOW-DOWN three times each week over station KMTR at the top of the dial.

"Behind Hollywood Headlines," gripping serial expose, will amaze you. It begins in the next issue.

#### **Dramatic Actress**

C OMING to Hollywood with a background of several years in stock and on the legitimate stage, Nena Woods, 21-year-old dramatic actress, is making a definite bid for a motion picture career.



**NENA WOODS** 

Born in Omaha, Nebraska, Miss Woods played for several years in a traveling stock company while still in her 'teens. Then she came to the West Coast and was seen with Harry Holman in a series of stage presentations in Fox West Coast theaters. After that came two movie offers, which caused her to abandon the footlights for the time being at least.

Most attractive, Miss Woods, besides being a finished actress, is an excellent dancer as well.

#### HE'S A SHEIK

Since sheiks are so romantically regarded in Hollywood, Yosef Khouri, 21-year-old son of a desert chieftain, believes that a man who actually has regal Arabian blood coursing through his veins should have an excellent chance in pictures.

Accordingly, Yosef, who was educated abroad and sings very well, has established himself in a Hollywood hillside home and is awaiting an offer. He's well over six feet tall and built like a football player. His father is the famous Sheik el Khouri of Arabia.

#### RECOVERING

Rosita du Rand, basque dancer, is recovering from a sprained ankle she suffered while executing an intricate pirouette during a program at the Biltmore Bowl early in December.

Internationally known, Miss du Rand came to Hollywood to appear in Spanish versions of Fox motion pictures when she was asked to appear as a guest artist on the Bowl program. She will be able to resume her picture work after the first of the year.

Sincere Greetings . . . .



DORIS SCHAFFER

### .. Greetings ..



JAN RUBINI

### .. Greetings ...



From

### ISABEL JEWELL

Latest release,
"EVELYN PRENTICE"

Next assignment "CASINO MURDER CASE"

May

the

New Year

bring

Joy

to

all

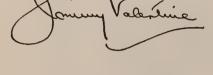
my

Friends.

GEORGE REGAS

### Resolutions

By



A BOUT this same time each year I compose myself before a typewriter to do an article on New Year's Resolutions—for other people. Then, while I'm pondering over the choice of a lead I begin to think—with unwarranted optimism, I always discover sooner or later—that perhaps things will improve during the coming year. At that juncture, I discard the two or three paragraphs I've completed and turn my attention to some other, more pressing literary chore.

The thesis on New Year's Resolutions is then forgotten until I am reminded by some vexing circumstance that I really should have completed it; so now I'm sticking to it until it is written and in print.

It is the conventional thing for every well-meaning citizen—and that should include everyone—to take a little time out before January 1, catalogue his shortcomings and decide to do something about it. The solution then lies in the composition of one or more New Year's Resolutions, depending on the temperament of the resolver.

For example, the toper forswears the bottle; the inveterate smoker renounces to-bacco; the nagging housewife resolves to curb her brisk tongue; motion picture press agents promise themselves to foist fewer lies on artless city editors. The list is endless.

But, alas, too many persons are prone to forget all about the necessity for Good Resolutions in the rush of New Year entertaining and merrymaking. High resolve never comes where it would do the most

There is a Hollywood gentleman, to cite an instance, who can never tear himself from his Canfield game to take a telephone call unless it is from a bank offering a loan. Otherwise his secretary sweetly informs the caller that he is in conference. He should resolve to pay somewhat more attention to business.

Or the threadbare fellow, always afoot, who persists in boasting of his enormous

income and the fine automobiles he drives. He should see to it that he curbs his bragging. After all, he fools no one but himself.

And everyone has been annoyed by the secretary who insists on knowing what your business is with her boss, so that before you finish a transaction you have explained your plans in detail to at least two people. She could make everyone with whom her firm does business happy by resolving to stick to her typewriting.

THESE and various other annoyances have prompted this article. Previously, I've given up at the start in the mistaken belief that it wouldn't be necessary to point out this and more. "Surely, they'll catch on," I thought. But they never have. To generalize in a crisis like this could be foolbardy, so let's get down to brass tacks and make a few resolves for the people who need them most—but have always forgotten.

#### For Mr. Louis B. Mayer-

I RESOLVE: To forget how important I am now and then, and to relax.

#### For Mr. Mitchell Leisen (the director)-

I RESOLVE: Never to strike a chorus girl and to treat my casts more court-eously and thoughtfully than I did the group on that Paramount set last year.

For Mr. Warren Hymer (the screen tough guy)—

I RESOLVE: To confine my tough behavior to scenes before the camera.

#### For Mr. Joseph Schenck-

I RESOLVE: To refrain from asking favors for myself from those I have turned down brusquely.

For Mr. Nick Lukats (former football player and would-be crooner)—

I RESOLVE: To give up my vocal aspirations and stick to coaching or professional football, two things I really know.

#### For Mr. Nat Levine-

I RESOLVE: To spend more money on pictures next year so that it will not be necessary to work salaried employes eighteen hours a day, even though the NRA can do nothing about it.

#### For Mr. Leo (Rosenthal) Olete-

I RESOLVE: To give up the aliases, including the Italian name, that I've been using.

#### For Mr. and Mrs. George Temple-

WE RESOLVE: To repay whenever it is possible, the unselfish persons who helped Shirley when she was just 'another little girl who ought to be in pictures.'

#### For Greta Garbo-

I RESOLVE: To be satisfied with what I'm getting in Hollywood and stop threatening to give up pictures and return to Swedan; To acquire a boy friend and be seen with him publicly.

#### For Mary Pickford-

I RESOLVE: To give up that saccharine ending on my broadcast.

#### For Al Kingston, (the agent)-

I RESOLVE: To try to remember that the going hasn't always been this easy.

#### For Mr. Eddie Cantor-

I RESOLVE: To get a new gag once in a while or give up the radio and stick to the stage and screen, which might be a good idea anyhow.

#### For A Certain Faded Actress-

I RESOLVE: To remember my age, to satisfy myself with the memories of old triumphs and to forget my present vain aspirations for another career.

#### For All Movie Stars-

WE RESOLVE: To really use the products of companies who pay us for testimonials or else stop taking their money and hoodwinking the public.

THERE they are. The recipients can either take them or leave them; and they'll probably choose the latter alternative. The list was considerably longer than the one above, but perhaps if the big shots will pay heed, the smaller fry will follow suit. Let's hope something will come of this in 1935.

### Patricia Ellis

(WARNER BROS.)



### GREGORY RATOFF

Hollywood bound . . . after finishing 3

pictures in England . . . will remain in

Hollywood for 2 pictures . . . then back to

England for . . .

Gregory Ratoff Productions, Inc.

Greetings From ...

#### Master LEONARD SUES

HAILED AS THE

"SOUTH'S MOST POPULAR JUVENILE

MASTER OF CEREMONIES".



Direct from the

DEL MAR CLUB

Galveston, Texas.



LEONARD SUES

### Hollywood Merry-Go-Round

HOW odd is a Hollywood Christmas day
... no snow ... no biting cold ... no
scurrying people all bundled up in furs.
Instead the sun shines down bright and
clear from a limpid blue sky upon a day
typical of Indian summer. It's awfully
nice ... but where are the snow men of
our childhood days and other memories so
dear!

Who called it Heartbreak Town? Ha—why, marvelous things happen here in Hollywood! In Boyle Heights, working in a grocery, a young boy worked and dreamed of becoming a famous singer. Jimmy Grier, the orchestra leader held a contest to find a singer for the Biltmore Bowl. This youngster competed with two hundred other contestants—and won! He got a job there.

Bill Roberts—yes, that is his name, was seen at the Bowl by Universal executives. "Nice-looking boy, fine voice" was the verdict. Now he has a seven-year Universal contract and is on his way to stardom. And it happened in Hollywood! "Strange Wives" is young Roberts' first picture—in it he sings a Russian number. He's slated for the lead in a forthcoming Universal production. We wish him luck!

Hollywood should be darned proud of Ruth Roland. For years and years she has been a shining example to all newcomers here for clean living, charitable kindness, never a breath of scandal about her—a sterling, upright, lovable lady. Since the slowing up of her picture career, this former famous serial queen of the films has devoted herself to taking singing and dancing instruction, in both of which she has become quite proficient.

Recently in "Calling All Stars," a brilliant revudeville presented at the Hollywood Music Box Theatre, Miss Ruth Roland made a personal appearance and showed the cinema colony that she has one of the loveliest stage presences in Hollywood, a voice of superb calibre and resonance, a keen sense of comedy values as well as dramatic effects. Ethel Merman and Ruth Etting had better look to their laurels—for we, here, have a triple-threat name to their leadership in our own lovely first lady of the cinema—Ruth Roland.

New and intriguing personalities are always flowing into Hollywood . . . the mecca of the genius and talent of the world. Latest arrival is from the West Indies—Hollis Mitchell, tall, lean, cultured—a sensitive instrument with which to portray the tragic, comic and dramatic characters of great fiction.

Mitchell will become someone in pictures. He has all the requisites—superb training at Professor Baker's famous 47 Workshop at Yale and a number of years in stock, complete sensitivity and understanding excellent education, surging ambitions to succeed. With these qualifications there is no fear as to his ultimate climbing to the highest peaks of the cine-

matic mountain

Few youngsters have made indelible impressions upon the public as a result of their motion picture characterizations. One can name them easily on the fingers of one hand—Baby Peggy, Jackie Cooper, Jackie Cooper, Shirley Temple. Comes a new, for ceful and intriguing personality amongst the younger generation of actors—Jimmy Butler.

You saw this young Butier lad as the cadet in "Only Yesterday," as Billy Wiggs in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," as the leader of the boy's gang in Borzage's "No Greater Glory," as Ginger Roger's brother in "Romance In Manhattan," as Jack Holt's kid brother in "I'll Fix It."

Now Jimmy Butler is making two pictures simultaneously—"When A Man's A Man' supporting George O'Brien and "Laddie" at RKO with the new actor John Beal. He's a trouper, this youngster—a real little actor. The pages of fame have allotted him a generous future space wherein to write his name.



JEAN HARLOW

Do you remember the Chevrolet Girl, the Fleischman Yeast Girl, the Chase and Sanborn Girl in the national radio network? The lovely girl who impersonated these characters and sang all those lovely songs to you was Welcome Lewis. She got her name because a neighbor thought the mother wouldn't welcome another child and said so—but pretty Miss Lewis' mother warmly declared this child would be doubly "welcome." She is here for pictures and we wish her the best!

Years ago we saw a dark, sinister actor in "The Bright Shawl" with Richard Barthelmess—he fought a duel with our favorite hero and we thrilled to the clashing of the swords. Sound which came to the screen transformed this villain to a debonair, suave, soft-spoken, slightly satiric star of motion pictures—a great trouper. Gentlemen—we give you a toast to William Powell!

Romance rides on gossamer wings in the cinema capital and the "City of Sighs" often becomes a city of wonderful dreams which are realized for some lucky folk. There is the case of lovely, fragile, dainty Dorothy Wilson, the beautiful and appealing little RKO stenographer who was catapulted to fame when a studio executive selected her as the lead in one of that company's forthcoming films.

How beautifully Miss Wilson, who besides her beauty, has brains and a splendidly-developing acting technique, took advantage of this great opportunity has been seen in recent months. We last glimpsed this sterling trouper in "The White Parade" and a tense, emotional and startling performance she gave, too! Now she's busy being heroine for George O'Brien in "When A Man's A Man." Oh, to be a star and have Dorothy Wilson for one's lady love!

When Jean Harlow first burst upon the cinema horizon in a blaze of platinum beauty, the usual carping critics said, "Clothes horse!" Mannequin!" "She won't last." "She's not an actress!" Then Jean went out in "Dinner At Eight" and playing opposite John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, Marie Dressler and other tried and true troupers of the cinema, delivered a striking and splendid performance. From then on, she's improved steadily. We discount her good looks—personally, we think she's an actress.

One of the very womanly women on the screen is Mary Astor. Lovely and gracious, with a cultured voice and most pleasant demeanor, she impresses and pleases her audiences mightily. In "The Case of the Howling Dog" she delivered a dramatic and poised performance that was most appealing. More of this type of player and the screen would not be subjected to the type of criticism which invariably comes its way.

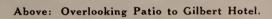
Chatted with Vernon D. Wood, that sterling business manager of so many of our outstanding stars-Bette Davis, Reginald Denny, Fifi D'Orsay, Lyle Talbot, others. "Woody" as his co-workers affectionately term him, says that most stars end up without a goodly portion of the fabulous salaries they earn because they take these salaries for granted on their face value, and spend accordingly. They fail to deduct such expenses as income tax, agent's commissions, publicity commissions etc., which leave much less to be spent (or saved) than one would anticipate. Stars need more men about them like Vernon D. Wood, we should think!

So, this ends our merry-go-round of the cinema town. "Merry-Go-Round's editor and Jimmy Valentine wish to offer their hopes for a swell holiday season and the grandest of grand New Years to all Hollywood Low-Down subscribers—indeed, to everyone, everywhere. Buenos noches—and much happiness for all!

#### HOLLYWOOD DICTORIAL

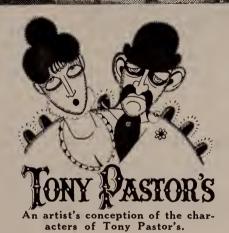


Below: View of entrance to Gilbert Hotel in Hollywood.





A view of the lobby of the Gilbert Hotel.





Dr. Maurice Le Bell, famed Hollywood health specialist with Jean Lacey, film player.

### - LATE NEWS FLASHES -

### 'CALL OF THE WILD' STARTS AT U.A.

### 4 Weeks To Be Spent on Location

#### REDHEAD



June Knight will have the leading role in "Redheads on Parade," which goes into production shortly after the first of the

#### Connie Signs Term Contract with Metro

Constance Bennett has become the twenty-third major star under contract to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. For the first time in almost five years of her meteoric history, she has signed a term agreement with a major screen studio.

Heretofore, the blonde star has constantly avoided being under contract to any one organization, preferring "by the picture" contracts as a free-lance. The success of recent engagements was followed by the new contract arrangement, under which her services remain exclusively with the studio.

It was in a picture produced by the same studio in the early days of her career that Miss Bennett first attracted attention. In that picture—"Sally, Irene and Mary"—two other comparatively unknown actresses were elevated to stardom. They were Joan Crawford and Sally O'Neill.

Mona Barrie was all ready to sail for England and was about to board the boat when she was halted and signed to a film contract.

#### Gable, Loretta Young Are Stars In Picture

Twentieth Century's "Call of the Wild" went into production at the United Artists studios yesterday with Director William Wellman making something of a record by putting away his first shot at 9:45 A.M. More than 300 bit and extra players shared the scene with Clark Gable, Loretta Young, Jack Oakie and Katharine de Mille. The call was 9:00 A.M. on the set.

After two more days in the set, which reproduces Tex Rickard's Skagway saloon during the Alaskan gold rush, the unit goes north January 3 in a Southern Pacific special of eleven cars, Producer Darryl F. Zanuck stated.

Ed Ebele, production manager has had a staff of fifty men on the location at Mount Baker, Washington, for the past 90 days working on set construction, a shooting stage and additional housing accommodations at the high location. Everything is in readiness for the beginning of shooting January 4. The schedule there is four weeks' shooting.

Sixteen carloads of equipment and paraphernalia, the final consignment to the location, was shipped from Los Angeles today to Bellingham from which point it will be trucked 65 miles to the location. Included in the shipment are 100 complete outfits of wearing apparel to clothe every member of the unit against the sub-zero weather.

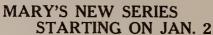
### LEONARD SUES, AT 13, IS SUCCESS AS AN M. C.

Leonard Sues, diminuative master of ceremony and cornetist, arrived on the

coast recently to fulfill a series of engagements in Hollywood and Los Angeles night clubs.

He is thirteen years old and has been entertaining professionally since he was seven, when he appeared with Fred Perry at the Metropolitan theater in Galveston, Texas.

He has directed a number of the biggest Leonard Sues orchestras in the country, plays cornet in professional style and is an impersonator of note as well.



Mary Pickford begins her second series of thirteen broadcasts over the coast to coast network of the NBC Jan. 2 at 5 o'clock from Hollywood when she offers the comedy hit "Three Cornered Moon" by Gertrude Tonkonogy, which was one of the most popular stage productions several years ago in New York. The play deals with the experiences of a wealthy family that goes broke.

#### Perfect Blonde Gets New Role With Beck

June Lang, the perfect blonde of "Music in The Air," and Thomas Beck, both Fox Film contract players have been given the lover roles in the coming Victor Mc-



ROSEMARY AMES

Laglen-Edmund Lowe picture, tentatively titled "Recipe for Murder."

Eugene Forde will start this picture January 3 with Rosemary Ames in the principal feminine part.

#### Deb Deserts Junior League For Pictures

Another debutante deserted society's ranks when Aurelia Fairfax, Virginia belle, accepted a role in a Fox Film Spanish production featuring Gilbert Roland.

She was waiting on table for charity's sake at the Assistance league, when her grace and beauty so impressed Fox Casting Director James Ryan and Louis Moore of the Spanish department that the invitation to enter films resulted.



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Dialogue — in collaboration "Life Returns" — Universal

Personal Management William Stevens Agency



Greetings From

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RAE RICHMAN, Manager.

### Studio Chatter

By RAY HOADLEY

HOW do you do, how do you do, and how do you do! From Hollywood come best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year to you all from your cinema city commentator.

The passing of the old year and the start of the new always finds Hollywood in a very optimistic and cheerful mood. The picture making season is in full swing by the turn of the year; many of the big productions of the schedules have been completed, and there's an air of confidence in the big pictures to come. The completed pictures are beginning to demonstrate their worth, which brings smiles of pleasure to everyone who had anything to do with the making of them and all the hardships, disappointments and labor connected with them seem repaid. "Broadway Bill," Frank Capra's first for the current season, and Lewis Milestone's "The Captain Hates the Sea," both of which were made under almost impossible circumstances, are now in the theaters, and the studio workers take a deal of pride in seeing how the public is enjoying them. Even the lowliest laborer on the sets talks proudly of "his" picture when such productions as "Broadway Bill," "One Night of Love," or "The Captain Hates the Sea" begin to make motion picture history.

Columbia's Three Stooges enjoyed a very doggy Christmas. Moe Howard gave Larry Fine a dog; Larry gave Jerry Howard a dog, and Jerry presented a dog to his brother, Moe. Moe immediately dubbed his dog, a cocker spaniel, "Stooge No. 1," Jerry's English Bull was monickered "Stooge No. 2," and Larry wished the name of "McTavish Stooge No. 3" on his Scotty. But there's a situation that must be straightened out, for Larry's dog won't

come to him, preferring Moe as a master, and Moe's dog up-stages him and will only come to Jerry, and Jerry's dog thinks Larry is his idea of boss man. The boys are trying to straighten everything out by pooling dogs and referring to them as "The Stooge Kennel." Incidentally, they're all peeved because no one has named a race horse "stooge."

Victor Schertzinger has written a second song for "Once a Gentleman," which he is directing. When the production started, he had already composed "Love Passes By," which Tullio Carminati sings. Then he sat down at a piano and composed "I Live in my Dreams," and you'll hear Lilian Harvey sing that beautiful little number.

Conrad Nagel, one of the really sterling leading men of the screen, will have a featured role with Florence Rice in "Mistaken Identity." Conrad has held his public for years and his following is still as large as it was five years ago. "Mistaken Identity"



LILIAN HARVEY

is a screen adaptation of the American Magazine serial, "Death Flies East," which appeared in print a few months ago. The story is laid almost entirely in a transcontinental passenger plane, with a baffling murder committed in mid air and everyone of the strangely assorted passenger list suspected of the crime. Miss Rice, in the leading feminine role, is seen as a paroled convict, hastening East to get evidence which will clear her name of the crime of which she was innocently accused, and who finds herself suspected of a greater crime.

Columbia Studios played Santa Claus to the little lad who sells magazines by its main entrance. The boy, Richard Brown, Jr., is about four feet tall, thin as skimmed milk, but his cheery "Liberty, Mister?" is a feature of each morning's arrival at the studio. Discovering that this little Tiny Tim was actually trying to support an invalid mother and two sisters and that his father was on the county charity lists, the studio staff took up a collection

for him. Money for clothes, a big basket of Christmas goodies and even a decorated Christmas tree and toys were delivered to the family and the brave little man just before Christmas. Tala Birell furnished the tree and trimmings, and Victor Schertzinger bought clothes for the three youngsters. Now there's the smile-that-won't come off on the child's face and everyone who had anything to do with the contributions feels amply repaid.

Grace Moore arrived in Los Angeles last week, tired from a long concert tour of the United States, but within an hour after she stepped from the train she was taking a singing lesson from her teacher, Doctor Mario Marafioti. Miss Moore's energy is amazing, for her tour was strenuous, singing three or four times a week. The star will go to Palm Springs for a much needed rest, then to San Francisco where she will sing at the automobile show before returning to start on her next picture, "On Wings of Song," which Victor Schertzinger will direct.

"D'you want to buy a Duck," may be Joe Penner's slogan, but Wallace Ford doesn't think he's infringing at all on the radio comedian's stuff with his own "D'you want to buy a chicken?" Wally, who has just been signed by Columbia to do the lead in "Devil's Cargo," is buying himself a moderate sized chicken ranch and is going into the business of raising broilers. roasters and fryers. He has purchased six and a half acres in Laurel canyon, is stocking it with fowls and will soon be ready to do business. Wallace isn't raising any chickens for the market and will sell them only to his intimate friends who, like himself, have predilections about buying chickens which, as often as not, are tough. Wally's idea is to have his customers know their chicken even before it feels the axe, and his friends can come to the Ford ranch, indicate the fowl they desire for Sunday dinner-and that's the fowl they will get. Patricia Ann, Wally's 6-year old daughter, and Martha, his wife, will live on the ranch while papa Ford continues his screen career.

According to Kalloch, Columbia Studio designer, a new fashion trick is the wearing of tiny metal curls peeping impishly from under off-face bonnets which show a demure matching metal chin-strap after the manner of grandma as a girl. Sometimes the curls are tucked beneath tiny veiled caps upon which real jeweled clips sparkle. That metal-curls idea seems to be right in line with platinum blondes, for now we can expect copper-redheads, brassbrunettes, and even chromium becurled cuties. And friend husband or father will perhaps be further taxed when the girls add metal polish to their list of absolutely necessary cosmetics.

And with that jingling fashion thought, we'll leave you. Au revoir.

### READ ...

#### **BEN MENDOZA'S**

GRAPHIC SERIAL

**EXPOSE** 

# "Behind Hollywood Headlines"

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| OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES                                   |

#### **Bright Eyes**

(Excellent)

THE ladies will fall for this cinema and Shirley Temple will add to her host of admirers for she demonstrates in it that she is not merely an attractive child, but an actress with an unusual sense of showmanship as well.



SHIRLEY TEMPLE

"Bright Eyes" is a naive and frankly sentimental vehicle-more so, in fact, than any of Shirley's previous pictures. The story, written by David Butler and Edwin Burke, is the saccharine tale of an orphan whose father dies in an airplane crash. The Christmas season is the time. While it threatens to become maudlin here and there, it does not, and it will appeal to the family trade.

Supporting Shirley, and doing it very capably indeed, are James Dunn, Jane Darwell, Judith Allen, Lois Wilson, Charles Sellon, Walter Johnson, Jane Withers, Theodore von Eltz, Dorothy Christy, Brandon Hurst and George Irving. David Butler directed for Fox.

#### Behold My Wife

(Very Good)

SOURED on life because his sister drove his fiancee to suicide, Gene Raymond decides to revenge himself and returns to his socially prominent family with an Indian squaw as his bride. Eventually he falls in love with her, and her shooting of that veteran cad, Monroe Owsley, brings them together in the close-up.

The situation is fairly novel, and Sylvia Sidney, as the Indian girl, gives one of the best performances of her uniformly wooden career. The plucked eyebrows and carefully applied makeup seem out of place in the aboriginal squaw, however.

Nevertheless, it's an amusing picture. It is a B. P. Schulberg production for Paramount and was directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Juliette Compton, Laura Hope Crews, H. B. Warner, Kenneth Thomson, Fuzzy Knight and Dean Jagger in the supporting cast.

### Our Previews

#### Million Dollar Baby

(Good)

THIS is a surefire film that has all ingredients necessary to bring nickels clinking in at the box office. It is all about a movie company which seeks a second Shirley Temple and then chooses as winner of the contest the son of a vaudeville family who is disguised as a girl.

The child is lost, kidnapped and held for ransom during the trip to Hollywood. Introducing Jimmy Fay to the screen, the picture is noteworthy, if for no other reason. This child is destined to find an important acting spot in the industry by reason of his presence and ability.

In the cast of this Trem Carr-Monogram production also are Ray Walker, Arlene Judge, George E. Stone, Willard Robertson, Ralf Harolde, Jeanette Loff, Arthur Stone, Harry Holman, the Porcasi twins and Eddie Kane.

#### Bachelor of Arts

(Good)

T HERE isn't a big name in the cast of "Bachelor of Arts," which may injure the film at the box office, but it's diverting

screen fare nevertheless.

Tom Brown, Anita Louise, Mae Marsh, Henry Wal-Arline thall. Judge, Frank Albertson, George Meeker, Frank Melton, Berton Churchill, John Arledge and Stepin' Fetchit have roles in



Arline Judge the picture, and they all offer satisfactory

performances. The story is about a wealthy youth in college who finds himself in jam after jam until his love for a co-ed brings about his reformation.

Some of the reviewers maintained the college scenes the most authentic to date on the screen, an opinion not shared by this one. Produced by John Stone for Fox release, the picture should make money, since it will appeal to those who like light, amusing screen fare.

We'll Shoot The Works in "Behind Hollywood Headlines, gripping series of articles on Screenland, which begins in the next issue of The LOW-DOWN.

#### White Lies

HITE Lies" is a good picture and it could have been an excellent one if the producer (Columbia) had spent a little more time and money in its preparation. It will, however, make money for any exhibitor.



The story concerns a newspaper publisher who believes that every story is news, regardless of whom it hurts. This code eventually embarrasses him when his daughter is arrested for a murder she did not commit.

Walter Connolly, as the publisher, offers a suave performance, and Leslie Fenton, in a heavy role, does an excellent job of it, with Fay Wray and Victor Jory, in the romantic roles, performing creditably.

As is customary in newspaper pictures, the background is far from authentic, which seems strange, since there are probably a number of ex-newspapermen employed here and there on the Columbia lot and they should have caught the errors.

#### The Perfect Clue

(Fair)

A LTHOUGH it was capably acted and directed, this Larry Darmour production for Majestic falls short of its goal. It's a mystery yarn, of course, although the crime is committed during the fourth or fifth reel.

David Manners, released from a penitentiary after serving a term for a crime he did not commit, meets Dorothy Libaire who has married and ditched Skeets Gallagher to spite her father. She sticks to Manners despite his efforts to rid himself of her.

While criticism is levelled at the picture, it is still good entertainment and undoubtedly will find favor with audiences. Others in the cast are William P. Carleton, Ralf Harolde, Robert Gleckler, Frank Darien, Charles C. Wilson, Betty Blythe, Jack Richardson, and Pat O'Malley.

### The Arlens

(DAVE AND HELEN)

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Greetings



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T HE Thomas Lee Artists' bureau has never been accused of handling either its own affairs or those of its clients with more than passing enthusiasm or judgment. As a matter of fact, it has been suggested that the organization is operated solely for the purpose of collecting a twenty per cent portion of the salary of every performer who goes on the air locally over station KHJ.

It was not surprising, therefore, to discover that Frank Gill, Jr., and Bill Doemling were permitted—for reasons known only to Thomas Lee, Gill and Doemling—to sever their connection with the station, which leaves the featured KHJ Merrymakers and a couple of other KHJ programs flatter than a forgotten highball.



GILL and DOEMLING

A year or so ago, the Merrymakers was one of the best programs on the coast. It has become very tepid stuff indeed, with the result that a great many listeners who considered Sunday night wasted if they didn't hear the broadcast now dial along other waves when they hear the familiar Merrymakers theme song.

In the years they have been together, Gill and Doemling have devised a comedy formula which is rarely tiresome. That it has never been copied is a tribute to their originality and to the suavity with which they face a microphone. A recent survey by an important advertiser revealed that they were responsible for a considerable percentage of listeners who dialed the Merrymakers program.

Gill and Doemling still do an occasional program over the station, but it is doubtful if they will continue to do so, since one major motion picture producer has offered them roles in a feature production and another is considering them for a series of short comedies with a broadcasting studio background.

#### Radio News Flashes

FLASH!! ! !!

Walter Winchell's weekly rapid fire gossip broadcast is becoming increasingly popular on the coast and elsewhere, although he never wanted for listeners at any time during his radio career. Few motion picture stars miss his staccato presentation of intimate chatter for he gets quite a bit of his material from Hollywood sources and this news makes up a considerable portion of his broadcasts. In the hinterlands they read fan mags by the million, but they rely on Walter for exclusive, red hot stuff. A scoffer suggested a few months ago that much of Winchell's news is speculation with a nebulous factual basis. Another scoffer checked up and found Winchell's scoops became newspaper copy more than seventy per cent of the time.

#### FLASH!!!!!

Speaking of Walter Winchell and exclusive stories. The Voice of the LOW-DOWN, heard Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:15 p.m. over KMTR, was the first to reveal that the novel which a picture star claimed to have spent a year in writing was the product of a ghost writer who spent three weeks on the opus. It was a scoop and so are a great many of the other items revealed on the air by the Voic of the LOW-DOWN.

One of the most important news items of the last month was the resignation of Salvatore Santaella from KMTR's musical department to accept a post as a motion picture studio musical director. The recognition is deserved. Salvatore is a hardworking musician of no little talent. Although KMTR is difficult to tune on certain types of sets and in some parts of the city, a great many listeners dialed the sta-

•

tion to hear his broadcasts.

The Voice of Experience is just an ordinary man of ordinary attainments and education, yet thousands of dupes write him weekly for advice on problems involving life and death. One of the biggest fakes on radio today, the Voice vouchsafes his opinions and, presumably, these suckers follow his suggestions. Clairvoyants and seers are generally in ill repute, but the Voice of Experience, just as much a charlatan and with control over a great many more people, continues his graft without hindrance. A magazine writer said recently in an article published in a national magazine that on such programs most of the letters used are the product of the broadcaster's imagination. Nevertheless, a great many people have faith in the Voice of Experience who can tell them nothing they do not already know.



Hollywood is still a place to be reckoned with, apparently. Don Mario arrived in Chicago last week and got a reception that would have gladdened Clark Gable's heart. He was kissed in the melee and some admirer ripped off his necktie as a souvenir. Mario's first broadcast from the Windy City came over the chain last Sunday, with KFI as the local outlet.



Sam Hayes

The NBC still has plenty of talent on the coast, however. Our personal nomination for the best news commentator in the west goes to Sam Hayes, the Richfield reporter, and we still have Ray Paige, and more others than we have space to name.

Speaking of talent, Dick Weil deserves praise aplenty for keeping the Shell Show at its regular standard of excellence. Yah-But and Reginald Cheerily are, to be sure, enough to make any program worth listening to, but Weil is responsible for arranging the broadcast each week and he's doing one swell job of it.



The length of commercial announcements on the radio recalls the old story of married life. You'll remember the man who said, "Married men live longer," and the friend who responded, "No, it just seems longer." The tiresome reader announcements that come over the radio do not, actually, require more than a minute's time, yet they seem to take five minutes, probably because they are so obviously plugs. Next time you hear an announcement you think is too long, time it. You'll be surprised to discover that you've overestimated its length.

Eddie Barnes, motion picture pianist and arranger who recently recorded a part of the score of Warner Bros. "Gold-diggers of 1935," announced this week that he has become a member of the faculty at the Johnson-Redick piano school on Wilshire boulevard.

Barnes, who is well known at the studios, will broadcast a weekly program at KHJ for the school, will act in an advisory capacity and will instruct advanced pupils as well. Joseph Beebe, author of several books on harmony, counterpoint, and analysis, also has joined the J-R studio staff.

WHAT FACTS IN THE BERN TRAGEDY were withheld by the authorities? You'll find the answer in "Behind Hollywood Headlines," graphic serial expose of Filmland, which begins in the January 15 issue of The LOW-DOWN.

### JOYCE HORNE formerly with Paramount Publix

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H A P P Y N E W

### JOYCE HORNE



"Reckless"

"The Winning Ticket"

"Lottery Lover"

"Carnival"

"Dante's Inferno"

RECENT PICTURES



### I Don't Want To Be A Star Again

By ELLIS HALL

IF it hadn't been for that ball of mud which was flung into his face in the first scene he had in "The Little Minister," I might not have had this interview with Reginald Denny.

Denny had been leading his soldiers in the historic battle against the Weaver's in



Sir James Barrie's immortal story, which serves Katharine Hepburn as a starring vehicle.

In one of the scenes she prevails upon "The Little Minister," to hurl a ball of mud at Denny, striking him in the face.

Reginald Denny They rehearsed the scene many times and many balls of mud were thrown at Denny before the property man had struck the exact spot needed for the camera—smack on the left cheek.

Denny had accepted the scene in good humor despite the unpleasantness of it.

"Reminds me of the days when old Hollywood struck me in the face in that same manner," he said, over our pipes.

And that brought up the subject of the old Hollywood days . . . when Reginald Denny was one of our most noted stars . . . how it was a gay, extravagant, terrifically-paced center.

"Yes, I had stardom," Denny said.

"And all that went with it; but I never want to be a star again.

"Like other players, I earned a tremendous salary in those days—and like the others I spent most of it in one way or another," Denny added.

"Don't misunderstand me—I have never been a dissipated roue.

"When I talk of spending big money, I mean I invested it—thousands upon thousands of dollars . . . in all sorts of crazy propositions—oil stocks, gold mines, real estate.

"I lost a whole fortune in one gold mine
—I still have more real estate than I can
pay taxes on—four acres near the Riviera
Country club alone.

"Business managers in those days were good fellows like most of the actors—not the staid, conservative, slow-going chaps most of them are today.

"They made many mistakes. Anyway, most of us had no business managers. We

usually followed the tips given us by the big executives for whom we worked—and with whom we played golf.

"Both of us lost fortunes. I have since found how much wiser it is to take the advice of the sane, unemotional business man, not in the motion picture profession . . . who is trained in investing money properly.

"In the old days I had a 50-foot cabin cruiser—I had four airplanes—but in justice to myself, I bought these to make money by renting them to the studios as well as for flying myself. Three were British scout planes... and one a camera ship.

"I've always been conservative with automobiles—have had my Packard for four years, my Cadillac for five years... but in the old days, it was hard not to be extravagant.

"I remember one company manufacturing expensive cars wanted to sell me a car which I never bought. They left it in front of my house for a week, with the keys in it.

"They said it was for a week's trial, assuming that when I received the publicity of driving the new car, and my friends had seen me in it, I wouldn't have the nerve to turn it back.

Parties were extravagant in the old days. Some of them thrown by the biggest people—where attendance was virtually mandatory—lasted four and five days.

"Every day it continued at someone else's house—until everyone finally collapsed, one by one. There was usually a lot of fun—people just dropped off and you didn't see them for the rest of the party.

Another pipe-full of tobacco and Denny started in on the question of salaries—the people's attitude toward high-salaried players.

He said people resented the fact that an actor made as much as \$5000 a week.

He held, though, that the critics didn't stop to think that a big capitalist makes it steadily during most of his career but that the outstanding actor makes it for just a very few years, indeed—then, probably, nothing.

This, notwithstanding the fact an actor still has to pay the same heavy income tax as though his were a permanent income instead of his one chance to establish a secure life budget.

Then, every sort of charitable organization expected huge donations in proportion. "You know, actors who have taken a tumble, have gone for a long time without earning any money rather than take supporting roles to some other bright luminary.

"Now, when they have to work, they discover they are not wanted even for minor roles. It is a tragic and pathetic situation," Denny explained.

"Today, one never knows what may come up for an actor. One good part in a really good picture can make all the difference in the world.

"No matter how fine an actor is, the part is what makes him. As far as I am concerned I don't think I will ever reach stardom again . . . and, truthfully, I don't want to," Denny declared.

"However, I do want good parts and I want money enough to keep my family decently, and as long as I have this, I'll be happy.

"My recent roles in "Richest Girl in the World," "The Lost Patrol," "Only Yesterday," "Of Human Bondage," and "The Little Minister," give me hope for the future—that I'm still in the running and that I'll remain in it as a capable all-around actor—which I've always tried to be.

"There's one thing more—my present life at home. I live in a comfortable little home with my family and I'm very happy.

"I model airplanes and boats, building them exactly to scale. I get a great kick out of doing this.

"I'm also interested in amateur photography and I'm making a motion picture record of my son, Reginald, Jr., from his first week on up. I mean to continue it until he's grown.

"My life is sedate, quiet, contented. My business manager, Vernon Wood, worries for me and invests my excess money.

"I'm devoting myself, out of pictures, to this boy of mine and to my daughter, Barbara, who is seventeen and has just graduated from the Flintridge School for Girls.

"It's a thousand times better than the old life. I'm glad to have been able to come through it without too many scars," Denny said in conclusion.

Our pipes went out—the tobacco was gone—and we didn't have any more matches, so the interview ended and Reginald Denny went back to act as target again for the mud balls.

Ironic, that he should be acting in such a scene and discussing the things that fate and Hollywood had hurled at him—it was a frank sort of interview—but then, Reginald Denny is a frank sort of person.



HERE'S A

Merry Xmas and A Happy New Year

To The

BRASS RAIL,

ITS TALENTED PERSONNEL AND LOYAL PATRONS

#### THE NORDSTROM COMPANY

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From A

FRIEND

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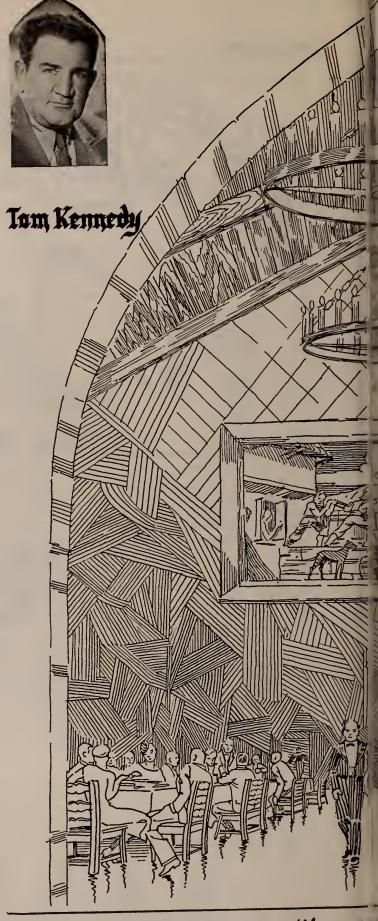
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MY COMPANY WISHES ME

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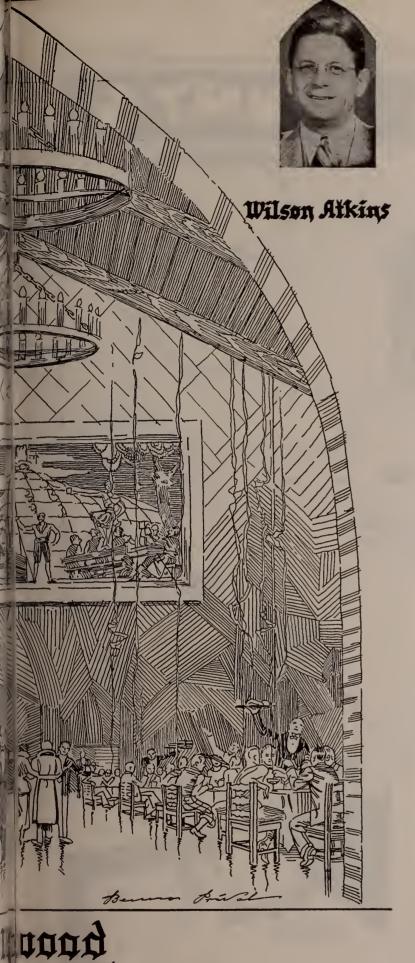
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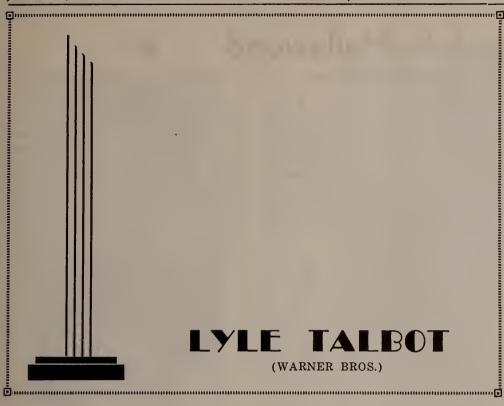
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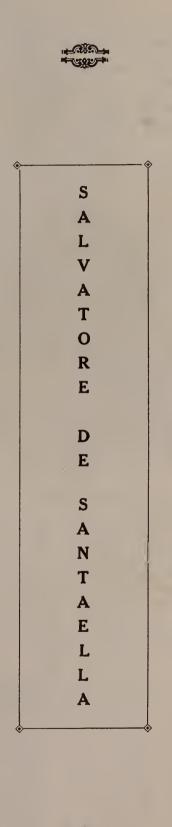
Mail

# SUCARMANS STUNTS.





Lee Tracy







## Youth In Hollywood



By DON DONALDSON

(Ed. Note—Don Donaldson, who will have charge of this page during the coming year, is well known in the east as an educator and a writer of children's books. He is familiar with children's problems and the problems of the juvenile film player and will treat them sympathetically.)

U NLESS children have attained the eminence of Shirley Temple, which none has been able so far to do, the movie gos-



SALLY ANN HARPER

sip columnists do not regard them as good copy; yet these youthful film players are an integral part of the industry.

In these columns, accordingly, we will chronicle the doings of these juvenile actors and actresses—what roles they have—what they do in their spare time—just what sort of little people they are.

Youth in Hollywood will be handled much in the manner of a column about adult players, but adult players will have no part in it. Youth in Hollywood is for Hollywood's children.

In the ranks of the younger film players, none is more outstanding, with the exception of those children whose studios are pushing them for stardom, than Joyce Horne, a beautiful child of nine who, in six short months in Hollywood, has played roles in five important pictures, among them Columbia's "Carnival," with Lee Tracy, and "Reckless," the Jean Harlow-William Powell picture. Film players who have worked with her hail her as a coming juvenile star. She comes from Houston, Texas, and now lives in Hollywood, where her mother plans permanently to make her home.

Then there is Billy Heeb. Billy is twelve years old and 'his understanding and execution of difficult, technical saxophone parts surpass those of musicians three times his age,' in the opinion of Rudy Wiedoft whose protege and pupil he is. Billy has a brilliant musical career before him, Wiedoft—one of the greatest saxophone players and teachers in the world—believes. It is Billy's ambition to have an orchestra of his own when he is older. To this end, he maintains a rigid daily practice schedule and is constantly bringing his tone and technique on the instrument nearer and nearer perfection.

Sally Ann Harper, four-year-old Huntington park child, is another for whom the future holds unusual promise. She has real ability as a dancer, has a prodigious memory for a child and is now scheduled for parts in two important forthcoming productions. Since little Miss Temple made her meteoric rise to fame, the studios have been beseiged with juvenile talent. Of these hundreds, Sally Ann Harper has an excellent chance of success, for which Alexander Carr, veteran stage actor, is grooming her.

Here's my personal nomination for the title of juvenile serial queen—Benadetta Sebastian. She has just completed a role in "Rustlers Of Red Gap" at Universal with Johnny Mack Brown. "She's a real trouper," Brown said when the filming of the picture was completed. "So is Mr. Brown," replied thirteen-year-old Benadetta.

Shortly after the first of the year, she is scheduled for a featured bit in a Universal picture now in preparation.

Because of her flawless performance with Lionel Barrymore in a Christmas presentation over station KFI and the NBC network, Sherry Ardell, tiny dramatic actress, has received a number of other important radio assignments. Sherry is a pupil of Nellie V. Nichols, well known Hollywood dramatic instructor.

Juanita Luce, four-year-old North Hollywood child, was the star of the benefit performance offered by children from the Rainbow studios in the North Hollywood community a week ago.

Arlene Wiseman, Faye Gore, Marilyn Smith, Patricia Scott, June Jacobs, Lotus Corelli, Rachel Sock and Marie Ayers were outstanding on the program. Loys DeKay and Ovidia Holther directed the dances.

In a swift-moving production whose pace did not flag from the opening chorus to the novel bell-ringing finale, Fanchon and Marco presented more than 250 exceptional child pupils at the Paramount theater last week. The show, which augmented the regular screening of "Broad-

way Bill," was titled "Christmas Around the World."

In rapid-fire fashion Peggy Sessions, Pauline Eadington, Doris Schaffer, Saxy Eppey, Johnny Pirrone, Jr., Speed Johnson, Barbara Jean Wong, Mary Lee, Neal Brown, Claire Lawrence, Joyce Kilcoyne, Patty Lacey, Hal Belford, Dorian Johnston, Bettina Bennett and Gloria Marco



DORIS SCHAFFER

presented their song, dance or novelty acts and bowed off the stage so quickly the audience could scarcely accord them a burst of applause.

The ensemble numbers were excellently offered under the direction of Alice Goodwin and with the flawless rhythmic accompaniment of the orchestra, directed by the capable Rube Wolf.

Randolph Connolly, ten-year-old film player, gave one of the outstanding performances in the presentation of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" over the NBC coast network Christmas day. Lionel Barrymore had the leading role, while Randolph was Tiny Tim. At the close of the broadcast more than a score of listeners called station KFI to discover the identity of Tiny Tim.

Some of the pictures in which he took part during the last year are "Kid Millions," "The Old Fashioned Way," "Dante's Inferno" and "Winning Ticket."

The most unfortunate thing about a column of this size is that you can't mention all the deserving youngsters in each issue. But over a period of months I plan to include stories about every Hollywood child player of talent. I hope to say something about them, to describe each one's particular type and, if possible, help out in the search for screen work.

#### Greetings to All



JOHNNY PIRRONE

Is Very Grateful to Mrs. Saunders
For the Calls Received from
CENTRAL CASTING

Just Finished . . .

Fanchon & Marco Show

. . . at Paramount Theatre

A M E R R Y C C H R I S T M A S

NELLIE V. NICHOLS

## Holiday Greetings

FROM

#### CHARLES HART

Direct from NEW YORK For HOLLYWOOD APPEARANCES



13-year-old son of the famous

Madge Fox "The Flip Flop Girl"

HO. 2711

Registered Central Casting

Courtesy to all agents

#### My Best Wishes to All My Friends



**Buddy Gately** 

## « The Rambling Reporter »

ED CHURCHILL, the fan mag writer, lunching with Margaret Sullavan—an easy assignment . . . Ralph Bellamy, who sleeps until noon when he isn't working ... Jack LaRue chatting with Harry Sugarman in the Egyptian forecourt . . . John LeRoy Johnston, the Universal big shot, striding down the boulevard . . . The Grant Garretts (Sylvia Picker) moving into their new home . . . Grant is a writer at RKO . . . Sylvia is an ether luminary at KHJ . . . Sherry Ardell, who made a hit in Lionel Barrymore's Xmas broadcast at KFI . . . Dick Quine, who has a part in "Boy of Flanders" at RKO . . . "His Greatest Gamble," the movie in which Edith Fellowes made such a hit . . . Josef von Sternberg, the Paramount director, taking a steaming cup of beef tea on the set for his cold . . . Lee Tracy shopping with Isabel Jewell . . . Al Pearce, the radio-er, who will tour the Pacific coast with his gang after the first of the year . . . Marvelle Andre displaying the Christmas card she gets each year from three elderly admirers in Missouri . . . Ken Goldsmith discussing "Little Men," his latest picture, with an out-of-town exhibitor . . . Ann Trezna leaving MGM where she is currently employed in a musical production . . . Patrolman Reed, the Vine-street-Hollywood-boulevard arrester, and his wife, Jane Barnoudy, who is a writer at the Hal Roach studios . . . Mildred Stone, possessor of a new Paramount contract . . . Gordon and Revel, the tunesmiths, who are working now on "Drum Beats," at Paramount . . . Howard, Fine and Howard, stooging for each other off the set . . . Henri Sabin, the artist, who has been gazing amorously at the Brass Rail cashier . . . Jack Rose, the casting agent, with a scrumptious blonde in the Brown Derby ... Netha Blaire, blonde dancer, who completed a part in MGM's "David Copperfield" and then rushed to Warner Brothers for a part in "Midsummer Night's Dream," the Shakspur opus . . . June Morgan, who is featured at the Agua Caliente hotel, back to visit her parents during the holidays . . . Friends at the Legion Stadium recalling the exploits of Herman (Kid Herman) Lanfield, once a contender for the world's light-weight title, who died in an auto crash several weeks ago . . . Marcia Parker, that nice girl in the Columbia publicity office . . . Ruth Rinehart, who just finished a dancing role in "Sweet Adeline," which stars Irene Dunne . . . The Haines girls, known as the Gingham Twins on the air, who have a new contract to broadcast on the coast network . . . Mae West, who gets a great kick out of being imitated . . . Will Rogers, munching his gum . . . Monty Love, the English actor . . . Bing Crosby, the popular crooner, telling admiring friends about his twins and about Dixie Lee Crosby, who goes into a picture the first of the year . . . Eva Redick, the music

teacher, dropping into Paramount to visit a pupil . . . Warner Baxter at the preview of his latest, Columbia's "Broadway Bill," which Frank Capra directed . . . Myrna Loy greeting Bill Powell on the set . . . Mel Burns, RKO make-up director, who has worked on some 36,000 faces during his Hollywood career . . . Ann Harding driving toward her hillside home . . . Jean Harlow driving out Sunset boulevard with her step-father . . . Lou Greenspan, who owes The LOW-DOWN two publicity stories . . . Frank Reinhardt, the electrical expert at Universal . . . Paul Snell of MGM . . . Edwin Burke, the Fox writer, who is doing the script of "The Farmer Takes A Wife," new vehicle for Janet Gaynor . . . Shirley Temple as guest of honor at a party given for employes of the California bank of which her father, George Temple is a branch manager . . . Spencer Tracy and Claire Trevor lunching tet-a-tete at the Assistance league . . . Harry Lachman and Alan Dinehart becoming so chummy they live in houses next door to each other . . . Mitchell and Durant putting on their act at the Soldiers' home in Sawtelle . . . Rosemary Ames planning a vacation trip to Chicago . . . Mona Barrie chatting with Gilbert Roland on the boulevard . . . Rochelle Hudson wearing a coat with buttons so large she calls it a St. Bernard . . . Jane Withers air mailing Christmas cards to friends in Atlanta, Georgia . . . Irvin Cobb, his wife and daughter lunching at the Fox studio restaurant . . . Scotty Beckett, who has a nice part in "Dante's Inferno," which Fox is filming . . . Wilbur Mack who has been busier than the well known onearmed paperhanger lately . . . Melville Brown, the director, preparing for a new assignment on "Man Eating Tiger," a Ben Hecht-Rose Caylor story . . . General Theodore Tu, famous Chinese military leader and educator, in Hollywood as technical advisor on "The Good Earth," which MGM is shooting from the Pearl Buck novel . . . Allan Jones, the young and handsome Broadway stage star . . . He will make musicals at Metro . . . Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton leaving for New York city from whence they sail for England . . Jack McGowan, author of "Say When," New York stage hit . . . He's here to do scenarios for one of the majors . . . Lewis Stone . . . Leo Carrillo throwing a preview party at his hacienda for the Robert Youngs, Russell Hardie, Betty Furness and the rest of the "Band Plays On" cast . . . Chester Morris with his family in the Brown Derby . . . Stuart Erwin with one of his thoroughbred Scotties . . . Clark Gable, who hopes to take a vacation and view a dozen or more New York plays . . . Otto Kruger taking lessons on the flageolet . . . Tito Coral who has been loaned to Paramount for the latest Mae West picture . . . Alberto Vargas, the portrait artist . . . Lou Brock, the producer, whose

new musical is titled "Adios Argentina!" . . . Vince and Genevieve Barnett off for a visit east . . . Andy Devine and the Devine baby . . . Chauncey Pyle who worked as an assistant director on "Clive of India" at Twentieth Century . . . Joe Rudnick and his wife out for a Sunday drive with their infant . . . "Pev" and Virginia Marley entertaining friends from out of town . . . Ike Greenberg of the Three G distillery which has a plenty heavy distribution in Hollywood and Beverly Hills . . . Irving Strouse, sage producer of the Sunday Night Frolics, back from San Francisco . . . M. S. Magers, manager of the Gilbert Hotel in Hollywood, returning from a visit to Denver . . . David Arlen, the publicist, fluttering into the Pantages theater building where he has offices . . . The Rambling Reporter and Detective Ed Crumplar discussing crime over a plate of Tip's delicious pancakes on Vine street . . . Louis Friedlander, the Universal director, alighting at the airport after a pleasure hop in his Kinner plane . . . Phil Rosen, the director, at Columbia where he is making one picture before returning to RKO . . . Nils Asther gesticulating to a young woman while driving out Vine street in his Rolls limousine . . . Kate Hepburn and her station wagon . . . Eddie Martin, the columnist, chatting with Shelby Cole, the high-powered publicist . . . Joyce Horne driving with her mother . . . Who looks more like her sister . . . Frank Gill, Jr., and Bill Doemling, as inseparable off the air as they are on . . . Betty Jean Rickert of radio and film note watching the Hollywood Christmas parade . . . Harry Fane of the team of Murray and Fane giving his partner, who is also his wife, a new auto, among other things, for Christmas . . . Al Gordon, the auto racer . . . Dick Rhodes and his boss, Mario Pescara, who owns the Hollywood Cellarette . . . the Hensleys, Bryan and Babe, hurrying to the Moulin Rouge on Cahuenga boulevard . . . Marian Marsh entirely recovered from the effects of ptomaine poisoning from which she suffered for two weeks . . . Harry Joe Brown bringing Sally Eilers her lunch on the Lee Tracy set at Columbia . . . Matty Fain who will have roles in five or six forthcoming productions around the Hollywood lots . . . Fred Keating and Harry Anderson back together again . . . Kalloch, the designer . . . George Raft whipping up to the Vine street Derby in his limousine and the manner of King George . . . Ross Shattuck and Margaret Ettinger (Mrs. Shattuck) of the Beverly Hills advertising agency . . . Dave Epstein, the business manager . . . Noah Beery and his little daughter . . . Gene Autry, the Mascot serial star . . . Lyle Talbot with his mother and father on the boulevard . . . Jerry Mandy finishing a role at Paramount . . . And so we ramble on.

Season's Greetings . . . .



DICK QUINE

Just Signed for "Boy Of Flanders"—RKO

".... Peace on earth ... Good will towards all men ...."



Clarence Muse

# IRVING.... CUMMINGS

FOX FILM CORP.





Sam Wood







## **FEMININE**

AM a sucker for toys anyhow . . . and what a gorgeous collection they had for the children in the BROADWAY HOLLY-WOOD . . . exquisite things for little girls . . . sturdy trains and workable mechanical trucks for boys . . . and that novel type-writer which really works for my six-year-old nephew . . . FRANK OF HOLLY-WOOD reported a last minute rush of ladies who wanted to be beautiful Christmas day and went the limit for permanents and everything else you can get in a beauty parlor as nice as FRANK'S . . .

DR. MAURICE LeBELL told me about the lady who dropped in four days before the 25th and expected the DOCTOR to take off twenty pounds in less than a week . . . He can do it, as the figures of a half dozen screen stars I can name off-hand attest . . . but it takes time . . .

The run on stockings is still on, too . . . That's not a gag . . . About this time of the year a place like the MAYFAIR SHOP sells oodles of hosiery and they're busy as the very dickens until long after Christmas, what with exchanges and all . . . Like my favorite florist . . . McELDOWNEY is the name and he holds forth with simply lovely blooms of every variety in the HOLLYWOOD-ROOSEVELT HOTEL . . . He reports he was just rushed to death last week . . . Not that it annoys him, though . . . He likes it . . .

If I hadn't spent so much on presents, you can wager your bottom dollar—if you were lucky and sensible enough to hang onto it during your shopping tours—I'd have bought that cunning pair of pumps at MEYER'S SHOE STORE... they were darling, and not as expensive as you'd imagine, either... Oh, well, perhaps they'll have something just as nice when I have money again... It's really too bad, with the shops showing the swellest things, to be stony...

And did I want that blue dress at WEIL'S . . . It was utterly stunning and the swellest shade of blue and made to order for me . . . but it was too much for a purse that had been ravaged for two long weeks . . . Oh, dear . . .

I'm writing home regularly again . . . In practically no time at all and for so little money I felt ashamed that I'd left it lying in the desk so long, KINGSLEY BROTHERS repaired that old fountain pen of mine . . . Good as new . . . It writes like a million . . .



At Hollywood boulevard and Vine street I'm always in a quandry at lunch time . . . There are so many dandy places in the vicinity . . . For lunch, I mean . . . I solved the problem during my shopping trips last week by stopping in the COCO TREE, right on the corner . . . You get in and out in a hurry, if you can't spare the time for a more leisurely meal . . . And you can sit and gaze at the boulevard throngs while you're toying with a salad . . .

Speaking of food always reminds me of drink . . . So where will I get my Christmas cheer, I wondered . . . Someone suggested the HOLLYWOOD CELLARETTE . . . Another said, "Don't go anywhere but BERT ROVERE'S . . . I compromised by visiting each . . . They have swell selections . . . anything you want from American gin to imported stuff that's older than your great grandmother . . . I really wanted some of the ne plus ultra wine, but settled for an excellent pale dry sherry . . .

While touring Hollywood, it wouldn't be fair to oneself to miss the Sunday Frolics of IRVING STROUSE . . . They moved from the WILSHIRE-EBELL theater to the HOLLYWOOD PLAYHOUSE and last night—New Year's Eve—we were forced to journey downtown to the FOX FIGUEROA theater, but it was worth the trip . . .

I told you last week, or perhaps it was around the first of the month, how you could please even an exacting man with a gift from the HOLLYWOOD ARMY and NAVY store . . . As advertised, Preston Foster, Neil Hamilton—even the great Garbo—do some shopping there and swear by the merchandise . . . I know a half dozen people who welcomed Christmas gifts from this emporium of sporting equipment . . . .

Suppose you were shopping for some detective work... Where to go?... The ASSOCIATED BUREAU OF IDENTIFICATION... They can do almost any sleuthing, plain and fancy... and if you can't locate the paper-hanger who gave you that bouncing check, one of their operatives will...

Our favorite radio station right now, probably because it carries The Voice of The Hollywood LOW-DOWN is KMTR... Ken Goldsmith, the producer was a guest on this magazine's broadcast the other day and the program ran a few minutes short because Ken is such a modest gent he

## FLASHES

didn't have enough to say about his swell new picture "Little Men" . . . Turn most producers loose on a microphone with an audience of listeners and you'd have to blast to get them away . . . But not Ken Goldsmith . . .

While I'm on the subject of radio, the matter of choosing one is difficult . . . They are all good and what with these short wave gadgets, police calls, airplane dials and wavelengths, not to mention megacycles, you really don't know what to do about it . . . NICHOLSON, who held a show in his Sunset boulevard radio shop, had a large selection . . . Philco, RCA Victor, Sparton and Zenith were a few he displayed . . . You could name your price and take one home . . . For they ranged from the tiny midget receivers to those supersupers which record your voice or radio programs and play a dozen records with almost human intelligence . . .

OTTO K. OLESEN can show you a variety of models, too, and the OLESEN radio salesman knows not only prices, but what makes the wheels go round . . . They handle General Electric and an inexpensive five-tube job which pulls stations in from all over the country . . . The KELLY MUSIC COMPANY, on the boulevard, sells a small set of KELLY'S own design . . . It's said to be a demon for power and DX, as the dyed-in-the wool radio fans call distance reception . . .

What time is it? . . . When the gong sounds it will be exactly four o'clock, WESTERN UNION time . . . As a matter of fact I will know when it is four o'clock whether the gong sounds or not . . . I had my watch adjusted at SILLMAN'S GEM SHOP, on the boulevard, and my ticker now rivals Big Ben or a ship's chronometer for accuracy . . . I told Mr. SILLMAN so this afternoon, too . . . In KLEIN'S DELICATESSEN, which is near his store . . . We had both dropped in for a sandwich after difficult afternoons . . . Mr. SILLMAN had been disciplining refractory, contumacious, stubborn, willful clocks and watches . . . I had been scanning the boulevard for color . . . And I don't mean Central boulevard on the other side of town, either . . . And that, my good friends, concludes little Dorothy Lou's literary broadcast for this issue . . . Goodbye, now . . .

-DOROTHY LOU

#### RAINBOW STUDIOS

ETHEL GRAY — MARVEL SCHERODER
1722 N. Gramercy Pl., HE. 4585
ATTENTION PRODUCERS AND DIRECTORS

All children who appeared in the "Land of the Future and Land of Memory" in Maeter-lincks "BLUEBIRD" at Wilshire Ebell Theatre, December 26th to 29th inclusive, are RAINBOW STUDIOS children.

FORMAL CLEANERS

Your Formal Clothes Are more lively

1552½ N. Wilcox GL-8408 FREE CALL and DELIVERY



## DWYER HAWLEY

NBC TENOR

singing the same sweet phrases.

## Happy New Year

"I'm a year older ...
but I'm still reading up
on bridge" . . But I
must take time out to
wish everybody a Very
Happy New Year



#### Randolph Connolly

## Season's Greetings



Virginia Verrill

## A Few Ideas On "Tinker-Town"

By

HELEN MITCHELL

WHAT do I think of Hollywood? First of all, who cares what Helen Mitchell or John Doe thinks of Tinker Town? There, I've told you my first idea of the petite city that snuggles independent as a little pig on ice against green hills and blue skies. Far flung communities cogitate on the this and that of Hollywood and many a group wags a sage head on the so and so's, etc., that take place within her inner sanctoriums, but Tinker Town buzzes along with her tinkering, tinkering hammers in the myriad little worksops that make up her bejeweled bosom just the same. So I continue on what I think of Hollywood safely because no one will pay any attention anyway.

Toyland, Santa Clause, aircastles! A melee of childlike, sensitive people running along-gay-hopeful-courageouseach with his own big idea (and darn good ideas most of them, for it is a creative lot who wander hitherward) which he tells in glowing verbiage all the way up and down the grapevine telegraph on the main stem Hollywood Boulevard. And no one pays any attention. Then after months-years -eons-he finds himself a recognized wizard-his dream a reality-his hamburger turns to tenderloin-and he sits down to wonder how the heck it ever happened. And with his success, all about him the tinkering, tinkering hammers beat with renewed energy because a Micky Mouse has crashed the gates, a Garbo has ascended the throne, or a Peter the Hermit has picked himself a choice hill and set up a kingdom, rent free. While the far away ports draw their curtains close on the weird visions they have of Tinker Town, an earnest, variegated people pound away until the doll house or the mechanical train set is built and waiting for Santa Claus.

Of course I am talking about the Hollywood that interests me the most. I never tire of snooping about here and there among a many prismed, artistic lot that speckle the hills and crannys a few minutes from the main street. I adore them. Their vision, their creative yens. After all Ben Franklin captured lightning electricity with a key on the end of a kite string while the neighbors laughed, and Edgar Allen Poe beat out immortal stories on an empty stomach while the wiseacres called him a ne'er-do-well. And so the unknowns of Tinker Town cling to the key on the string. In meagre studios and makeshift homes they dream, they gossip, they revel, they divide a pound of potatoes among them and eat. And no one pays any attention.

What a privilege to open a sesame for

them! What a gold rush would take place in Hollywood if the vast amount of precious, starving talent could be unearthed. That is a secret ambition of Helen Mitchell with her tinkering hammer. I wish some great producers (for after all I am a very small one as yet) would say even in his most skeptical tone, "Helen Mitchell, scamper out of here to the Tinker Town you're raving about and bring in some of your world beaters." Would I 'scram' and make my bluff good! Mitchell would be little Ben with a key on a string, harnessing lightning electricity. Their offices would be so full of potential Bing Crosbys, Marie Dresslers (God Bless her and all the dear old timers with so much to give), Joan Blondells and so on and so on and so on. The lovely doll house and the mechanical train would certainly get a chance to go right in the Santa Claus bag.

Listen World, Hollywood is religious. There never was a village breathed the vespers more than soul weary Hollywood in her own particular way. There is something awe inspiring in the sincere prayers that pour from the hearts of a people who strive to make the most of the talents their God has given them. And if statistics are needed, watch the congregations pour from the doors of the churches on Sunday morning. It has always ruffed the fur on my neck to hear twitters about so fine and enterprising a community because of an unscrupulous few. Tinkertown has her flotsam. So has London, Paris, New York or Great Bend, Kansas.

Tinker Town is intelligent. My hat's off to the pioneering men and women who have builded the magnificent industry of pictures. My hat stays off to those who come with their tinkering hammers to improve it, but may all the wrath of Hades break on the head of those who come with a destructive hammer to wreck it.

Nightfall and the petite city, unmindful of a scrutinizing world, snuggles down after a hard day's work. Lights pop on up and down the grape vine telegraph. Another notch is taken up in the belt of a hungry heroic dreamer, another good dinner is enjoyed by the dreamer whose dream has come true. It's a romantic moon that blinks a wise eye over the revelers, hoofers, singers, scribblers, painters, actors, creators.

I revere Hollywood. Just as the old world gave history the Rembrandts, Bernhardts, Duse, Ibsens and so on, Tinker Town with her tinkering, tinkering hammers will beat out some indelible names on the escutcheons of the ages.

Best Wishes

BACK ON THE JOB AGAIN . . . AND THE NEW YEAR FINDS ME GOING GREAT . . . THANKS.

JERRY MANDY

GREETINGS

FROM

**RUTH CHRISTY** 

Dr. Le Bell

Hollywood's Noted Dietician

LIONEL HAMPTON

SEBASTIAN'S COTTON CLUB

COMPLIMENTS

Greetings

JOHNNY CASCALES

## Screen Shorts

By

#### GRAYCE BURFOOT

Will Rogers played Santa Claus to each and every member of the technical crew of his latest film, "Life Begins at 40," by enclosing a crisp new bill in a personally written gag card. The majority of these cards are being framed by the proud possessors.

George Marshall, Fox director, has been in every phase and department of the making of motion pictures, from actor to production head, filling in other spots as property man, cameraman, assistant director and stunt man.

Sterling Holloway, the comedian, has an aversion to parties. On one occasion he not only refused to attend a party, but threatened to jump his film contract if forced to do so.

Pat Paterson, musical comedy and radio star, sailed "The Mermaid" in the 1932 King's regatta at Cowes, England, and won the race, beating out King George's entry.

Hugh Williams, leading man from England, is not entirely a stranger in Hollywood, having played a role in "Charlie's Aunt" when it was produced in the film center.

Jane Barnes once worked in a Hartford, Conn., department store in order to earn money with which to take piano lessons, her ambition being to become a concert pianist.

The father of Warner Baxter was a Columbus, Ohio, bank clerk and afterwards a hotel man. He died when Baxter was three months old.

The day Spencer Tracy arrived in Hollywood, he threw away his hat and has never worn one since that occasion, except in a motion picture.

Clara Bow, though a redhead herself, insists that she does not care for most women with red hair.

Claire Trevor played the leading feminine role in "Whistling in the Dark" opposite Ernest Truex on Broadway for more than a year.



Malcolm St. Clair, the director, began his motion picture career as an extra for Mack Sennett.

Lew Ayres is rated the best trap drummer in the film colony.

Sid Silvers, though born in New York City, has never been able to establish citizenship because his parents neglected to register his birth.

Irene Bentley is a member of the Daughters of the Revolution, being a direct descendant of David Crane, a corporal in the Continental army.

Sally Eilers had to break down her parents' objection before she was permitted to launch her screen career in "The Good Bye Kiss," her first stepping-stone to success.

Janet Gaynor and Clark Gable worked together as \$7.50-a-day extras in "The Plastic Age" starring Alberta Vaughan.

John Boles, during the Great War, was a spy, attached to the A.E.F.

June Knight, now 21, who has danced her way to fame, was unable to walk until she reached the age of five.

Jane Withers, juvenile film player, can give more than forty impersonations of movie celebrities.

Jesse L. Lasky, pioneer film producer, was one of the first hundred men to reach Nome in the Alaskan gold-rush.

Every picture that Lilian Harvey made in Europe was produced in three languages, English, French and German.

Preston Foster was, at one time, a house-to-house canvasser for ice boxes and pianos in New York City.

Helen Vinson is one of the few screen players of Hollywood who names archery as her chief pastime.

Heather Angel, while hunting tigers with the Maharajah of Junjab, in India, shot at a tiger and killed an elephant.

George O'Brien drinks, on an average, fifteen cups of coffee a day?

Betty Blythe, famous vamp of several years ago, is making a film comeback.

George White parts his hair in the middle.

Victor Jory was born at Sixty Below Bonanzo, Alaska.







Nigel Bruce, famed comedian, joined the British forces on the day war was declared by England and he was almost immediately injured and hospitalized for more than two years.

James Dunn was, at one time, a trick bicycle rider.

Claire Trevor recently addressed a convention of 300 policemen attending the California Peace Officers' conclave in Los Angeles.

Catharine Doucet was, at one time, a school teacher in Chester, Pa.

Spencer Tracy, in his earlier days as an actor, lived for five days on rice and water.

Henry Garat at one time was playing at three Paris theaters at the same time and, not being able to afford a taxicap, ran from one to the other.

Harvey Stephens is a third cousin of the late Edwin Booth, famous actor of his day.

Preston Foster sang leading roles with the La Scala Opera Company in Philadelphia before he went on the vaudeville stage with Fritzi Scheff.

When Florence Desmond made her stage debut in London, she drew a salary of five shillings a week.

Lew Ayres spends a part of his spare time making lithographs.

Mona Barrie went on the stage when she was sixteen years old as a member of the ballet in Sydney, Australia.

When Minna Gombell first came to Hollywood she taught diction to the young players.

lrving Cummings, the director, refuses to work on Saturday afternoons during the football season.

Swimming after hats and props as they fell overboard from a ship during the filming of scenes in San Francisco Bay, was one of George O'Brien's earliest motion picture jobs.

Richard Cromwell never signs an autograph book. An artist of ability, Cromwell obliges by drawing a picture.

Herbert Mundin, after a love scene with Clara Bow sometime ago, stood by waiting for Clara to tell him what a hot lover he is. Instead, The Red Head looked at him and said "For Heaven's sake, why don't you shave?"

PAGE 47

## . Greetings.

FROM

## JANE WITHERS

Just Finished "Bright Eyes" — Next Assignments—"Red-heads On Parade", "Lady Cop"

What the critics say of Little Jane Withers, 8-year-old Fox Film player, who appeared in "Bright Eyes" . . .

**NEW YORK TIMES:-**

...the narrative does possess one compensatory factor—it allows a talented little imp named Jane Withers to be the most disagreeable child of the season, and thereby reveals her as that long awaited phenomenon, capable distaff edition of the classically unpleasant Jackie Searl . . .

LOS ANGELES EXAMINER:—
... Jane Withers gives a remarkable performance . . .

SCRIPT .--

... she acts the part with such lusty venom that she practically steals the picture . . .

INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE:-

. . . Jane Withers . . . signed a long term film contract with Fox . . . as a reward for her sensational work in "Bright Eyes" . . .

LOS ANGELES TIMES:—
... Little Miss Withers has marked comedy talent, and sometimes steals the picture ...

NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE:-

... I still suspect that it took quite a bit of editing to keep a buxom brunette child named Jane Withers from stealing the honors of the film from its star . . .



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(At the Sign of the Clock)

## Dance and the world Dances with you

By BILL ROBINSON

YEARS and years ago, back in Richmond, Virginia, my grandmammy used to rub my head and say, "Sonny, always keep happy, and keep everybody around you happy."

She was an old ex-slave and the happiest person I ever knew. She just wouldn't be sad. The result was that all hands in Richmond seemed to like her. She had nothing but friends.

What I know about dancing, I learned from her. It may surprise some folks to know that I never took a dance lesson in my life. I just grew up dancing and all the many steps I have used and developed are my own. I guess, you folks know I have danced before lots of people. I am almost fifty-eight years old and most people think I am less than forty. I've had a happy life and I don't let things worry me. I expect to live to be a hundred and it is my hope and prayer that I will go dancing up to the Pearly Gates.

Now, I have been invited many summers up to Newport, Rhode Island, and there I have taught some of the members of the first families of the land in dancing steps. At Palm Beach in Florida I have coached very important people in fantastic stepping and on my several visits to England I have even taught dance steps to members of royalty. They all ask me how I know these things. I don't know how I know them. I just dance and laugh as the spirit moves me. There is no system. Just an idea comes to me and I work it out.

I came here to California a few weeks ago to work in the new Fox picture, "The Little Colonel." They told me I was to play the part of a butler in an old southern mansion, but the main thing they wanted me to do was to teach little Shirley Temple some new dance steps. Boy, have I had the time of my life! That little girl is the most apt pupil I ever did see. Now, don't laugh, but since I got to dancing with her, she affected me so much with her little girl ways and her joy that between the two of us we have evolved some mighty fine new steps that old Bill Robinson never did think of before.

I recalled what my old grandmammy told me and when I was with Shirley I

just tried to be happy and make her happy. That wasn't hard, for that child is the happiest person you could possibly meet. I don't want to brag, but I have gone around on the motion picture set, telling funny stories and dancing, and you can believe it or not, but really I have them all dancing and happy. Even the grips, clearers, light men and others are smiling and dancing on that picture set.

Now, a lot has been said about me being foolish with my money. That several million dollars has slipped through my fingers; that I haven't saved as I should, and haven't been thrifty and all that. Now, let me explain please, that white folks maybe don't understand the calls that a colored man gets from his own kind. Only white folks down south can understand this. You see, in our race only a few are well-off. The great majority just haven't anything. For a colored man to get up into the money, he must meet thousands of good ones that haven't had the breaks. You just can't say "no" and must keep on giving and living as you go. If you did otherwise you would be the most miserable creature in the world. It just wouldn't work.

They can point fingers at Bert Williams, Jack Johnson, Joe Gans, and others of us colored folk and say we were fools with our money, but they don't quite understand. If we throw away our money, it can't be helped and I guess that is one reason why "darkies are born!"

Nevertheless, I haven't a single enemy in the world, and isn't that something.

The little colored children in Harlem have no playground and I thought they should have one. It was a problem to secure property for it, but the Rockefeller Center group came to the rescue with several vacant lots along the Harlem River and just ideal for the playground. I am building the swimming pool and things that go with it. Yes, it is costing me considerable money, but it is worth it. The City of New York's park department is giving the slides, turning bars and other play equipment and all of us together will secure other paraphernalia.

In the years to come when the thousands of colored children in Harlem have their own playground, maybe my life will not have been lived in vain.

I am often asked how I got the name 'Bojangles.' That name was hit upon by Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt. He died not knowing how he came to name me that. It was after I had taken a troupe up to Newport to put on a show for him and his guests. He called me the name and the newspapers printed it. From then on everybody called me that. I don't know why, except that they must have liked the sound of it.

Facts, not mere rumor or gossip, form the background for the new series, "Behind Hollywood Headlines," which begins in the next issue.

#### Hollywood Gives Me A Brand New Face

By PEGGY FEARS

A T first I didn't know whether to be perturbed, irked or just plain insulted when camera testing and make-up departments of Fox Film got together and began raising and lowering my eye-brows, chalking in one line while they erased another and then topping everything by suggesting I either tint my hair or wear a wig.

To my knowedge no one in New York or London had ever objected to the face and hair I have been wearing for years. They have been good enough for the great Florenz Ziegfeld and many of his glorified girl shows as well as a couple of dramatic pieces I staged, produced and acted in myself, but evidently they weren't just the thing for motion pictures and a transition has taken place. And now that it's all over and I've seen the last screen test and set of photographic pictures, I want to go on record as saying I think they did a swell job and I'm more than pleased with the result. I hope everyone else is.

This change, however, did cause my friends as well as myself a few anxious moments. One of the newspaper men heard about it and caused a piece to be printed in a New York paper. Immediately the long distance phone began ringing from friends questioning my sanity in allowing such a transition to take place without notifying them. Some even asked if I intended staying out here permanently, for they were sure New York would never allow me to return. Several of these calls were from my husband, A. C. Blumental, who was quite upset over the reports.

However, the same answer is given to all who care to listen. Having been a producer of stage plays in New York and employed hundreds of people, I feel that if I could improve the appearance of anyone who worked for me I would do it, and if the person didn't like it he could go elsewhere. The studio was wise in insisting I try the new make-up. I am sure I will be able to give a better performance and be more convincing to the audience with this new appearance than if I had remained just the straight Peggy Fears.

You know I am taking this motion picture business very seriously. Fox Film has given me a contract calling for my services as a writer, director and producer as well as an actress and it is my intention to try to make good at all of them. It has been a matter of pride with me to succeed in practically everything I've attempted from acting, to operating a modiste shop and producing and directing my own shows on Broadway. I'm going to try and do the same with pictures. I realize I have a lot to learn, for the screen is far ahead of the stage, but I want at least to be in on the improvements, even when it concerns my own appearance.

PAGE 49

Holiday Greetings

Season's Greetings

CHESTER MORRIS

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Bess Meredyth

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#### PREVIEWS CONTINUED

By L. WOLFE GILBERT, JR.

#### Night Life of the Gods

(Fair)

A GAIN a movie mogul has made the in-evitable mistake of believing a good novel MUST make a good picture. The humor in Thorne Smith's hilarious book of the same title could never be effectively presented on the screen. Assuredly it wasn't in this Carl Lammle, Jr., production for Universal. Even the superb direction of Lowell Sherman and the uniform excellence of the cast could not quite overcome the lack of adequate picture material.

Nevertheless, Alan Mowbray gives an outstanding performance. Ably playing the role of Alan's foil is beautiful Florine Mc-Kinney. The remainder of the cast, in which George Hassell, Paul Kaye, Irene Ware, Peggy Shannon, Pat DeCicco, Philip Smalley, Richard Carle, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Teresa Maxwell-Conover and Henry Armetta were featured, seemed at times bewildered by the fantastic humor and frequently appeared at a loss as to how to go on.

Sherman probably did more to overcome the faults than any other megger on the Universal lot could have done. The story concerns a scientist who discovers a process for turning statues into animate beings and, adversely, humans into stone. The fun begins when he wanders into a museum hall in which the statues of the ancient gods and goddesses are standing.

The difficulty in bringing the Smith novel to the screen was the identical one which confronted producers who sought to make P. G. Wodehouse films. The humor lies more in the writing than in the situations. Besides this, Thorne Smith usually had his characters cavort in a manner considered unseemly by the Purity leagues.

#### Power

(Excellent)

DR. Hugo Riesenfeld, new director at the Filmarte theater, presented as his initial film, British-Gaumont's "Power," a stirring vehicle adapted from Lion Fauchtwanger's literary masterpiece, "Jew Suss." Dr. Riesenfeld has shown remarkable taste in choosing this picture for his opening.

Conrad Veidt adds another triumph to a long list of successful roles by his outstanding performance as the main character in the story. He makes Suss a real being, not just a flickering shadow on the screen. He maintains suspense throughout the piece. Probably his greatest scene is the one in the final reel of the film when he takes his audience through one of the picture's most dramatic sequences flawless-

Second honors go to Frank Vosper as Karl Alexander, the perverted Duke of Wurtemberg. Benita Hume is effective as the duchess, with Cedric Hardwicke, in the part of a rabbi, next in line. Ramela Ostrer handles a small role effectively. Her beauty should recommend her to any Hollywood producer. Gerald Du Maurier had the remaining featured role.

Beautiful Wurtemberg in the Early Eighteenth century provides the locale of "Power." The story is too familiar to bear recounting here.

The principal criticisms to be leveled at "Power" are that it is slow in the early portion, and that at times the dialogue is difficult to understand. The dramatic value of the latter part overcomes these minor

Lothar Mendes was the director and the adaptation was the work of Dorothy Farnum. Bernard Knowles is responsible for the A-1 photography.

#### County Chairman

(Good)

WHILE this review bears the label 'good,' fans of Will Rogers undoubtedly will pronounce "The County Chairman" excellent. Being prejudiced personally against the steady stream of homespun humor in the Rogers' style, even the designation of 'good' was arrived at only after critical opinion battled with a sense of unprejudiced criticism.



WILL ROGERS

The slow-moving story of "The County Chairman" concerns a county politician and his efforts to elect his candidate prosecuting attorney. Rogers' man, Kent Taylor, falls in love with the daughter of the opposition candidate, Evelyn Venable. Burton Churchill gives his customarily excellent performance. Others in the cast are Louise Dresser, Frank Melton, Robert McWade, Gay Seabrook and Stepin Fetch-

The picture was taken from a dated play by George Ade, but it is good film fare nevertheless. The picture was produced by Edward W. Butcher for Fox, with John Blystone directing.

#### Sweepstake Annie

(Excellent)

 ${
m I}^{
m N}$  "Sweepstake Annie," the story of what happens when a little girl wins a lot of money she doesn't know precisely how to spend, Director Bill Nigh used all his stagecraft to squeeze every possible laugh out of a very clever comedy. As a result, the picture is highly amusing.

The story is about a script girl (Marion Nixon) who wins \$150,000 on the Irish Sweepstakes. Her family, is composed of loafers who refuse to work. What happens when she rebels at this gives the film a unique twist.

W. Scott Darling did a commendable job with the original story and the screen play. Producer M. H. Hoffman is to be commended too for the lavish manner in which he staged the production. It was a thoroughly satisfactory job.

Others in the cast were Tom Brown, Wera Engels, Inez Courtney, Ivan Lebedeff, Lucien Littlefield, Dorothy Peterson, William Janney and Carol Tevis. The photography is attributed to Harry Neuman.

#### DELIGHTFUL COMEDY OCCUPIES EL CAPITAN

A theatrical event of major importance during the holiday season was the opening of the delightful Clare Kummer comedy, "Her Master's Voice," at the El Capitan theater a few days before Christmas with Billie Burke starred and Roger Pryor and Elizabeth Patterson in featured supporting roles.

Miss Burke is excellent in an exacting part; Roger Pryor displays a flair for comedy that has not been manifest in his screen roles, and Miss Patterson gives a really brilliant performance; all of which makes this gay and amusing comedy very good stage fare indeed.

Also in the cast are Mary Loane, Kernan Cripps, Slemer Jackson and Gertrude Le-Brandt. The production has been beautifully staged.

#### JOE E. BROWN TO APPEAR IN BENEFIT SHOW JAN. 26

Joe E. Brown will introduce the famous screen, stage and radio stars who are to appear in the huge benefit show to be presented January 26 in the Shrine auditorium to get funds for the Mount Sinai Home for Chronic Invalids, it was announced this week. Noted names will be listed on the program which is to be completed and made public within a few days.



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I. C. OVERDORFF NIGHT PHONE GLadstone 9342 IT IS NOW POSSIBLE TO STEP INTO the Biltmore hotel lounge, flip a quarter on the bar and get an excellent cocktail. Similarly inexpensive, sane drinking is now legally permitted in all the better hotels and restaurants, which is brightening the outlook for the proprietors of such places. It is also tinting the customer's outlook a rosy hue.

AT THE AMBASSADOR—PROBABLY Screenland's most imposing haunt—Ted Fio Rito continues with his orchestra which still retains its place as one of the most popular musical aggregations hereabouts. With the band, of course, is Muzzy Marselino and the Debutantes. If you can't afford the Ambassador, you can get Fio Rito a couple of times each night over the radio.

THE HUDSON-METZGER GIRLS whose dancing was long a notable part of every Grauman premiere at the Chinese, are now at the Palomar dance hall, where Nick Stuart leads the orchestra. Stuart, former screen player, is an agreeable leader and the band is good.

THE VAN-ITIES on Hollywood boulevard is featuring Jack Warren and Marv Landfield their orchestra, with Fred Karger at the piano. It's a nice combina-At this they're place also boosting the cuisine, which is prepared by Chef Sarlo, whose



Chef Sarlo

technique in the kitchen has long been admired by his many friends in the screen colony.

LIONEL HAMPTON'S MUSIC REMAINS the favorite at Frank Sebastian's new Cotton club, advertised as two clubs in one because there is entertainment in the main dining room and in the lounge as well. The Mills brothers, who had a most successful engagement at the Cotton club a The Nite-Owl

year ago, return for an indefinite engagement at the Cotton club January 7.

THE PARIS INN HAS PETE PON-TRELLI and his orchestra. The singing waiters are still an amusing novelty at this cafe which is operated by Innocente Pedroli and Bert Rovere.

BILL GROSSMAN OFFERS AN ENTERTAINMENT menu listing George Boice, master of ceremonies; Virginia King, Ann Howe, Dolly Hobson, Jean Foster, Felix, Lida Marty and the singing waiters at his intimate Cliff Dwellers on Beverly boulevard. It's a pleasant place to spend an evening.

JOE MARENGO AND HIS ORCHESTRA are installed at Joe Pirrone's new restaurant, Joe Pirrone's, at 623½ South Hill street, where the sparkling entertainment bill is headed by Ruth VeLoise, singer.

Pirrone, widely known in sporting circles on the West Coast, is a Los Angeles boy. A number of screen and stage stars as well as notables of the athletic world were at the recent opening of his cafe. The food is excellent.

EVERETT HOAGLAND, ANOTHER 'name' band on the Pacific coast, holds the headline position at the Cafe de Paree on West Seventh street, where a frequently changing bill of diverting floor entertainment is offered by Pete Doakas, proprietor of the place, who recently enlarged the cafe to include an enormous banquet room. Russ Cantor heads the floor show here.

'ALL-STAR' IS THE DESIGNATION given the program of entertainment currently displayed in the Stables on Sunset boulevard. Jack Rey is the master of ceremonies and producer of the floor show at the Stables, which is located conveniently near the boulevard.

LOUIE BARDESSON AND GEORGE Distell are now operating the Club La Vardo, formerly known as the 833 club, which is located on the fourth floor of the City Club building.

BUDDY GATELY, WHO, DURING THE last year has been featured with Guy Lombardo and Gus Arnheim, is back at the Del Mar club after an absence of several months. Gately made a number of successful air appearances, too, during the time he was away from the club. A popular entertainer, he is the featured attraction at the Del Mar. He recently sang on the "Adohr Opera of the Air" over the network.

JIMMY GRIER HOLDS FORTH AT the Biltmore and he, too, is a nightly feature on the radio. His band is occupying a top position among the many playing in this part of California.

SHORTS - Bob Perry's is the newest cafe on the boulevard. It is located a block and a half from the Brass Rail, which Perry, famous sporting figure, formerly operated. The place is notable for the excellence of its cuisine-The black and tan cafes out on Central avenue have been getting a heavy holiday play and screen stars seeking diversion are frequent visitors at these hotcha spots-Al Gordon, the noted racing driver, has been making a success of an intimate little cafe on Long Beach boulevard, between L. A. and the ocean. Spaghetti is the specialty at Gordon's place-Tom Kennedy and Wilson Atkins are now joint proprietors of the Brass Rail, still one of the show places on the boulevard and a cafe no Hollywood visitor ever misses-Popular with the screen folk are the Brown Derby, Sardi's, Levy's Tavern and the Russian Eagle, all near Vine street and Hollywood boulevard. The autograph seekers still find the pickings excellent near these places.

JANE LOUIS, SUNNY BLAISDELL and Freddie de Felice are being presented at Pete Rizzotta's Silver Lake club on Sunset boulevard. Freddie stages and produces the shows and takes part as well in a dance with Miss Blaisdell which is really sensational.

Everyone should know the truth. Read it in "Behind Hollywood Headlines," which will run serially in The LOW-DOWN, beginning in the next issue.

## Bobby Wardell

SENDS

BEST WISHES

#### Frank Sebastian

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Wishes All

Of His Friends

YULETIDE'S BEST

**Hub Shaw** 

Instructor at

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#### Memories Set Value of Stars' Keepsakes

By DEAN EDDIE CHUBB

SINCE picture stars have wealth beyond the greediest dreams of the ordinary citizen, it is not the things money can buy that they prize most highly, and they regard their expensive automobiles, clothes, jewels and homes very matter of factly indeed.

RUTH ETTING, for example, has amassed a fortune through her stage, radio and screen contracts. Her less fortunate friends envy her gorgeous clothes, her luxurious home. Yet Ruth's most prized possession is the scrap book which holds her press clippings. She calls it her "Down the Road to My Yesterdays."

It relates in chronological sequence the story of her struggles toward the top. "The rungs of the ladder are all there," Miss Etting says. "The words of encouragement from newspaper reviewers. To their kindness I owe the good cheer so precious to one striving to rise in the world.

"Many of their names are known to me through their signatures. I wish I knew the writers of them all. Odd times I drag out my book and sit by the hour looking my clippings over."

MONG my keepsakes," says Irene Dunne, "the most highly prized is an exquisite lace fan given me by Laura Hope Crews. It is not only a token of friendship and love. This fan has a history that also makes it sink into one's heart as a precious treasure. It was in Miss Crews' family for more than a century."

Miss Dunne also values the doll to which she sang in the stage musical "Irene." Says Miss Dunne; "The doll is my own souvenir of myself."

A SIGNET ring, girt from when she was a tiny child, was treas-SIGNET ring, gift from her father ured by Miriam Hopkins above all her keepsakes. She wore it constantly until she lost it in New York city while riding atop a bus.

"The loss was a great tragedy to me," says Miriam, "but the memory still lives, and in my heart it is still my great treasure."

A NN HARDING carries a footlong black-thorn swagger stick when she goes walking. Behind it lies a story which has made it Ann's most valued possession. The stick was made for her father, General George Grant Gatley when he was stationed in Cuba. It has a heavy silver head and tip and would make an excellent defensive weapon, should anyone molest Ann when she is hiking.

MY own particular good luck neck-lace is what I treasure most," says Thelma Todd.

"It has many parts, and each has a

#### JOAN REBER ASSIGNED TO ROLE IN WESTERN

Her performance in an amateur stage production has won Joan Reber, 18, the assignment of a featured role in a western picture slated to go before the cameras shortly after the first of the year. It will be her first film part.



JOAN REBER

Although the chance of a job in pictures comes as a lucky break for Joan, she will not be unprepared. All her life she has been a student of the theater and has taken a keen interest in the legitimate stage.

#### HERE HAS COMPOSER THREE TUNES READY



Jimmie Richards

When he isn't at his piano composing a popular tune, Jimmie Richards may be found in his Vine street showroom, designing some novel and attractive furniture. Neither of these is a nebulous occupation with Richards, either. Three of his tunes are soon to be released by a New

York publisher; and his furniture enhances the appearance of many a hillside home.

story. It is unique in that I can easily change it over into a bracelet-I wind it several times around my wrist, and it clasps in place. To me it is a priceless ornament.

"You see, for one thing, it carries a tiny diamond ring, given me when I was a mere babe. There is a small gold elephantthat also has a memory. A silver horse, an enameled four-leaf clover, a cross and crown, are several others. I must not forget my gold wishbone. I always wear itit's my good luck!"

#### Hollywood Called Golfer's Paradise

Hollywood is a golfer's town!

Within its environs are some of the finest courses in the world, a fact which explains, perhaps, why there are so many excellent golfers.

The biggest golf tournament on the Pacific Coast is staged by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio once a year. Filmdom's great and small look forward to it with equal gusto, and participate on the same footing. Stage hand, electrician, star and executive turn out.

One of filmdom's most ardent enthusiasts is Jean Harlow. And sometimes she is on the course as early as six-thirty in the morning, usually accompanied by her step-father, Marino Bello.

Virginia Bruce is one of the best woman players in Hollywood. Her mother, Mrs. Margaret Briggs, was women's golf champion of North Dakota for three years.

Helen Hayes, in addition to devoting much time to the game herself, advocates it as a great sport for all of her sex.

Then there is Jimmy Durante, of the mighty "schnozz." Another comedian who enjoys hitting the little white pill about the course is Stuart Erwin.

And of course there is that inseparable team of Otto Kruger and Frank Morgan. Johnny Weismuller names golf as his next favorite sport. Little Mickey Rooney, too, swings a wicked club.

The list wouldn't be complete without the names of Clark Gable, William Powell, Wallace Beery, Franchot Tone, Henry Stephenson, C. Henry Gordon, and Preston Foster, each of whom is an ardent links

#### 9 FILMS SLATED

With only six features and three westerns to go on the current production schedule, Trem Carr will put Monogram productions on a one-a-month basis for features, with "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" scheduled for January 10.



## READ ...

#### **BEN MENDOZA'S**

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## "Behind Hollywood Headlines"

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## The January 15th Issue

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## Broadway Briefs

By DUSTAN RHODES

BY the time this letter reaches its Hollywood readers, New York will have embarked on the gayest New Year's celebration the White Way has known since the events of that disastrous October day in 1929 curbed the activities of Gotham's most fluent spenders.

There hasn't been so much loose money around in the last five years, if the Wall street barometer can be relied upon. So 1935 will be ushered in by residents of this eastern metropolis with an orgy of spending.

In an effort to corner a part of the greenbacks expected to trickle across the bars and white-topped tables, more than 500 restaurants have sought, and been granted special all-night liquor licenses which will prevent the usual 4 a.m. curfew from stemming the merriment while the celebrants are still in a festive mood.

Scores of private parties will be held here and there in town and in the country, but the majority of the revellers are expected to cheer in the new year in cafes, cabarets, night clubs, and the better hotels.

One place is offering its customers rain checks! That is the chic Chez Marianne, named for its manager, Marianne Davis. Customers lay down twenty bucks per person, get their dinner and then, armed with a rain check, go to a show. After the show, they present the check, have supper, dance all night and conclude with breakfast.

Edmund Goulding, Park avenue's Hollywood director, is taking advantage of the offer. If he has anything left after paying his check, he'll probably buy the play he sees and make a movie.

Louis B. Mayer seems to be the only gent in the country who can't take a joke with good grace. I remember that Mayer squawked when Hal Roach suggested he don prison attire at that jail party when I was still in H-wood. McClelland Barclay threw a similar binge here last week and the social and professional big shots all put on blue denim coats, consumed prison fare of bean soup and punch in the bar, which had been transformed into a highly artistic cell, and had a swell time. Still, living for your art as Mayer does . . .

According to Kate Cameron, critic for the News, the best six pictures in town during the holiday season were Bing Crosby's "Here Is My Heart"; "Bright Eyes," the new Shirley Temple opus; "The Painted Veil," because it was a Garbo picture; "Wednesday's Child"; "Anne of Green Gables," and "The Mighty Barnum."

None of these, according to Kate, was a four-star production, but they were all good. My own nominations would be "Here Is My Heart," "Wednesday's Child," and "The Mighty Barnum." I'm getting sick of this saccharine stuff I've been seeing. There's such a thing as being too pure.

Unless somebody falters at the altar, the following dispatch will go out over the press association wires on the first day of 1935.

Greenwich, Conn., Jan. 1—William (Buster) Collier, Jr., and Marie Stevens, mazagine cover model, were married here today at the home of Morton and Mrs. Downey (Barbara Bennett). When they applied for a license two weeks ago, Miss Stevens gave her age as 23 and Collier said he was 30.

In order to forestall the misery that accompanies a New Year's hangover, one of the tabloids sent a sob sister around this week to obtain, from the most accomplished bartenders in New York, a list of recipes for pick-me-ups. Here are a couple for Hollywood consumption. There'll be many a throbbing head and fuzzy tongue around on January 1, I dare say. My favorite is an old favorite. It's composed of Worcestershire sauce, the unbroken yolk of a raw egg, salt and pepper and a little sherry. For those who prefer the 'hair of the dog' as a sedative, Connie Dido, the headman behind the Manhattan Music hall bar, suggests a drink consisting of twothirds brandy, one-third lemon juice and three dashes of bitters. This is a versatile concoction, since it may be employed to bring on the hangover in the first place.

Most of the sympathy, in Rudy Vallee's present litigation with Fay Webb Vallee, the Santa Monica policeman's daughter, is for Rudy in these parts. The general impression is that Fay expects to live quite a bit above her station—on Rudy. Seven grand, which Fay asks per month, is more than she ever spent in two years before she wed the crooner. At any rate, everybody cheered the Appellate Division when that august body denied her permission to

take her case to the court of appeals. Claiming that her health and well-being would be endangered if she came from California to New York to sue Rudy, Fay wanted to appeal a ruling that enjoined her from trying in California a suit to annul a separation contract. The impression is that Rudy will get a break in the east.

Walter Thornton is known in New York as The Merchant of Venus. From his offices in the Chrysler building he supplies the most beautiful models in the world to employers. Thornton's license as an employment agent was suspended recently for alleged irregularities. Then 25 beauties intervened in the license commissioner's office and the suspension was removed.

Thornton, an ex-bricklayer who at one time was a much sought male model here, has obtained employment for many screen players, among them Jean Muir, Boots Mallory and Judith Allen.

The exodus to the west coast began several days ago. The reason is the gala Rose Tournament and the Alabama-Stanford gridiron contest in the afternoon on New Year's day. The lists of prominent citizens who are trekking along the covered wagon trail are too numerous to mention. The sports wiseacres are putting their money on Alabama. Those who can't make it will have their ears glued to the speakers when the play-by-play account comes over the radio.

While Kate Cameron picks 'em, let the box office results speak for the films. "Here Is My Heart" drew a cool ninety grand, which proves that Crosby still has it. "Bright Eyes" took in seventy-five grand, which is a lot of money. "The Little Minister," for those who can take it, follows the Temple opus into the Music Hall. "The Mighty Barnum" is being held over after a \$45,000 opening week. These were the outstanding money makers of the week.

New Yorkers generally are looking forward to a better year. Money is getting less tight. Theatres are doing better and the entertainment racket as a whole has a much rosier outlook. As a result, producers will have more money to work with, more new places will be opened, and Gothamites will find plenty to do in their spare time.

**NEW YORK OFFICE:** 

The HOLLYWOOD LOW-DOWN 142 West 70th St. . . New York

DUSTAN RHODES, Manager

SEASON'S GREETINGS
To All My
HOLLYWOOD FRIENDS



In New York or Hollywood . . . It's Still The Same . Merry Xmas!

**BILLY SNYDER** 

Me Too!



Helene Reynolds

## Season's Greetings



## Hollywood's Kidnap Menace

By BEN MENDOZA

S KULKING eastern killers, spawned by prohibition and orphaned summarily by repeal, are striking terror in Hollywood hearts with a shocking, blood-red record of major crime and the ever-present menace

of the vicious ransom

A vast amount of



Ann Harding

money is concentrated in the motion picture industry and for many years the craven human parasites who thrive on extortion and blackmail have preyed upon screenland's great with no interference from

the deadlier mobsters in the east.

The quick-triggered gunmen of the illicit rum syndicates operating out of New York and along the Atlantic coast contented themselves with the fat profits of the ramified booze traffic until the voters of the nation sounded the death knell of the underworld's domination of the liquor business. Then they turned to other criminal pursuits, among them the snatch racket, and they began migrating toward the wealthy west.

The exodus of these ruthless gangsters from their accustomed haunts, and their arrival on the Pacific coast were signalized by a startling increase in murder, robbery, burglary and the most frightful crime of all—the snatch. And now all Hollywood, actor and executive alike, lives in the shadow of the creeping kidnap menace.

What is Hollywood doing to combat this engulfing wave of crime?

The film colony spends more than a million dollars annually for protection of some sort. Bodyguards, considered essential by every screen personage, take more than \$600,000 from the stars each year in salaries.

The annual cost of installation, operation and servicing of alarm systems and other equipment to frustrate unwelcome visitors is in six figures, and there's a large item in the screenland budget labelled 'firearms.'

Practically every star's estate is safeguarded either by a network of invisible wires or by photo-electric cell devices whose invisible beams are constantly and tirelessly on watch. Bars of steel alloys so tough none but the most modern and powerful blow torches could cut them, cover many windows; and some banks have vault locks less expensive and intricate than those which offer Hollywood reassuring guaranty against the vultures who hover warily over its homes, alert for a chance to strike.

With these almost impregnable safeguards, augmented by patrols of armed men with orders to 'shoot, and shoot to kill,' the screen stars feel reasonably safe. But an indefinable menace remains nevertheless.

Nor is the threat imaginary. There have been many jewel robberies in which the loot has run into thousands, and a score of movie celebrities have been threatened by the racketeers. Joan Crawford was once the intended victim of an abduction mob, and she narrowly escaped the harrowing experience. Harold Lloyd, Eddie Cantor, Mary Pickford, Jack Oakie, Marlene Dietrich and Bing Crosby also have been chilled with the fear that they, or relatives, would be victims of the ransom ring.

The racketeers shadowed Joan Crawford for weeks before the plot against her was discovered and frustrated. Then for days she lived in nervous dread that the gangsters would put the finger on her.



JOAN CRAWFORD

The police of Los Angeles were galvanized into action when, through their extensive organization of stool pigeons, they learned that Ann Harding, or her baby daughter, had been selected by a ransom mob as a prospective victim. Only the intervention of federal men who came to the city secretly saved Ann

from the kidnappers. She immediately moved to a hillside home that is safe as a European mountain castle.

An aftermath of the Harding episode was the death of a small-time gangster whose murder was never publicly solved by the police. But some detectives admit that he died because he knew too much and squealed, so his bullet-ridden body was left on a lonely beach road as a warning to those who talk too much.

The menace still hangs over the head of Marlene Dietrich. Not long ago she received a message demanding \$10,000 as the price of sparing her little daughter, Maria Seiber. Marlene promptly notified the police and engaged a grim squad of determined men who had guns and knew how to deal with criminals. Promptly the gangsters raised the price to \$20,000.

The plot was foiled for the time being, but Marlene cannot rest secure, for she never knows when the vicious threat may cast its shadow on her home again. But she's doing all she can to thwart the kidnappers.

Constance Bennett has never been threatened, but she considers herself of sufficient importance to merit kidnapping, so she has a complicated system of alarms, lights and high voltage wires at her estate to protect her. The equipment operated

once while she was giving a party and it proved its efficiency when Connie thoughtlessly opened a window and set off the alarms. Immediately automatic switches flooded the grounds with light; a powerful current shot through wires topping the fences surrounding her property, and the wailing of a half dozen sirens apprised everyone within the radius of a mile that the police were going somewhere in a hurry.

Shortly after she was beaten by two thugs a year or so ago, Alice White bought a car with a heavy steel body and bullet proof glass windows. Since then her popularity has waned, and she will doubtless be safe from attack as long as the more prosperous stars offer a challenge to gangland ingenuity.

Some of the male stars are satisfied with their own ability to handle a dangerous situation. Tom Mix, quick on the draw and a remarkable pistol shot, as well as a tough hombre in rough and tumble combat, is one of them. Buck Jones, Ken Maynard and other western stars are similarly equipped with the lightning draw, a deadly eye for shooting and sets of muscles which have become bunches of steel as a result of their strenuous work before the camera.

Since he has survived after knocking around in the toughest ports in the world, Vic McLaglen, browny he-man star, also has challenged the gangsters to 'come and get him.'

A friend of Mix suggested to Tom, on the eve of a trip to tough Chicago, that he get a bodyguard since he was planning to wear a valuable diamond-studded belt. In less time than it takes a magician to hide a rabbit, and so quickly the friend could not follow his hands, Mix had two



at the other's mid-section. He holstered the pistols and extended two enormous clenched fists.

enormous guns aimed

"They'll have a job on their hands to get that belt," said Tom grimly.

It is not strange then that although Cantor and other stars appear-

ing in Chicago at the time paid tribute to the city's extensive underworld, T in retained his glittering belt and never paid out a nickel.

Yes, gangland is costing Hollywood a pretty penny. The industry figures it is worth it for so far, invading kidnappers have met with nothing but grief and their efforts to victimize the screen colony have been unavailing. Nevertheless, clever thieves frequently escape with loot valued in five figures.

(Continued on page 61)

### Roger Imhof Says - -

As told to PHOEBE BROOKE

I'VE Gone Hollywoodl At least, a great many people accuse me of it; and if working regularly and paying my bills promptly is what they mean, I guess I have. I'm glad of it, too. Another reason they hang this approbrious appellation on a great many of us is because we are unable to lend out more money each week than we actually receive in salary.

There are two kinds of unfortunates in Hollywood, those who cannot get work and those who get work.—Each is in a quandry. One wonders 'from whom shall I borrow?' The other wonders 'to whom shall I lend?' It is no idle jest to say that there



ROGER IMHOF

are many people who do not get home with a dime left of their salaries some weeks.

The high type of borrower does not hesitate to tell you he needs money to pay his chauffeur and the cook, or else they'll leave! You drive your own car when you can afford to buy gasoline and your wife does the cooking.

Borrowing has become a greater art than acting in Hollywood. There are many fine actors, of course, and most of them act regularly. There are also many fine borrowers, many of whom have highly original alibis and deserve some help for the novelty of their approaches and the near perfection of their 'lines' and 'business.' But they are deprecated.

Nevertheless, you can't discourage them! You can't evade them! They call in person, wire, phone, or wait at the studio gates. The quickest way to get rid of these pests is to barter with them. Sometimes they will take less.

The fellows who simply want and only ask for room rent or the price of something to eat are usually taken care of at once. And gladly. But the high class promoter who is going back to New York or Europe and is shy his fare is really a detriment to your banking aspirations.

It is really surprising how many really intimate friends you have after you've landed a job. Some of them are people you've been introduced to once, and rarely, twice. Others you played with three days in Oklahoma City thirty years ago. They are so proud of your success and so glad for you. They've followed your every move—beginning with your first payday. They all wish you well and say they 'knew you would.' They are willing, too, to divide your prosperity and let you have the credit—and the debit.

The secret telephone numbers and inaccessible hillside homes of the screen stars are not whims of lunatics or eccentricities of people who are slightly touched, but are the ways and means some have of discouraging the 'borrower,' the 'dropper-in,' and the 'I-was-passing' type.

Unquestionably times are hard. They've always been hard for some people. I know hundreds in my racket who have never been known to work. And I know hundreds who just do not belong—because they are physically unfit, deaf, deformed, bad study, unable to take direction, super-egoists, etc. They will always furnish the fringe for the cloak of success.

#### HOLLYWOOD'S KIDNAP MENACE (Continued from page 60)

Unless the guards and their charges relax their vigilance, none but a snatch crook of fabulous ability could do more than penetrate the first defenses of Hollywood's fortifications. Even such a criminal might find all his plans for naught and himself inextricably entangled in a deadly trap.

And screenland is pouring more thousands into the fight every month. As an executive with a smattering knowledge of history remarked a day or so ago, "We'll spend a million in defense, but not a nickel for tribute."

#### IN 'TRANSIENT LADY'

Recalling his excellent portrayal of a hill billy role in Katharine Hepburn's "Spitfire," executives at Universal have given Will Ghere, veteran character actor, a similar part in "Transient Lady," which will star Henry Hull. Eddie Buzzell is to direct.

Ghere was particularly gratified with the assignment. In three recent pictures he has had English character parts and he feared he was becoming definitely typed.

"YOU DAREN'T PRINT IT," A PRODUCER gasped when he read the proofs of "Behind Hollywood Headlines." But you'll find the first installment of this graphic expose in the issue of The LOWDOWN which goes on sale at the newsstands January 15.

## JOYOUS GREETINGS

TO ALL

from

## Hazel Fitzgerald

danseuse with

Harriet Hoctor's Revue



HAZEL FITZGERALD



Recently Appeared at

Paramount Theatre, Los Angeles

Belasco Theatre, Los Angeles

Curran Theatre, San Francisco

## He Hated Being a Fiddler, So-

By CLARA MILLER

A SINGULARLY querulous and exacting infant, Victor Schertzinger, at the age of two, refused to succumb to such conventional childhood pacifying devices as bottles and rattles. These he would push petulantly aside with no cessation of his complaining wails.

His mother was at her wit's ends until she discovered that if she placed an old violin and bow in little Victor's cradle, he would lull himself to sleep with such strident cacophony as he could saw out of the instrument. Two years later he began taking violin lessons in earnest.

He was eight when he made his debut under the tutelage of Victor Herbert, and at twelve he was acclaimed by the newspapers of the day as "the world's greatest boy violinist." Coming to the Pacific coast



Victor Schertzinger and Grace Moore

on a concert tour, young Schertzinger was acclaimed by critics until he left the stage—at fourteen—to become orchestra leader, for Fred Belasco, at the old Belasco theater.

It was here that he met Hobart Bosworth, Thomas H. Ince and other theatrical people who were to become the pioneers of the motion picture industry. Ince, in 1915, induced him to join the infant industry.

Schertzinger accepted the change with enthusiasm. For years he had been a slave to his violin. Not only was he compelled to spend some six or eight hours daily in tedious practice, but he was not permitted to romp with neighborhood playmates—he might have injured his talented hands.

"I went into pictures because I hated being a fiddler," says the talented musician whose "Marcheta" established a record for a popular tune, and whose "One Night of Love," Grace Moore's highly successful vehicle, has established him as one of the leading directors and producers of the screen colony.

Schertzinger's first chore for Ince was writing a musical score for the then extraordinary "Civilization," which was released in 1916. It was during this period that Schertzinger collected a wealth of anecdotes of the famous veteran producer.

While he was scoring "Civilization," Victor felt he was capable of taking the full direction of pictures. He was getting \$300 a week as a musical supervisor. Said Ince: "You are worth all of \$300 weekly as musical director. But there's no proof that you are worth even \$50 as a director."

Ince and Schertzinger finally settled on \$75 as an equable starting salary, but the producer threw up his hands when Schertzinger revealed his plans for his initial directorial effort. He wanted to make a picture with one of the Ince extras as the star.

Ince laughed and declined to spend any money on sets or equipment, but he did permit the director to use some street and interior scenes which had already been constructed. After a week's shooting, Schertzinger had produced such startling photographic and dramatic results that Ince was raving about the picture.

The film was called "The Pinch-Hitter," and the extra boy became one of the greatest stars in Motion picture history. His name was Charles Ray. The result was that Schertzinger made sixteen pictures in the following two years and each one showed satisfactory profit.

With this succession of hits, Schertzinger felt he was worth \$1,000 a week, as he undoubtedly was. One day he broached the subject to Ince. Ince's reply is a Hollywood classic which still is quoted. A shrewd bargainer, he said: "Vic, I'll pay you \$100 a week. You're getting \$900 worth of education by working for me."

When the talkies came in, Schertzinger was much in demand at the various studios to direct musical pictures, but they didn't want him for anything else. They had all forgotten the many successful pictures he had made, among them "Redskin," which starred Richard Dix.

Schertzinger had a lean year then. But Columbia next gave him a chance and he came through with "One Night of Love." Ethics cast to the winds, three major producers tried to hire him, but, fortunately, Columbia had put him under a long term contract.

Schertzinger has been married since 1914 to Julia Nicklin, a noted dancer, and

they have two children, Patricia, 10, and Paula, 9. They live in a beautiful Hollywood hillside home.

It is doubtful if his future will ever again be in jeopardy, for Schertzinger most certainly has established himself not only as a director, but as a competent composer as well. Assuredly it will be some time before his contract with the Columbia studios expires.

At the present time, he is working on a new musical, "Georgiana," which is largely based on the life of a Mississippi river showboat troupe.

Schertzinger has a remarkable talent for this sort of thing, a result of his work for the late Flo Ziegfeld, for whom he com-



VICTOR SCHERTZINGER

posed a great deal of music, much of which still lives. Then, too, he has several symphonies to his credit.

One of the closest friends Ince had in Hollywood, Schertzinger considers his early training with the movie pioneer invaluable.

The universal acclaim given Schertzinger's last picture seems to indicate that he did acquire much of Ince's directorial genius.

Certainly it is said around Hollywood that none but Schertzinger has the musician's fine sense, the genial, fatherly nature, and the vast patience involved in achieving such an extraordinary combination of music, romance, comedy and drama as makes Grace Moore's starring picture one of the finest of the year.

DO THE NEWSPAPERS TELL THE truth about Hollywood? Read "Behind Hollywood Headlines," which starts in the January 15 issue of The LOW-DOWN, for the answer.

## Ken Goldsmith

producer of "LITTLE MEN"



Season's Greetings

T O give my own idea of outstanding personal triumphs of 1934—let's include: George Arliss in "The House of Rothschild,"—Norma Shearer in "Barretts of Wimpole Street,"—John Barrymore in



"Twentieth Century,"
—Bette Davis in "Of
Human Bondage,"—
Grace Moore in "One
Night of Love,"—and
many others, members of successful
teams such as Claudette Colbert and
Clark Gable in "It
Happened One Night"
— and again, little

B. V. S. — and again, little Shirley Temple in "Little Miss Marker."

Some new names on the picture horizon which we fans will do well to watch in 1935: Wini Shaw—John Beal—Maxine Doyle—Phil Regan—Pauline L rd—Henry Wilcoxin—etc., etc.

Francis Lederer created an audience for himself—this past year. Fans agree with me—there is a magic spontaneity—about his work—that holds our interest enthralled. The natural thing—is what he gives us—in each situation which arises. Even in "Man of Two Worlds"—his native art shone thru the involved role of Eskimo aspiring to be a civilized white man—and now—in "Pursuit of Happiness"—with pretty Joan Bennett—Francis Lederer has scored a capital success and lived up to all our best predictions.

Frank Morgan is another capable actor whose appeal to fans has been growing steadily this past year. At first he was in danger of being typed as just another elderly Lothario—of wheedling voice and lame brain,—but he has proved—as the philandering and foolish old Duke in "The Affairs of Cellini"—that even such a role—can be bettered—into artistic and laughprovoking brilliance. Also, Frank Morgan has won our admiration and applause for his good work in such pictures as Barbara Stanwyck's "Lost Lady," and recently in "There's Always Tomorrow" and "By Your Leave." A low bow!

For an all-year-round consistent popularity-take Fredric March! What a man! He has everything-but Bing Crosby's crooning voice! But seriously, I liked Fredric March-best-as the handsome mysterious Prince Sirki-in "Death Takes a Holiday"—and least—as the leering carnival lout in "Good Dame." He was okay as the romantic professor in "All of Me"-and there are those who speak admiringly of the figure (!) he made-and the Douglas Fairbanks' technique he used -as the dashing Cellini in "The Affairs of Cellini." Opinions waxed from warm to raving-on his poet Robert Browning in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"-and the rave note is clearly evident in the comment on his latest picture-"We Live

## Fan to Fan

(Comment On Current Pictures)

BY

#### BUENA VISTA STINE

Again." Undoubtedly—we all agree—the versatile—Fredric March—has just lots and lots of—what it takes! Eh, femmes?

I wish I had the space—to steal some of Jimmy Hazelwood's stuff-and tell every little fan what I have thought of various young movie stars I've been seeing in recent pictures. Maybe I'd do a very special lot of raving about that choice bunch of kiddies with Pauline Lord in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,"-and more-for that adorable little boy with Gail Patrick and Randolph Scott in "Wagon Wheels,"-and for Tommy Bupp with Marian Marsh in "The Girl of the Limberlost,"-and Frankie Thomas with Edward Arnold and Karen Morley in "Wednesday's Child,"-etc., etc. But-I watch them!and once in a while-these little stars burn so brightly-they pull my attention right away-from the bigger stars-whose names and faces are so much more familiar to the general public. And here's good luck-and a Merry Christmas-to each and every one of them!

It is a fact that most fans—reacted very pleasantly to—baby-faced Robert Montgomery's delightful playboy lover type—in Norma Shearer's picture "Riptide,"—and I wasn't surprised. But I am surprised—at my own enthusiasm—and the unusual amount of applause—this same boyish and smiling Bob Montgomery—is getting for a trite role in a trite picture—"The Hide-Out." Admitted—there is an excellent supporting cast—and nice farm scenes—but, methinks—this is another case of where the "regeneration" theme clicks so well it lifts—the players—the audience—and the box office! Or maybe I'm wrong?

After a long parade of varied roles thruout 1934-to my notion-Patricia Ellis is now on the upgrade toward real fan popularity. Patricia has always enjoyed the ability to be-either sweet or sophisticated-but two of her recent pictures have allowed her to demonstrate her natural sweetness more thoroughly, to be more humanly charming—than before—and that is good. Fans commented very favorably on her work with Joe E. Brown in "Circus Clown," and also, on her beauty and talent in the role opposite James Cagney in "St Louis Kid." More and morecritical fans have come to detect that valuable spark of sincerity in Patricia's portrayals, that earnest desire to lose herself in the part and to be-for the time-the character assigned. That she has advanced materially in this ability—is evidenced by her increased fan applause. Congratulations, Patricia.

Like time and the tide-Will Rogers' steady popularity-goes on forever. Reviewing this past year's fan reaction to the typical Rogers' film-fare-I find that fans favor Will because, as they say, his pictures are usually safe and sane family fare, reasonably enlivened by the right kind of humor. If, as happens occasionally, repetition becomes boresome, and a "Mr. Skitch" or a "Handy Andy" doesn't quite bring them to the top shout of enjoyment-a "David Harum" and a "Judge Priest" can soar the average to a high margin again. One point brought out was that Will's superlative imitation of Stepin Fetchit in "Judge Priest" was undoubtedly one of the high-lights of the Rogers' car-

I would say that the dark and sinister. sleek-haired George Raft has had ample opportunity-and made good headwaythis last year. His work in "All of Me" was unimportant—but his appearance in cast lists with such top-ranking names as that of Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins-was good. Then came "Bolero" with Carole Lombard and certainly this was a most fortunate choice for the dancing George. It definitely placed him! "The Trumpet Blows" was romantic enoughbut George failed to live up to its more brilliant moments. However, in "Limehouse Blues,"-George is again pulling the fan attention every good actor strives to attract—and appreciates fully.

All gossip to the contrary-most Garbo fans are still well pleased with their divinity. They fully appreciated the rare beauty of "Queen Christina"-and are thoroughly thrilled about her participation in Somerset Maugham's masterful story, "The Painted Veil"-and are overjoyed to hear that our Garbo will appear in Tolstoy's immortal "Anna Karenina" -early next year. There is something about-this Greta Garbo-that makes one like herviolently and unreasonably-or-dislike her-just as violently and unreasonably. But a fan-is a real fan-and willing to wait—with a sort of patient eagerness for her pictures. Isn't it so?

Besides appearing well in minor roles in many pictures—this past year—that likeable veteran—George Barbier—won particular acclaim for his "exasperated father" to Gracie Allen in "Many Happy Returns"—and for his "politician" in Harold Lloyd's fun riot, "The Cat's Paw."

Speaking of popular teams—my nomination as best—seems to come to rest on that one which has sprung into such fame this past year—Myrna Loy with William Powell. It's amazing—what these two in a picture can do to a movie audience. Just recall—Manhattan Melodrama"—and then—"The Thin Man"—and now—"Evelyn Prentice." As popular as each of these two stars are—in his or her own right—as a team—they step a notch higher on the scale of real popularity.

(Continued on page 66)

#### JUNE MORGAN

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OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

#### Fan To Fan

(Continued from page 64)

MOST certainly!—this has been a winning year for the vivid and vivacious -Claudette Colbert! Well, maybe we'd better call it-just another hit year-for Claudette-the little brunette who can hold her place in the sun-despite all the bright allure of all the blondes in Hollywood! Claudette's role in "Four Frightened People" was not too attractiveheaven and the fans know,-but she got the sympathetic response anyway. Thenget out the old adding machine if you want to count the raves she got for her sophisticated petulance-and little girl cuteness -in "It Happened One Night." Oh myoh me! And again-more raves!-when the fans saw the fascinating, dark-eyed siren of the Nile-Claudette gave us in the magnificent-"Cleopatra." And nowshe's scoring again—as a business woman-in "Imitation of Life." Not bad, Claudette, -not bad!

Few fans I know recalled having seen Robert Donat in—"King Henry VIII"—although he gave a very fine performance in that picture of late last year. But fans are not going to soon forget—nor cease praising—Donat's marvelous work as the star of one of 1934's keen and compelling pictures—"The Count of Monte Cristo." And believe you me—the charming Englishman—rates my rave—along with all the others.

Having recently seen Constance Bennett—as the amorous and conniving Duchess—in "The Affairs of Cellini"—and again—as the "gentlemanly" and "oh-so-misunderstood" English lady of "Outcast Lady"—I'm forced to go way back to—"Moulin Rouge"—to find the poised and charming Constance Bennett—who can intrigue fans

into the rave note. Yes, to my notion, it's lucky for Constance—she has that one very clever and appealing performance on the score card of 1934 releases.

Yes, it pays to advertise!—especially if your star lives up to the publicity! I have to admit that Anna Sten stepped surely into the picture scene—this past year,—in "Nana"—and now again in—"We Live Again." Methinks Samuel Goldwyn chose good star material—for Anna Sten—won fans—in both pictures.

Some of us were worried-about James Cagney-after seeing "Lady Killer" early in 1934. But we needn't have been,-even though Cagney got another bad break in that caricature, "Jimmy the Gent." His popularity with fans around here-seemed to revive with the advent of "He Was Her Man,"-and what howls of joy were poured forth when we saw our favorite little tough guy in "Here Comes the Navy." And now-we've just been seeing him use his head-literally-in 'St' Louis Kid"-and. though the plot here could have been better,-we laughed our heads off-at the inimitable Jimmy. There are lots of good socks left to deliver-and Jimmy has not nearly exhausted his bag of tricks.

Stop me if I bore you—but, that little boy—David Jack Holt—who turned in such a masterful performance in "You Belong to Me"—reminded me—and several others—so forcibly of—Franchot Tone—that I just must comment on it. That solemn tightness of facial expression, the meaning brightness of his shifting eyes, the correct and dignified behavior on any and all occasions—not to mention that certain crisp incisiveness of the speaking voice! In fact—the very shape of his head—his face—all those characteristic little mannerisms—are very like—a miniature

Franchot Tone. Gentlemen! (David and Franchot)—take it from me—you are both being complimented!



Despite that amazing interlude-which threatened for a brief spell to slow the tempo of Lee Tracy's-full speed ahead! -the ever lovable Lee has made the most of every little opportunity this year and has kept his tremendous fan following intact. While some of Lee's recent roles have not been of sufficient strength to afford scope for Lee's diverse talents-and thus keep him on the crest of the wave of high-tide popularity he enjoyed so long-"I'll Tell the World" was plenty for Lee's friends to talk about-and "The Lemon Drop Kid" and "You Belong to Me" have shown us a new side of his power of characterization which has been well appreciated. More power to Lee Tracy!-with his whimsical smile-his ready gab-his peculiarly expressive voice—his unfailing sympathetic personality! No one can replace him.



Jean Parker-achieves stardom-in her latest picture, "Have a Heart,"—and why not?-after all her many and compellingly beautiful performances in supporting roles. How surely and swiftly-this charming young girl with the wholesome type of emotional appeal-has forged her way to the top! Capable of all the fiery and romantic action of any normal girl-there is yet something so fine and spiritual about Jean Parker's appearance-she seems uniquely equipped to enact roles requiring a marked degree of pathos. For this year -fans remember the poignancy of her work in "Two Alone," and also her charm and talent in "Lazy River" and "Caravan." There were many who considered her appeal second to none-in last year's hit picture, "Little Women." Remember?

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MEN

| Total of<br>Old List | Total of<br>New List | Number<br>Difference | %<br>Difference | Total<br>Old Names<br>Dropped | Old Names<br>Dropped      | Total<br>Old Names<br>Retained | %<br>Old Names<br>Retained | Total<br>New Names<br>Added | New Names<br>Added |
|----------------------|----------------------|----------------------|-----------------|-------------------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------------|----------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------|
| 229                  | 258                  | 29                   | 13% plus        | 84                            | 37%                       | 143                            | 63%                        | 115                         | 44.5%              |
|                      | WOMEN                |                      |                 |                               |                           |                                |                            |                             |                    |
| Total of<br>Old List | Total of<br>New List | Number<br>Difference | %<br>Difference | Total<br>Old Names<br>Dropped | %<br>Old Names<br>Dropped | Total<br>Old Names<br>Retained | %<br>Old Names<br>Retained | Total<br>New Names<br>Added | New Names<br>Added |
| 242                  | 223                  | 19                   | 7% minus        | 132                           | 54%                       | 112                            | 45%                        | 113                         | 50%                |
|                      | SUMMATION            |                      |                 |                               |                           |                                |                            |                             |                    |
| Total of<br>Old List | Total of<br>New List | Number<br>Difference | %<br>Difference | Total<br>Old Names<br>Dropped | %<br>Old Names<br>Dropped | Total<br>Old Names<br>Retained | Old Names<br>Retained      | Total<br>New Names<br>Added | New Names<br>Added |
| 471                  | 481                  | 10                   | 2%              | 216                           | 451/2%                    | 255                            | 54%                        | 228                         | 471/4%             |

... the above figures show how the recent Dress Review conducted by Central Casting Corporation, changed the Roster of Dress Extra players from what it was a year ago ....



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# LOW-DOWN MARCH 20¢ 1938 MARY MAGUIRE ERROL FLYNN JAMES CAGNEY

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#### FROM OUR READERS

MUNCIE, INDIANA—I'll have to admit that you've certainly made up for that nasty, rotten paragraph that appeared in your November issue, about "our" Lee . . . I'm so glad you gave him a break . . . You were very kind to even acknowledge receipt of my letter.—Reba L. Brewer.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I received my copy of the Low-Down and must say it's the nicest copy yet . . . I've a confession to make, one that I'm sure will never make the "from the fans" page, for it's a real beef . . . Never before have I acknowledged the magazine, it's never done anything but knock my favorite . . . I've been waiting until the time you printed something nice about Simone Simon . . . Can't people give that kid credit for doing something? . . . I think she deserves a chance before she is judged too harshly . . . Here's hoping you will be kinder to her . . . yours for being able to take it.—Jane Robson.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—I have mailed you a money order for dues through another year, and hope to be able to continue for many years to come as I think these movie clubs are splendid to acquaint one with the stars and events in Hollywood... I am looking forward to seeing Bela Lugosi's latest picture; and by the way—would enjoy seeing him in Hamlet . . . He could take that part very efficiently.—Beatrice Plympton.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.—I've just enjoyed another fine issue of "The Hollywood Low-Down"—and I'm perfectly happy about the whole thing (to emulate the Stroud Twins), except—why don't you like Lanny Ross? . . . If it weren't for the Fan Club section, Mr. Ross would never be mentioned—and I don't think that's quite fair to this grand star!—Mary Munger.

ROCKFORD, ILL.—Recently I heard a broadcast with Gene Inge . . . of all the downright Winchell imitations, that one takes the cake . . . It was so apparent that he was trying to imitate our favorite.—Gladys Jouce.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Was one of the fortunate to witness the Mardi Gras, and I'm sure that your readers will like to know that it was the finest display of showmanship that our city has ever put on . . . you should have been there.—Christine McCully.

DENVER, COLO.—Driving through from the coast last month, we stopped at Salt Lake City for a visit with friends, and to take in the shows . . . Met Charles Pincus, manager of the Center Theatre there and he is one fine man . . . so courteous and tried so hard to make our short stay a very pleasant one.—Mrs. Gerard A. Feist.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Why all the trouble about casting "Gone With The Wind"? . . . M.G.M. has an artist, doing art work, who answers to the name of Carl Carter Chase . . . To our way of thinking he would be perfect for one of the important roles.—Mr. and Mrs. John T. Rutgers.

DALLAS, TEXAS.—Did you see "The Women" with Lois Wilson? . . . If you did you must have enjoyed the work of little Dorothy Draper . . . She is splendid and should be in pictures.—Charleston F. O'Connor.

#### DO YOU KNOW?

THAT a comedian and his wife are having difficulties, because of the lady's excessive imbibing in hard liquors? When the split hits the headlines, a relative of another actor will be named.

THAT an actress advertised as a New Yorker, was born and raised right here in California? That fact was made known when a former theatre owner told of the days way back when he used to bounce the girl on his knee at a local theatre.

THAT a silent day screen star has been courting one of the town's lovelies, and it was even rumored that he would wed the fair lady? At a party the other night, three other lovelies, all in love with the Don Juan, vowed to break up the impending marriage.

THAT an eastern play-boy was being shown the sights of Hollywood and the film studios? All arrangements were made for a visit to a film plant and luncheon with a lovely actress. When it was discovered that the actress was at one time wed to the easterner, the luncheon was off.

THAT a film producer, quite active in the silent era, has been cooing with an extra girl? When the wife found out, the extra girl was given a lump sum of money to leave the country.

THAT a big-shot agent has been carrying on an affair with his rather attractive secretary? The wife meanwhile, is chasing after one of his clients. Both agent and wife are ignorant of each others romanticisms.

THAT an actor at one of the major film plants has a five picture deal that will never be fulfilled? The thespian has been up to his old tricks again and the studio refuses to take a chance on starting the picture, until he swears off of the bottle for keeps.

THAT a Hollywood film promoter is under suspicion of promoting a \$750,000 movie enterprise? Already several complaints have come to the attention of the district attorney's office, with witnesses complaining of advancing the promoter sums of money.

THAT after twelve years of married bliss, a silent screen actress and a theatre magnate are separating? The wife charges cruelty, and in the cross complaint, the husband charges that wherever they went, the mother in-law was sure to tag along.

THAT a writer known for his brand of humorous writings, was anything but a humorist in the home? Charging mental cruelty and further stating that she was not allowed to attend social functions with her husband, she was recently granted a separation and a nice settlement.

THAT despite eighteen months of moonlit romance, there will be no wedding bells for an actress in love with a director? The girl is suing him for \$50,000 damages claiming a broken heart.

Continued on Page 15

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS by Solublix



#### \*

# MARCH ISSUE

# HOLLYWOOD LOW-DOWN

Jimmy Valentine . . . Editor and Publisher Frederick O. Schubert . . . . Managing Editor Alice Van Norman . . . . . . . Art Editor

Volume VI MARCH, 1938 Number 3



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# THE REAL LOW-DOWN.

BITS OF GOSSIP

#### Probably DTs . . .

The story behind the story of a recent "nervous breakdown" of a cinema great can be laid to the door of a prominent local nite spot. In fact, according to all reports, it was swell fun while it lasted particularly when the person in question was ferried down Sunset in a wheel-barrow "borrowed" from the lot where the new NBC building is going up. Naturally, the after effects of a snootful does not look good in print so the old, reliable "nervous breakdown" served to answer for the star's temporary absence from the set.

#### Casting Director Payoffs . . .

Yes, there are some chiseling casting directors who seek a payoff for spotting a person in a picture. But luckily the casting officials of the better studios are not heels. In nine cases out of ten when so called big shot agents inform a client that a wad of cash must be parked on the barrel head before they'd even think of sending a client to the studios it is so much mularkey. One racketeering flesh peddler in our fair cinema city recently made this proposition quite boldly. "I can get you a contract if you'll lay \$300 to \$500 on the table and kick back from a third to a half of your weekly pay."

Recently reported was the case of a bit player hired for \$25 a day. On the set he found six other players doing the same job drawing down 50 bucks but kicking back half of it to the agent who indicated that it went back to the casting office. Eventually, this same bit player was collared by his agent, told he was on the payroll for the same amount and told to double his ante.

Another chap, according to reliable sourses, had been playing extra parts and was told by a chiseling agent that he could get a 40-week contract at \$75 a week if he'd pay back \$25 weekly. Still another agent pulled this one. He told an actor he could get him a 12 weeks contract for \$250 a week if he would put \$500 down on the line and kick back to the merry tune of 100 bucks every pay day. The agent explained a big fee was demanded by certain casting directors before they could use a man.

The truth is that experienced talent does not have to pay more than the regular agent's commission to get bookings. Th fault lies with the blood suckers who prey on the unsuspecting newcomers to Hollywood. Most of these rats are known and all of the studios are united in stamping out the racket.

#### Blasted Romance Notes . . .

When rumor carried the reports that a well known feature actress would soon cast off her current husband "because of his constant criticism of her dress, speech and management of their home", town gossips did not hesitate to associate her name romantically with a wealthy St. Louisan. Neither confirmed nor denied by either party, the aforesaid town gossips were really set back on their heels when announcement came out of the Missouri city that the Romeo had taken unto himself a bride listed in the social register rather than on the nation's marquees.

Another notation on the cuff re: busted romances reveals that the stepping stones to success are nothing more than broken hearts. Take the case of a radio dramatic director and Hollywood writer. He laid seige to the heart of a 20-year old model and, in trying to sell her a bill of goods in his hotel suite, beat her, tore her clothes and threatened her

life when she would not "buy." Now she is suing him for 20,000 bucks. He recently left radio for a lucrative studio job as writer-director.

Also on the list of matrimonial skiffs on the rocks is the wreck resulting from the midnight ride at Seal Beach. Picture the scenes if you will. The hour is well past midnight. Across the moon-swept sands the figure of a man is racing, only a scanty, flying shirt covering his rangy anatomy. A few steps behind, trying hard to keep jace and sans even the comfort of a flying shirt to hide her attractive form, runs a blonde-haired maiden. Some twenty or thirty paces back is the third of the triangle. The outraged wife, a former favorite in the silent days. Conventionally clad, she had come to see for herself and learn of the unconventional goings on.

And, having come, she saw. She conquered her pride and told it to the judge.

#### Drunk Driving . . .

One Hollywood motion picture producer nursed more than a severe hangover when he awoke in the local hoosegow not long ago. Not only was his car ruined when, in his drunken stupor he wrapped it around a lamp post but, unfortunately the lady in the case was not the Missus. She was safely at home in bed, wondering why the "shooting schedule" should keep her spouse so late. When informed of his whereabouts she refused to bail him out with the calm remark "Why don't he ask his charming companion?"

#### Watch Your Step, Jackie . . .

Hidden away in the news columns recently was the notice that Jackie Coogan had been fined for a second time for reckless driving. Perhaps, as time passes, we will read the same notice telling us of a third, fourth or fifth time. Who knows! What is surprising to Jackie's friends is that he seems to have gained little from the tragic lesson of a few years ago which robbed him of his father and best friend. Accidents happen all too quickly and, to say the least, Jackie's friends are a bit disturbed that he cannot keep his foot lightly on the throttle.

#### Phoney Checks Again . . .

Recording the month to month history of happenings in Hollywood apparently cannot be completed without calling attention to the phoney check artists who use familiar stage and screen names to cover their activities. The most recent case put one Berger back of the bars for passing a rubber check. According to the story, Berger was attracted to Gladys Blake appearing on a local stage. He sought out the manager and arranged an introduction. This accomplished he invited the attractive miss on a night club tour of Hollywood, fortifying himself with some cash—the proceeds from a check cashed by the accommodating theatre manager. When it "bounced" the young lady made another date with Berger but called police to help her keep it. Now Berger balefully bemoans bad bargain back o' bars.

#### Director Pinched . . .

It seems that Charles de Grancourt, English film director now in Hollywood, was tired. And he didn't want to travel with the hoi poloi in the tram so he called a cab to convey him to his domicile. Upon arriving at his destination he suddenly remembered his extreme financial embarrassment so he decided to escape payment of the tarriff by entering his apartment by one door and coming out of another.



An Eyeful in any Language

PHILIPPA HILBER

HELAINE MOHLER

IVA STEWART

JAYNE REGAN

HELEN ERICKSON

DOROTHY DEARING

# WE'RE TELLING YOU

#### EDITORIAL COMMENT

#### COOKING OWN GOOSE

• When the Gods of fate drape the ermine of success around the shoulders of some talented youngsters it is the signal to open the sluice gates of greed and avarice. Brother is pitted against brother, parents drain their offspring dry in the mad, wild scramble for the almighty dollar. No holds are barred and the devil take the hindmost are the rules of the game. Only too frequently do we read of men like Peter Reed, father of Martha Raye, or Allen Whitney, pere of Eleanore, who hound their daughters with threats, bludgeon them into paying off by crying their supposed poverty in the public prints. These are the leeches that grow fat on the life blood of their children, they are the vultures who do not hesitate to be mear the names of their very own in their insatiable desires for more and greater gains. And, as it happens, sometimes the youngsters give all they can and more. Take the case of little Freddie Bartholomew. Earning thousands, he has little to show for it today. Parents who have no interest in the youngster other than financial, the demands of his position, taxes and agents' commissions in several directions, leave him little with which to fortify himself against the proverbial rainy day. The thing that gets us is the stupid way in which these so-called doting parents sand-bag their children. They seem to forget the old tale about the goose that laid the golden eggs. The riches that flow from Hollywood can be cut short quickly with unfavorable publicity. It certainly detracts from glamour and Hollywood sells glamour. Once it is gone, once the illusion is shattered, options are dropped, contracts cancelled. Bear that in mind, you folks who have children stepping up toward screen fame. Don't kill the goose that can lay YOUR golden eggs.

#### \*

#### HONESTY UNQUESTIONED

• Time and again we hear disparaging comments about the annual presentation of Academy awards. "Bribery," "colusion" and "politics" are frequently mentioned in condemning the admirable practice of honoring reserving actors and actresses. Rumors that it is "in the bag for Joe Doakes" are not uncommon. Neither is the statement that an "Oscar" can be bought if you sit in the right corner.

However, nothing is further from the truth. Merit justifies recognition and the Academy recognizes ability. But only when the combined opinion of its 15,000 membership has been considered. There is nothing to the fact that the honor is rotated among the studios, that certain favorite stars have the call long before the final votes are in. It is rank injustice even to think that there might be a nigger in the wood pile.

The Academy awards are honestly made. They go to those who, in the opinion of their fellows, are rightfully entitled to the honor. They are made without any bias or prejudice, without thought to race or creed.

In this town of sham and hypocrisy it is refreshing to see something blossom without benefit of trickery and conniving. We hope that the Academy will long continue the practice and keep it as honest and above board as it is today. We join with the industry in inviting every loyal cinema worker to stamp out any and all statements that the method of making the awards is not as clean as a hound's tooth.

More power to you, Academy!

#### QUEST FOR FRESH FACES CONTINUES

• The constant search for new film talent continues unabated. Every day new names are added to the roster of the future greats. Names that today are nothing but a scrawl at the bottom of a contract will be the ones on tomorrow's marques. Witness just a few that will be your favorites of the coming seasons. They are all recent discoveries. There is the meteoric Ann Miller, just signed for the part of "Essie" in "You Can't Take It With You." There is titianhaired Arleen Whelan, ex-manicurist; Dorothy Howe, a product of Dallas; Richard "Red" Skelton, vaudeville trouper debuting in "Having Wonderful Time"; Harry Campbell, West Point grad and "five letter" man starting his movie career in "Vivacious Lady"; Jimmy Wallington, the radio announcer who steps out in "Hollywood Stadium"; Lee Trent, former ace radio announcer from Texas where he was known as Virgil Irvin, recently signed to a longtermer; Richard Greene, much sought after leading man from London; Delilah-Judith, whose first bit is in "Secret of Treasure Island," and many others.

Unusually interested as future great material is Delilah-Judith,—and, please, do not forget the hyphen. In her it is particularly gratifying to discover a new type that has all the requisites to success. She is a young lady richly gifted in musical talents and histrionic ability, combining the charm and personality of a true Southerner with the unusual grace that goes with red hair and brown eyes. Too, she has brightened the world by lending her services frequently to creators of magazine covers and lovers of the theatre know her well as a dancer of more than passing merit.

Of course, "Delilah-Judith" is not the name by which her friends in and around Louisville, Kentucky, know her best. There, when she was born in Hodgensville, she was christened Judith Churchill Howard but for the more practical purposes of stage and screen, she adopted the name suggested to her by the late Flo Ziegfeld from whom she got her start.

Professionally, Delilah-Judith has appeared throughout the country, being starred in Ibsen's "A Doll's House" and "Honeymoon for Three" and playing the leading role in "The Doctor In Spite Of Himself," French comedy by Moliere; "Riders of the Sea," "Two Sides of the Door," "Because I Love You" and several Shakespearean productions. She has appeared as an instrumental soloist on the concert stage and the airways, spelling these appearances with occasional spots in the realm of the dance. When "at liberty," Delilah-Judith has written, her finest contribution to literary fare being "Cloe Cunningham, Actress," a modern drama first produced in 1936.

A delightful and interesting little person—Delilah-Judith stands but three inches over five feet—she has modeled for Harrison Fisher, Van Leshout, Devereux, Earle Rogers and others. She is happiest, perhaps because her hands and face have been perpetuated in a line of widely distributed dolls for which she served as the model for a friend. She speaks French and German and is an expert horsewoman.

But, more than that, she is an unusual personality, capable certainly of winning a high place in that grand, kaleidoscopeic array of talent that parades across the screens.

Yes, Hollywood—Mecca of the aspiring—still seeks the stars of tomorrow and will continue to seek them as each today passes into the limbo of the past.



# ON THE SET WITH SHIRLEY TEMPLE.

#### • By H. M. CRANE

Shirley Temple muffed a line. What was to have been "very independent" came out as "very indecapable" and another laugh-getter was born. You'll hear the Mighty Mite of Movieland pull the line in her latest 20th Century-Fox starring vehicle "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." And don't tell us that it did not give you a chuckle!

In fact, we got more than one good laugh as we wandered around the set watching the shooting of this adaptation of Kate Douglas Wiggin's tale that Darryl F. Zanuck is bringing to the screen.

For instance, there was the remark made by Shirley when Randolph Scott came into the little star's room looking for her

Scott, who has the leading role in the picture, playing op-

posite Gloria Stuart, was dressed in a dark suit.
"Oh, Mr. Scott," said Shirley, "I wish you wouldn't wear that suit.

Randolph laughed and asked "Why not?"

"It's too dark," Shirley replied, "It makes you look too funeral."

Then, worth seeing too, was the look of chagrin on the face of Raymond Scott, leader of a musical quintette featured in the film. It happened when Shirley really went to town on the difficult "Toy Trumpet" number. Scott wrote the tune and, considering it one of those "unsingable" songs, smiled knowingly when Zanuck mentioned that he had asked Lew Pollack and Sidney D. Mitchell to write some words for Shirley to sing as an accompaniment to the melody.

The entire number, including the song and a special dance routine ran a complete four minutes-the longest number that Shirley has ever done on the screen. It began with the song, went into a truckin' and Suzy-Q routine with "Uncle" Bill Robinson, and ended with Bill's famed stair dance. We have seen lots of tap dancers do a stair routine but Bill is the only one who can do THE stair dance. Yet, Shirley gave him tap for tap throughout the entire intricate number. At the conclusion of the first take Director Allan Dwan, the crew and set visitors spontaneously broke into applause for Shirley's performance. It was a sincere tribute from artists to an artist, a fitting testimonial for a mighty little but BIG trouper. As for the startled Scott-all he could say after joining in the applause was "I still don't believe it."

In her current picture, Shirley plays the part of little Miss America, singing radio star. Through the bungling of Orville Smithers, assistant to the sponsor's advertising head. Rebecca loses out on her great opportunity. Her stepdad "farms" her out to Aunt Miranda where Orville finds her after an airplane crash and numerous other complications. A high point is reached near the close of the film when Shirley pretends to lose her voice to stop the dirty work at the cross-roads engineered by the step-father. Naturally, it all ends on a very happy note.

Randolph Scott and Gloria Stuart head the strong supporting cast that includes Jack Haley as the dim-witted Smithers, William Demarest, Shirley's step father in the picture; Helen Westley who contributes a fine performance as Aunt Miranda, Slim Summerville as Homer Busby, the man next door; Phyllis Brooks, the counter-irritant in the love story; Ruth Gillette as Melba, the gum-chewing lass who marries Shirley's step-father and, of course, Bill Robinson. Others playing bit parts are George O'Hara, star of the Leather Pusher Series in the silent days; Vola Vale, another early film favorite; Addie McPhail and Dave Morris, one of the original Keystone Kops,

In witnessing the spirit and enthusiasm with which Shirley threw herself into the part of a child radio star we could not help but think of La Temple as an actual headliner on the ether waves. It is well known that virtually every sponsor of a major air show has sought the young star. But the only time that the little lady of Hollywood faces a microphone is when she is facing the camera, despite the earnest efforts of many radio agents to put her on the air.

Fabulous have been the offers made to Shirley for guest appearance or a weekly stint at the mike. But they have been turned down by Shirley's folks. And the attitude of George and Gertrude Temple toward radio for their talented daughter can easily be understood and appreciated. They realize Shirley's limitations physically and recognize that the added strain of radio work would put too much of a burden on the youngster. After all, she is only eight years

old.
"The only reason we are in motion pictures is that when Shirley first tried it she liked it," said Mrs. Temple. "She still likes it, and she thrives with it. She might like radio too, and perhaps some day she will go on the air-but that is for the future to decide."

However, on with our visit. From "air" let us go to "hair." In "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Temple fans will see a new Shirley in the rural scenes. During part of the picture, America's number one box office attraction will be discovered sans her beautiful golden curls.

And, you can bet your last kopeck that the decision to change the Temple head-dress was an epochal one. It must be remembered that Shirley's locks are famous throughout the world and to tamper with them is to tamper with several millions of dollars. However, a screen test of the little lady with her hair tied back behind her ears convinced Zanuck that Shirley's personality was not a matter of curls on her head and so the change was made. While we, personally, have gone overboard for the little curly head and her infectious personality we agree that a new Shirley is revealed in the farm scenes of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," a Shirley that will add many new friends to her fan list because she proves again what we all have felt, that little Miss Temple is more than a cute, curly-headed youngster. She is an actress of the first rank, gaining daily in experience and ability.

And, no one is more "sold" on the young star than the assistant director of the production. Noting his unbounded enthusiasm as Shirley finished a rather difficult scene, we inquired as to the identity of the young man only to discover that he is Jack Temple, 22-year older brother of Shirley. This is his first assignment in what he hopes will be a long and successful career as a director. He is being "prepped" from the ground up and if youthful enthusiasm will carry a man up, Jack certainly showed that he has it in large quantities,

So there you have it-a day on the set with Shirley Temple, the one baby star that is sure to remain on the screen, as popular many years from now as she is at the present. We've enjoyed her on the screen and we enjoyed our visit and look forward to many more years of pleasure and entertainment aided and abetted by the Mighty Mite of Movieland.



# JOHN HIX TELLS US . . . . "STRANGE AS IT SEEMS"

#### • By Ed Fowler

We spent an evening with John Hix, creator of Strange As It Seems, last week. John has his offices in Hollywood, overlooking the boulevard. We wanted to find out how he runs his strange business, so we called him to meet us at a Hollywood restaurant.

"John," we said, "tell us where you get your ideas for the

newspaper cartoon, won't you?"
"Simple From everywhere Take th

"Simple. From everywhere. Take this glass of water, for example. It is not pure water. No water is pure."

"Mr. Hix-the headwaiter, right behind you!"

"As I said, it is beyond the reach of man to purify water perfectly. However, the presence of certain minerals in water is held to be helpful by many medical authorities."

"Is—is this glass of milk alright to drink?" We were

hesitant, but hopeful.

"Sorry, but milk is poisonous—that is, if it is taken directly into the blood stream or muscles by injection. Milk, you know, supplies you with 14 different metals, from strantium, which makes fireworks burn red, to titanium, an element burned to create smoke screens. Camel's milk will curdle in coffee, but, of course—"

We tried a new tack. "Mind if I have a cigarette? I find

them refreshing. Try one?"

Hix's eyebrows lifted. "Oh, no! Every time you smoke a cigarette you discharge 4,000,000,000 particles of dust into the air! I'll smoke this cigar, thank you."

We tried to stop him. "Nothing makes you feel better than a fine dinner, John. Brings out the music in you."

"Speaking of music and eating," Hix started in again, "you probably remember Pasquale Anfossi, the great Italian composer? He found that he could write his best music only when surrounded with steaming hot fowl and bologna sausages.

"Then there was Rossini, who thought so much of his food that he autographed a picture of himself for his favorite grocer with the inscription: 'To my stomach's best friend.'"

"Fine, John! Ah, waiter, the check please; say, isn't that a little steep?"

"That reminds me of a story I once heard about a little dinner—the costliest one in history—eaten in 1865 by Crown Solicitor Gurner of Victoria, Australia," Hix went on hurriedly.

"This particular meal took about an hour to eat, yet it cost Gurner's British government more than \$10,000 a second—\$6,250,000 in all. England had to pay that amount for damages done by the Confederate Warship 'Shenandoah' which had sailed out of Melbourne while Mr. Gurner was eating. He alone had the authority to interne the vessel, but refused to do so until he had finished dinner. Then it was too late."

Having paid the check, we left to see a show. On the way over to the theatre, we tried to get Hix to tell us something about the way he runs his business.

"How do you keep track of all the strange ideas you run across, John?"

"I have a filing system, like any well-organized office," he answered. "Not the ordinary 'A to Z' file; it has to be arranged according to subject material. I doubt if anybody but a few of my staff and myself can work it.

"For example, mustard and movies might be filed to-

gether. Why? Because mustard made movies possible, not because they both start with 'm'."

This sounded interesting. We coaxed Hix along to tell us more about mustard and movies.

"The motion picture industry depends, among other things, upon the fact that cows like a bit of wild mustard in their diets. It seems that the gelatine used in the manufacture of film is made from cow's hide, and certain impurities are present in the gelatine because cows eat wild mustard

"This accidental presence of sulphur-bearing impurities is necessary to the chain of chemical reactions which take place in the manufacture, exposure and development of movie film."

We smiled, satisfied that we had learned something important. "That's fine, Johnny. And because cows eat mustard, I think we're going to see a swell moving picture tonight."

"Wrong again," Hix interrupted. "You don't see moving pictures, as everyone in the picture business knows. What you see is a rapid series of stills, each a little different. The impression of motion is nothing more than an optical illusion, depending on the fact that the human eye is imperfect. If it were not for the after-image retained on the retina of the eye, we would see a series of black and white flashes that would not look like much of anything."

This was too much for us. We turned to the subject of radio. John's program is on the air Sundays, and I knew he would be interested. "What do you think of Charlie

McCarthy?'

"Great little fella. Bergen's a fine ventriloquist, but did you ever hear a bird?"

"What's that got to do with Bergen and McCarthy-

unless it's woodpeckers?"

"Birds are the world's finest ventriloquists. They sing from the lower end of their windpipes. The word ventriloquist, you know, comes from the Latin roots venter, stomach, and loquor, to speak, literally meaning to speak from the stomach. You can stand within ten feet of a bird singing in a bush without knowing where the sound comes from.

"Homing pigeons, you know, are often influenced by radio waves when flying. They have been observed to lose their direction completely when flying near broadcasting antennae. And, speaking of radio antennae, do you know that as many as ten different programs can be broadcast over the same aerial at the same time without any confusion or mixing of the programs?"

After the show John finally told me what I wanted to know about his office. While he balanced three coins, edge to edge, on the counter of a drive-in stand, he related:

"I got the idea for Strange As It Seems when I was a 20-year-old cartoonist on the Washington, D. C. Times. On March 26, 1928, the cartoon made its initial debut in the papers. Soon thereafter I decided to "Go West" to Hollywood and make a series of short features based on Strange As It Seems oddities.

"Since then, radio work, book work, magazines and other sidelines have taken up much of my time, but the newspaper feature still is, and always will, come first. More than 200 newspapers run the panel, and 20,000,000 daily and Sunday readers follow it.

"I have found it necessary to employ a staff of assistants

Continued on Page 15



# HIGHLIGHTS & SHADOWS.....

#### • By Frederick O. Schubert

... shure, an' a good, good St. Patrick's day to yah all!
... and thanks to you, Gail Patrick for making two Hoosiers very, very happy. They got the pictures and yours truly is now out from behind the eight ball.

... worth repeating. Sam Clark's little squib entitled "Smoke Rings." Thought you too, might like it. Here 'tis.

"Bad men want their women to be like cigarettes. Just so many, all slender and trim, waiting in a row to be selected set aflame, and when their fire has died, discarded. More fastidious men prefer women like cigars. These are more expensive, more substantial, look better and last longer: if the brand is good, they aren't given away! Good men treat women like pipes, and become attached to them the older they grow. When the flame is burnt out, they still look after them, knock them gently and lovingly and care for them always. No man shares his pipes."

. . . add nice people. Eva Wiegold, Grace Alworth, Viola Drury and, oh what is her first name, Lansberger. They're all at CBS and help much to give one that "glad to be there

feeling" when calling.

... we hear from George Street who doubles for Warner Oland, that our favorite Charlie Chan is improving and will soon be back on the job. Same goes for William Powell recovering at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital.

. . . Neal O'Hara shattered another of our favorite myths. It seems that P. T. Barnum never made the crack about a sucker being born every minute. A rival circus man, Adam

created to P. T. in the hopes that it would put Barnum in a bad light. It worked just the opposite. Folks thought it was funny and laughed because Barnum had pulled another smart crack.

... from Tinker to Evers to Chance—naw, it's from striking blonde, to equally striking brunette and now for a touch of charming red. So believes Marlyn (Mamma that man's

here again) Stuart.

... glad to see that Archdale J. Jones, producer of the well-liked "Hollywood Extras on the Air" is back again and preparing his show for a return to the ether lanes. This program was a Red network feature for six months and clicked handsomely. Through the air show, fourteen talented extras were signed to studio contracts with a number of them graduating from extra ranks into featured bit players.

Hollywood race track at Inglewood apparently is going to do his durndest to keep hoss-racing prominently on the California sports calendar. To counteract opinion that racing is killing itself off here, Mack said recently, "We hope to conduct horse racing so that it will be a distinct adjunct to California's sports activities. We want horse racing to be a clean, fine sport upon whose escutcheon there can be no blot. We want a wholesome and friendly atmosphere out here, and by gosh, we intend to have it."

... add people we don't like. Cafe owners and managers—like the spot on Sunset—who fail to extend the courtesy of

decency to women.

. . . on the other hand, it's fellows like Fred Cullen and Jimmie Cox that make visiting the nite spots pleasant. Fred formerly entertained sports lovers at the Legion Stadium and has doubled a bit for Errol Flynn. Now, he and Jim play host to the movie crowd at their Robot Cafe.

... the fine hand of Hollywood craftsmen will be much in evidence when the New York and Frisco Fairs make their bow. New York exposition officials will soon view a model which has all the tricks and techniques of movie genius. Bush Baldridge—of motion picture and Texas exposition fame—and Harry Oliver, art director of Viva Villa, Good Earth, and the recently released Of Human Harts as well as the creator of Gold Gulch at the San Diego Fair, have pooled their talents and completed a model of a mammoth aquatic show for New York's midway. This follows an unusually clever idea the boys delivered recently to a group of Hollywood producers which will stylize Hollywood's entry to San Francisco's Treasure Island.

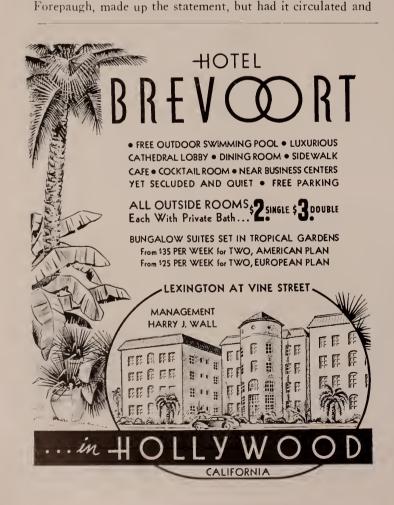
. . . You are a success in Hollywood when you can make the stockholders in the firm that pays your salary pay your gambling losses as well. It happened recently when two biggies lost their shirts. To pay off they put a representative of the gambling syndicate on the company payroll for two years at 1500 smackers weekly. Not bad for the play boys but not good for dividends. But then, that's Hollywood.

. . . Guest honor at Dorothy Lamour and Herbie Kay's wooden wedding anniversary was — right; Charlie Mc-

Carthy!

. . . add scenes you'll never see. William Powell, after waiting on Annabelle for eight reels as her butler, refused to let her serve him in the bridegroom sequence. Bill thought it was a rotten trick for a man to play on his bride, so it was cut out.

... Carroll Nye, former radio editor, is getting along nicely, thanks. When he tried to separate two battling dogs they resented his help and turned on him. The result—his hand



and arm were in a sling for weeks. But mending okay.

... as usual, George E. Jessel did a bang-up job in putting over the Screen Star's Spring Festival. Assisted by a yard-long list of movie greats plus Phil Harris' toe-tingling music, the affair was a great success for the Mount Sinai Hospital fund—despite the rather heavy California "mist" that prevailed

... what's in a name? The guy who supplies the squeaks and other sound effects on Edward G. Robinson's "Big

Town" program is Lloyd Creekmore.

... Add star troubles. The case of Arleen Whelan, titianhaired 20th Century-Fox discovery. Night after night, after a busy day at the studio, she finds the family manse crowded with youngsters. They are friends of her 14-year old brother who socks 'em five cents a piece for a look-see at a movie star. Personal autographs come extra, and young Robert keeps his pockets jingling from his "business" of showing off his star sister.

Knowing her as we do we can promise that you'll have the thrill of adding the charming Miss Faye's picture to your

gallery of movie folk.

... To H. J. K. Yes, Josephine Starr is still far from a grown-up lady. In fact she is only slightly past seven. Jessel's little protege sings grand opera—and in five languages, mind you.

... to Joan. Your namesake will probably retire from the screen temporarily along about June when an heir is ex-

pected at the Powell-Blondell home.

... To George Nelson. "You Can't Take It With You" is being cast now by Columbia. Frank Capra will direct and the cast will be all-star.

... To J. J. B. Chester Morris is still very much around. At the mement he is busy in RKO-Radio's "Law of the Underworld." He actually performed those tricks of magic on Bing's program and will probably be glad to hear directly from a fellow trickster. Better write him at the studio.

. . . a nod to KEHE, KFOX, KMPC and KMTR and their public events aides for the smart and interesting flood broadcasts.

... and congratulations to Jean Hersholt who rounded out 25 years in the theatrical profession on March 7. Here's hoping that we can say the same in 1963.

... we can't tell whether or not Goldie's trumpet tootin' has improved or not since the popular Whiteman ork comedian

had his tonsils out.

... by the way, another Whitemanite, Charles Sabin, has authored an opus that had its premiere in Frisco. It's title—"Delightful Dishonor"— and it DOES sound interesting!

. . . a nod, too, to the many movie and radio stars who

pitched in and helped in the flood crisis.

. . . The chap we introduced last month as Wood Holden has had a change of name. In the future his fan mail will be addressed to Lee Trent, the name selected for him by his studio. He is busy on his first picture and you will see him soon. We'll keep you posted. And, as an aside, the lady he is escorting 'round town is the vivacious song-bird, Virginia Verrill.

... Georgie Stoll, popular maestro of the airlanes, had every winner at Santa Anita the other day—right smack in his candid camera.

+

#### A FAN WRITES

HOBOKEN, N. J.—Why don't Hal Mohr, James Cruze and other veteran motion picture people direct more pictures? . . . And how about Fredrik Lawrence ,and other good actors being given more work?—Seymour De Longe.

#### JOHN HIX TELLS US . . . . .

Continued from Page 12

to help in the job of turning out 'Strange'—research men, writers, artists, and so on.

"Probably the manner of producing the cartoon is as strange as the feature itself. The drawings are done on clay—and the ink is wiped off instead of drawn on. Razor blades and toothbrushes number among the tools used."

John Hix, only 30 years of age and still unmarried, gets hundreds of letters every day from people all over the world, sending in ideas, and others ready to call him a "liar" becaus of some fact that looks a little too strange to believe.

His interests are as many and varied as the subjects of his cartoon. John is an ardent air enthusiast. Someday, he says, he is going to visit the eleven Hollywoods in the United States—none of which are in California!



#### DO YOU KNOW?

Continued from Page 3

THAT a self-styled agent and radio producer tried to steal a show from a well known drama coach? That fact was discovered just fifteen minutes before the first ethering with a known star in the cast. The coach immediately started proceedings and the production was cancelled.

THAT claiming that his children made him nervous at the dinner table, a musician called off the marriage with a very lovely lady? The real reason however, is the musician's love for a pretty brunette student.

THAT the wife of an art director trapped her husband in a secret rendezvous with his newest heart interest? To avoid a scandal, the director is offering his wife a \$1000 monthly settlement.



# REELS OF FILM IN REVIEW .....

#### "REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM"

(20th Century-Fox)

• Here's another standout tid-bit for Temple fans. It combines the remarkable wizardery of the ace box office attraction with top heavy talents of a score of seasoned, well-liked troupers to produce an enjoyable hour's entertainment. Lovers of Kate Douglas Wiggin's tale may not recognize it as their old favorite but any liberties taken with the original have only added to the film's effectiveness. Shirley's role is typically Temple and she gives it everything. Particularly outstanding is a difficult tap routine in which the little lovable rascal keeps pace with the redoubtable Bill Robinson and the "Toy Trumpet" specialty.

Highlighting the supporting cast are Randolph Scott, Gloria Stuart, Jack Haley, Phyllis Brooks, Helen Westley, Slim Summerville, Bill Robinson, Raymond Scott quintet, Dixie Dunbar, William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn, and Mary McCarty. Allan Dwan did a masterful job of directing while producing honors for this engaging film goes to Darryl Zanuck.

#### "FLASH GORDON'S TRIP TO MARS"

(Universal)

• When Barney Sarecky faced the production job of turning a cartoon strip into reel life he might have taken an easier subject than the highly pseudo-scientific escapades of Flash Gordon. But, Barney must have a dormant yen for things fantastic for he proved conclusively that the subject can be made interesting for youngsters of all ages. Throughout the first three chapters of this 15 installment serial—all, by the way, we were permitted to preview—Sarecky has provided a fantasy that is gratifying moderate in hokum. It is high-speed and in dialogue and action gives one that happy feeling that comes with having an essence of reality in our imaginative yearns. Direction was by Ford Beebe and Robert Hill—a nod of thanks in their direction! Larry Buster Crabbe enacts the role of Flash and comes up with an ace performance. With him—and all doing right by their little Nell-are Jean Rogers, Charles Middleton, Beatrice Roberts, Frank Shannon and Donald Kerr. Photography likewise is interesting for this type of tale. Credit Jerry Ash.

#### "THE CRIME OF DR. HALLET"

(Universal)

• This, you'll probably find, will make up the second half of your neighborhood double feature program. It is an average story, average in cast and, while we haven't seen a Sumatra yarn in sometime, the doings of a doctor who risks all in the jungles are beginning to show signs of wear. It is an Edmund Grainger production directed by S. Sylvan Simon. The cast is headed by Ralph Bellamy, who deserved better by his studio, Josephine Hutchinson, William Gargan, Barbara Read, John King, Charles Stevens and Nella Walker. If you haven't anything else to do it will help pass the time.

# "NIGHT SPOT" (RKO-Radio)

• Robert Sisk, aided and abetted by Christy Cabanne as director, produced this mystery-love yarn featuring the word-mangling Parkyakarkus. It is an easy-going sort of thing that does not require much mental gymnastics to understand. There is a song or two that will make the hum-parade and a bit of romance in the capable hands of Allan Lane and Joan Woodbury. Also well spotted are the efforts of Gordon Jones, Lee Patrick, Bradley Page, Jack Carson and Frank M. Thomas. Not marquee names, to be sure, but all satisfying performers.

# "JEZEBEL" (Warners)

• Get out the adjectives. Dust off all the stock phrases and polish them up. Look up all the synonyms for GREAT—MAGNIFICENT—SUPERB. You're going to need every one or else our guess is very, very wrong.

From all angles, Hal B. Wallis and Henry Blanke have produced Warner's greatest film achievement. A difficult story at best, it is powerful in dramatic values and provides Bette Davis with a role that she plays with understanding and beauty, bringing to the fore all of the emotional intensity at her command—and she has much. William Wyler, in directing this story of the 1850's has given it depth and sincerity, painting a picture with craftsmanship and finesse. Henry Fonda is remarkable in his half of the dramatic conflict, lending to his role a vigorous and keenly detailed portrayal.

Not to be overlooked in crediting honors is every other member of this stellar cast. There is Margaret Lindsay, Donald Crisp, Fay Bainter, Richard Crowell, Henry O'Neill, Spring Byington, John Litel, Gordon Oliver, Janet Shaw, Theresa Harris, Margaret Early, Irving Pichel, Eddie Anderson, Stymie Beard, Lou Payton and Georges Renevant. Then, to give credit where credit is due, be sure to remember that Owen Davis, Sr., did the play which Clements Ripley, Abem Finkel and John Huston turned into a splendid screen play.

Continued on Page 18

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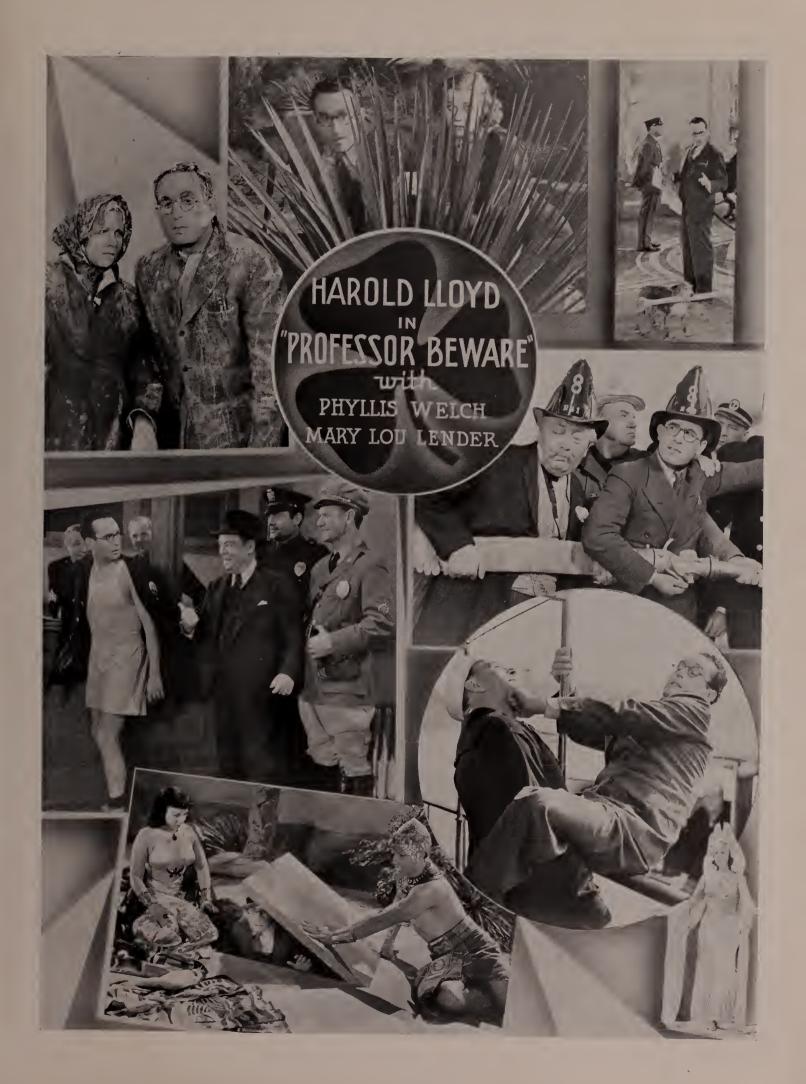
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#### REELS OF FILM IN REVIEW

Continued from Page 16

In all, look for this high on the lists of the best for 1938 and, mark you, Bette Davis will cop an Oscar for her role in "Jezebel" when the next Academy awards are made. If we're wrong you can sue us but we don't think anything will surpass this picture for sheer drama, intense interest and in providing capital entertainment.

#### "CONDEMNED WOMEN"

(RKO-Radio)

• Another Robert Sisk production of the month. It is however, much more of a vehicle of entertainment than "Night Spot"—reviewed elsewhere. As the name implies, it is a prison play and one of the current cycle. Anne Shirley—who was our nominee for Academy honors for her part in "Stella Dallas"—does another one of her consistently excellent supporting bits, sharing performance honors with Sally Eilers and Louis Hayward. Sally, by the way, again shows that she has the necessary for real emotional roles and on the strength of her efforts in this pic rates a crack at greater parts. Among those contributing excellent portrayals to this tug at the emotions are Lee Patrick, Esther Dale, Leona Roberts, George Irving, Richard Bond, Netta Packer, Rita LaRoy and Florence Lake. Lew Landers megged the story and screenplay by Lionel Houser.

#### "MAID'S NIGHT OUT"

(RKO-Radio)

• This is the third Sisk production on this month's review spindle. It was directed by Ben Holmes working from the script of Bert Granet based on Willoughby Speyer's' original story. It is the Cinderella theme wrapped in a light comedy way about the shoulders of a maid and a man (milk) who prove that society is not so hard to crash when you make your mind up to do it. Joan Fontaine and Allan Lane handle the Romeo and Juliet responsibilities capably. They are aided in their capers by Billy Gilbert, Cecil Kellaway, Hedda Hopper, William Brisbane, Vicki Lester, Hilda Vaughn, George Irving, Frank M. Thomas, Solly Ward and Eddie Gribbon. You'll like the dialogue, the sparkle and life. Put it on your "must" list when you want something light and frothy to chase dull cares.

# "THE FIRST 100 YEARS" (M-G-M)

• Here's another light little number that rates tops in production, acting and direction. It is built around the idea of a man getting alimony from his wife instead of the more widly publicized version and gives Virginia Bruce and Robert Montgomery an excellent opportunity to banter choice lines about from laugh to laugh. The cast is full of talented headliners and they all add to the merriment. You'll appreciate Nydia Westman, one of our especially pet funsters. Too, you'll like Warren William, Binnie Barnes, Alan Dinehart, Harry Davenport, Donald Briggs, Jona-

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than Hale, E. E. Clive, Lee Bowman, Torben Meyer, Bodil Rosing and Irving Bacon. Credit Norman Krasna with the production and Richard Thorpe the direction. Krasna, by the way, provided the story which Melville Baker turned into this delightful screenplay.

#### "FLIGHT INTO NOWHERE"

(Larry Darmour)

• The disappearance of Paul Redfern over South America may have been the inspiration for this fast-moving adventure yarn. We don't know, of course, but the threads of real life run through this reel life yarn of jungles, plane crack-ups and mixed marriages. It's a natural for Jack Holt although in spots Dick Purcell's characterization takes the center of interest away from Holt. With these two you'll find Jacqueline Wells, James Burke, Howard Hickman, Lotus Long, Robert Fiske, Hector Sarno, Fritz Leiber, Juan Torena, Julian Rivero, Genaro Curci and Ward Bond—all doing nobly by this bangup tale. If it is stirring adventure on a lavish scale you want, remember that this is Larry Darmour (synonymous for lavishness) production. Lewis D. Collins did the directing.

#### "THIS MARRIAGE BUSINESS"

(RKO-Radio)

• Add this to the "fun" menu. It is Victor Moore. It is romance. It is full of deep-down melodramatic heart-throbs. It is a Cliff Reid production directed by Christy Cabanne. Need we say more? Throw all of them into the pot, stir in a mixture of Allan Lane, Vicki Lester, Cecil Kellaway, Jack Carson, Richard Lane, Kay Sutton, Paul Guilfoyle, Jack Arnold, Frank M. Thomas, Leona Roberts and George Irving, and you come up smiling with a smooth, speedy bit of film fare full of wholesome fun.

## "ISLAND IN THE SKY"

(20th Century-Fox)

• Mystery, romance and comedy in generous doses. That was the order Sol M. Wurtzel gave Herbert I. Leeds when he gave him this directing assignment. The result will appear at your playhouse under the somewhat misleading title recorded above. But, instead of explaining the nature of the name, let's leave it as part of the mystery in this enjoyable cinema-piece. Gloria Stuart has the femme lead opposite Michael Whalen whose fans will do nipups when they see their favorite step forward cinematically in this, his latest opus. You'll find the pic well above average and if your favorite happens to be Paul Kelly, Robert Kellard, June Storey, Paul Hurst, Leon Ames, Willard Robertson, George Humbert, Aggie Herring or Charles D. Brown you'll find them in "Island in the Sky."

# "GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"

(M-G-M)

 Another gorgeous ,romantic musical for Nelson Eddy and Jeannette MacDonald fans. And, in keeping with the high Continued on Page 20

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# THEATRE & SCHOOL NOTES . . . . .

#### • By Marion Mathis

Apropos of the present trend of everyday and everything, in and around Hollywood swimming we think of Coach Louis Carter, Cinemaland's favorite instructor in the aquatic art and wonder if many others besides ourselves didn't wish they had sort of brushed up on the crawl stroke during the first few days of this month. Carter has a national reputation as a swimmer and has taught many of the stars.

"White Gloves," the mystery drama by J. Allen Mc-Manis which was produced in one of our little theatres last month, provided a very thrilling evening's entertainment. Although it was apparent the play suffered from halfhearted direction and several members of the cast would have been more at home in a different type of role, the plot is unique and if the action were whipped up it could become an interesting and different story and, after all, is it not that for which everybody is waiting? We have an aversion, however, for persons who make police officers, especially executive officers, act as if they were morons. The modern police executive is a college graduate and displays intelligence and gentility. Both officers in "White Gloves" were made to act exceedingly slow and dumb. Laurels go to Baxter Newton who did a splendid piece of character work as the senile professor. McManis has had several offers for his play from major studios and we look forward to seeing it soon on the screen.

At the Masque little theatre Ursula March continues to present capably directed plays and interesting new talent. Her next production, "The Greatest Gift," will see Lynne Cascales in a nice role. Miss Cascales is an attractive titian-haired young lady of unusual ability who is being groomed for pictures. We have already predicted a rosy future for her and the attention being focused on her at this time verifies our contentions.

Having created a fan following in Tulsa, Oklahoma, where she appeared regularly on radio station KVOO, small hut vivacious Carolynn Detrick has recently come to Hollywood with her charming mother and suffice it to say she is an addition to the younger film colony.

Jane MacArthur, whom we consider one of our finest vocal coaches, is exceedingly happy these days and justly so, for her artist pupil Edith Fellows captivated everyone who heard her broadcast on the Hollywood Hotel program in which she sang the musical numbers from her starring picture, "Little Miss Roughneck."

A recent addition to our cultural community is Karl Fortunatus Klun, graduate of the Imperial Academy in Vienna, who has opened a voice studio here.

With as clever a young cast as it has been this reviewer's good fortune to see, Francis Josef Hickson is showing a comedy titled "Five Dollars Down" at his Gateway Players Club. Keith Ballard, the engaging juvenile of the cast has definite screen possibilities.

In our ever diligent search for talent in schools and theatres three youngsters stand out in our memory. There is four-year-old Nancy Lee McCollum, winner of a recent talent contest over 20,000 youngsters; ten year old Doris Bruce with a coloratura soprano voice that makes everyone take notice and the gifted little Spanish dancer, Sadie Wooten. Sadie also sings and speaks hoth Spanish and French fluently.

The return of Haven McQuarrie to the ether waves with

his well liked program "Do You Want to be An Actor" has been received with enthusiasm. Another opportunity for aspiring youngsters.

Heretofore unsung, but nevertheless deserving of praise are Bill Tinsman, that nice fellow in the casting office at United Artists and Virgil Hart in the same capacity at Fox—and an orchid to Bernice Saunders at C. C. for taking care of her children's problems so efficiently.

We caught the show at the Paramount and if this is "professional" entertainment we'll take the little theatre acts every time. Featured was the gal who supplied the voice for Snow White-Adriana Caselotti. Perhaps it would have been wiser to let her remain just a voice. Seeing her added nothing to the music. Curt Houck, whose band supplied the music, should have stayed at his baton waving. He can do that 100 per cent better than em-ceeing. And, as for Gene and Glenn-with Jake and Lena-it would have been jake with me if Paramount had left them at the mike. Their didos are swell for the folks back home but for theatre entertainment in metropolitan centers their rating is very, very low. The one redeeming feature of the show was the turn of the Fanchonettes. They were worth waiting for and made us leave the theatre with a much better taste in our mouth.

#### REELS OF FILMS IN REVIEW

Continued from Page 13

production standards of William Anthony McGuire, this pic has everything in large quantities and of high quality. There is music—as witness seven Romberg numbers plus several others. There is romance—David Belasco's play is noted for its tender and moving story. There is dancing unequalled—Albertina Rasch created them. There is capable direction—Robert Z. Leonard handled the meg. There are stars—for, in addition to MacDonald and Eddy, you'll see William Pidgeon, Leo Carrillo, Buddy Ebsen, Priscilla Lawson, H. B. Warner, Charles Grapewin, Noah Beery, Si., Bill Cody, Jr., Jeanne Ellis, Ynez Seabury, and hosts of singing and dancing boys and girls.

You'll find your friends talking about this picture so by all means if you want to be a success at your next party see this and join in the "ohs" and "ahs" you'll hear floating around. And, see if you don't agree that Nelson Eddy really gives us the best he has shown to date. He's becoming more and more an actor that can stir feminine hearts by his ability as well as looks.

#### "RAWHIDE"

(Principal)

• Sol Lesser bagged himself a reel scorer in nabbing the iron man of the diamond, Lou Gehrig. The idol of New York has plenty on the ball when it comes to good looks and he has caught on to this movie game and registered a sound base hit that will score at the box office. He slid into his first role nicely, displaying a distinct personality that will click. Aided by Ray Taylor's deft direction, Lou moves forward more than any other newcomer in his first pic. Strictly a "western" it holds enough appeal to satisfy everyone. It has just enough rootin' tootin' style and looks like a good bet. All members of the cast give Lou a generous assist with Evalyn Knapp in the lead femme spot.

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# THE NITE-OWL . . . .

#### • By Open Braddagher

Hold your hats, boys and girls, for here we go again! Another 'round the town bat of seeing the sights in Hollywood nite spots. We've got a number of new ones to catch and some of the old spots to re-visit.

We got our start early this month. In fact, we started with a hefty lunch at the Brown Derby on Vine Street prior to bouncing across to the CBS Playhouse to catch the "Big Town" rehearsal of Eddie Robinson and Claire Trevor, et al. George Temple and John Boles were in the next booth annihilating a steak and busy with shop talk. We've still got to catch Gail Patrick eating in one of Hubby's spots, however.

Just to check up on Joe Penner's whereabouts we stuck our greying head into the It Cafe, now no longer under the guiding hands of Rex Bell and Clara Bow. We had to go next door to Al Levy's before we caught up with the Park Avenue playboy and, when he hurried off to the studio we had a talk with Marion Owens, petite singer at Levy's spot, who was out "slumming" trying to discover what the place looks like by daylight.

Just to fill in a few minutes of spare time we drove down Sunset to North Normandie and tried to find Frankie Dolan at Busch's Grill. He has just taken the place over and the painters were busy. But Frankie was nowhere in sight. So back towards Wilshire.

Dinner found us at Otto's where we discovered Russ Cantor on the job doing a bit of vocalizing. Too, Mary Farber did her bit to add to the evening's entertainment and good, too. As we sat sipping our coffee we had an opportunity to do a bit of thinking about this here nite club business. New places open every day. They come, blossom for a week or so and then drop from sight. This is particularly true of the Russian cafes. We've found several we liked, only to discover closed doors on our return. Several new ones have opened in the last few weeks but we don't even have them on our lists. Can't tell if they'll be there tomorrow so why worry about 'em. Whoops! Who's that? Oh. Drat it, We thought it was another romance but 'taint. It's only Ving Fuller, New York cartoonist turned writer, escorting his charming sister Christene.

But, onward, ever onward or sumtin'—to the Beverly-Wilshire for a moment's chat with Harry Owens, whose ork is helping to keep this spot bright. And, the fact that Harry's choice piece "Sweet Leilani" copped an Oscar from the Academy hasn't hurt his musical standing either. He's pretty proud of it—and we can't blame him either.

At the Ambassador—as long as we're jumping around like the bees—we tarried to catch a number by Herbie Kay and his boys. Dorothy Lamour (Mrs. Herbie to you and you) gave out with a ditty and Alec Templeton, ace pianist of the airways and England's gift to American rhythm, added his bit. We missed Edgar Bergen and his stooge, Charlie McCarthy but it was our fault. We forgot that they are there only on Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Speaking of bands, Marv Landfield and his bunch of melody mongers are busy keeping the guests of Ace Cain happy.

Away to the Swanee Inn. Bob Lewis, genial host, placed a glass into our hands and led us around the spot pointing out the new improvements. He's very proud but there is one thing that fails of improvement—the swingy, singy songs of Ruby Barbee, sepia songstress, and the hot tunes of King Cole and his ork.

At the Cafe de Paree we chinned for a bit with Marjorie Keeler, Al Jolson's Ruby's little sister, and had the pleasure of meeting her new heart-throb George Vierra. They were there giving the ear to Max Cochrane and his band but from what we observed they were so wrapped up in their billing and cooing they heard little of the music. Ah Romance.

Which brings to mind that Maxine Gorham has gone overboard for Jimmy Vincent. They were busy holding hands at The Tropics, just a table or two away from Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, and Jimmy certainly don't have to take a back seat to Robert when it comes to saying the kind of things that put a sparkle into a pretty lass's eyes.

At the Biltmore Bowl, we visited with Sam Fuller sitting alone over a bowl of borscht. He informed us that he is busy with the script for "Fly By Night" for Republic. And, smart guy, when the floods hit he took advantage of the storm and wrote a hell and high water sequence into his varn. This expose of wildcat transportation is expected to be one of THE pix on Republic's 1938 schedule.

On the way to the Wilshire Bowl we took time out to look over Keil's—new eatery on Sunset. Mine host Mr. Diamond plans big things and the spot is fast getting a reputation for food.

At the Wilshire Bowl we found Les Parker tuning up for a round of swing. He and his ork has gotten under the Hollywood hide and with the able help of blonde and pretty Mary Downs, are doing right noble in keeping the entertainment appetite of Cinemaland from becoming jaded.

On the way into town we caught Evelyn's terrific dance turn at Frank Sebastian's and wet our whistle for the long trek down to Slappy Maxie Rosenbloom's place. And, can you imagine. Maxie's gone high hat. The place ain't what it used to be. There is now a cover charge, mind you. It costs you a dime per each just to park your carkuss (no pun intended) and see the show.

And so to bed—another nite of niting the nite spots. They're all swell and glamourous. They all glitter with stars, with great and near great. You'll have fun too.

\*

#### MEET BERYL CAMERON

If you're one of those cynical souls who asks "Oh, yeah? So what happens to them later?" every time you hear of the success of amateur singers and actors, consider Beryl Cameron, new NBC songstress.

This low-voiced, high-geared youngster of nineteen has been winning amateur contests since she was eight years old and was selected as the best dancer out of a hundred children at the Princess Theatre in Honolulu. At Sacred Heart Academy in the islands, at St. Helen's Hall in Portland, Oregon, and at Jason Lee School in Tacoma she won medals and prizes galore for dramatic and singing ability.

Three years ago she faced the microphone for the first time on a radio amateur hour and won a place with Tom Brown's orchestra at the Bal Tabarin, famous San Francisco restaurant.

So what!

So Beryl went right on trying for bigger and better prizes. Out of a large group of applicants she was selected to sing on the recent Chevrolet program from San Francisco and when the series ended NBC signed her as a regular member of the staff.



# RADIO LOW-DOWN .....

#### By Whitman Irving

If somebody doesn't come up with a new and startling idea for radio variety shows they'll be taking a collective nose dive.

The demise of several programs in the past two months is sure proof that listeners are tiring of the over-worked formula which consists of: Opening musical number, commercial, joke by the star, musical number, guest star routine, song, commercial and closing announcement.

Some bright lad is going to profit handsomely if he can think up a presentable plan for variety entertainment that has some element of surprise in it.

Meanwhile, the dramatic shows will take the lead in the radio parade. A striking example of this trend is in the growth in popularity of "Big Town," the CBS dramatic series starring Edward G. Robinson, with Claire Trevor. The program not only passed all other half-hour dramatic offerings in the Crosley rating, but climbed to sixth place among ALL half-hour presentations!

among ALL half-hour presentations!

And we predict that "Big Town" will stay on top as long as the producers keep it "down to earth." There's no sense in getting "arty" with such a sure-fire series.

## Things and Stuff

What happened to that reported romance between Claire Trevor and Clark Andrews, producer of "Big Town"?

Bob Burns doesn't seem to care what the columnists say about his "Uncle Slug"—the tipping kin. He continues to ring in the old duffer every time he thinks of a gag that has to do with drinking.

Tom McAvity, agency representative in charge of "Your Hollywood Parade" is beginning to recover from a nervous breakdown.

Martha Raye feels much better than she did two weeks ago, but we'd advise her to stop the strenuous dieting if she wants to keep her health.

#### Salaams to

Paul Taylor, jovial and competent choral director, who manages to keep four network sponsors happy.

Rainger and Robin, for their hit tunes, "Thanks For The Memory" and "Tonight We Love."

Joe Penner for the highly amusing shows he has been offering for the past eight weeks.

Don Prindle, Joe's chief scripter, for the writing of fast-moving comedy material.

Al Jolson for the many charitable acts which he never

Tony (Oswald) Labriola because he can make his catchphrase, "Oh Yeah," produce a hearty laugh every time he utters it.

## It's Worth a Thought

Where is the next crop of radio stars coming from?

Are we going to wake up one of these fine days to discover that there is scarcely one member of the younger generation who is fitted to carry the Benny, Allen, Jolson, Penner or Baker mantle?

The headliners, and most of the others, were graduated from the old vaudeville school. There they learned timing,

pacing, comedy and dramatic values. Vaudeville, now practically extinct, was the proving ground of talent.

Musically and dramatically, the future looks bright. But it is obvious that the stellar comedians of tomorrow will be at a premium unless some method is devised to train them.

Perhaps Haven MacQuarrie has the answer. At least his "Do You Want To Be An Actor" program is unearthing some hidden talent. MacQuarrie's current show is a decided improvement over the one he offered last year because he doesn't put any applicant on the air who shows a slim talent at the audition.

# Things to Beef About

Dance band songstresses who warble off-key . . . Radio announcers who get "chummy" with their audience . . . Producers who pass the buck to the stars when their programs begin to slip . . . Entertainers who, out of work for months, try to play one sponsor against another when they get two nibbles at the same time . . . Agency's representatives who think that nothing makes any sense unless it comes out of New York . . . Comedians who lift gags from their contemporaries . . . Women announcers . . . Feminine commentators . . . Those guys who stand at the corner of Hollywood and Vine, and tell how they can revolutionize show business.

#### **News Notes**

Charles Ruggles will spread some sunshine on Jolson's broadcast of April 5, and the beauteous Franciska Gaal will exchange pleasantries with Al on April 12 . . . "Your Hollywood Parade" is leaving the air . . . Edna Mae Oliver is to appear on Feg Murray's show, April 10 . . . Roy Atwell, veteran grammar-garbler, has become a permanent member of the Joe Penner radio troupe . . . The Jolson program and "Big Town" probably will go off the air early in June so they can be brought back at the peak of the fall season.

#### Copy Cats

It's dangerous to say who started a style in radio, but we have no qualms about making the remark that Bing Crosby has priority on the verbose style of ether showmanship which several performers are copying.

Much of the credit for the vogue should go to Carroll Carroll the diminutive scripter of "Music Hall," who manages to make the wordy scripts entertaining.

#### **Personalities**

John Conte, announcer for Burns and Allen and Ed Lowry's "Singtime," is an ever-smiling lad of 22 who was graduated from a Los Angeles high school "cum laude."

Clarence Muse seems to be improving with age. The Negro actor-baritone has given some striking performances on radio recently.

Florence Baker, comely brunette actress who played leads in "True Story Court of Human Relations" in New York for several years, is now in Hollywood grabbing off some nice parts.

Paula Winslowe, one of Hollywood's own dramatic actresses, refuses to indulge in any apple-polishing to land radio roles. It's to her credit that she is kept busy on the strength of past performances.

Continued on Page 26



#### RADIO LOW-DOWN

Continued from Page 24

David Broekman, leonine maestro, is lined up for some radio programs, despite his outspoken tactics.

Georgie Stoll is a familiar sight at the Famous Door. He sits near the bandstand every night and watches Stuff Smith do his stuff. Georgie says he thinks all of Stuff's lads are "terrific" musicians.

Harry Maizlish, manager of KFWB, is one of Hollywood's wild men—always on the go, always talking.

John Scott Trotter, maestro of Bing Crosby's "Music Hall" looks like a big, overgrown kid. He has never been known to lose his temper or do a discourteous thing.

Cal Kuhl, producer of the Sunday Coffee Show, and "Music Hall" is sensitive and high strung, and combs his blond hair straight forward.

#### **Future Plans**

Raymond Paige has kept his 72-voice choir intact ever since "Hollywood Mardi Gras" went off the air, and he intends to use the unit on other programs he will direct.

Bob Burns will rebuild the cabin which was swept away by the recent flood. The lower portion of his house, which suffered damage to the extent of \$6000 is being repaired.

Doc Howe has organized a radio stock company which will tour the coast and present "My Life Story" dramas from key cities over KFWB and the California Radio System,

Paul Monroe, director of "Your Hollywood Parade," is headed for a production job at one of the major motion picture studios.

#### Did It Ever Occur to You That . . .

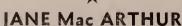
It is comparatively simple to prune a variety show, because a musical number or gag can be dropped without impairing the effectiveness of the program as a whole, but the production staff of "Big Town" has a touchy problem on its hands when the lads find it necessary to delete scripts which run over the allotted time. No allowances can be made for music "spread" on the newspaper drama series, so cuts must be made in dialogue, without losing story values or weakening any of the characters.

## Those Penner Ditties

Extreme care is taken in the preparation of the simple ditties which Joe Penner sings on his Sunday CBS programs. The composer, Rev. Hal Raynor, goes into a huddle with the script writers two weeks in advance of an airing, to get the theme for a lyric to be based on the principal comedy spot in the show.

The clergyman-tunesmith usually toys with an idea for several days, and jots down lines on scraps of paper which also carry some of his sermon notes.

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#### **Prediction**

Radio will supplant the horse-car.

#### **Just Notes**

Building activities around Columbia Square continues apace and the middle of April should see KNX and the Columbia network comfortably housed in their new home. HOLLYWOOD LOW DOWN will feature a history of radio and word pictures of radio stars in the April number. It will be all inclusive, taking in all stations and chains. You'll want a copy for your files so get in your order.

 $\star$ 

A one-man campaign to bring recognition to script writers has been started by George E. Jessel. It is a step in the right direction for it will bring credit where credit is due and place the blame for poor shows on the proper shoulders. While writers write for money, they are still vain enough to thrive on "credit" so we hope George's lone campaign will find many followers.

We've always maintained that the absence of studio audiences takes something away from a radio show and that, by the same token, giving a laugh to the folk at the broadcast deprives the listeners of something that they have a right to expect. One very noticeable case is that of Al Pearce and his gang. Just what does Tizzie Lish do at the close of his (right) broadcast that brings belly-laughs from the audience but which leaves the listener cold and wondering what the devil is going on?

Lyda Roberti was a very acceptable substitute for Martha Raye on the Jolson show. Lyda batted for Martha who was down for the count following an attack of pee-new-monia. Her passing was very sad.

Some time ago we mentioned that Madaline Lee—the addle-brained secretary of Andrew H. Brown, high-powered exekative and sucker deluxe and better known as "Andy" of "Amous 'n Andy"—was not as dumb as she appears in the skit. Now, we've got to echo Gracie Allen's choice remark and add "she's pretty, too." You'll find her picture elsewhere in these pages and we feel certain that you will agree. Don't be surprised if you see her jump high into the spotlight. Movie scouts are interested. Injecting her into the "Amos 'n Andy" script was smart showmanship and a welcomed shot in the arm.

\*

Add to Hollywood lore Milton Berle's bon mot. Said he, "Hollywood Boulevard is lined with palms—most of them itching."

 $\star$ 

Don't be surprised if Joe Riechman's ork gets the ace spot at the Frisco Fair.

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# NEW YORK LOW-DOWN . . . .

#### • By LEE LEARY

The world knows New York as a materialist city, synony-mous with money grabbing, hustle, bustle and congestion. Impression of New York by day. But with night, the stars come out and flickering lights illuminate the scene everywhere. As if touched by a magic wand, the city becomes a most fantastic place—exciting, romantic and glamourous!

BROADWAY bright with flashing incandescent lights gives the city a holiday aspect . . . Paramount, Criterion, International, Capitol, Billy Rose's Casa Manana, Cotton Club, Paradise, Club Yumuri and quite appropriately "Ed Wynn in "Hooray for What." It's the famous white way.

52ND STREET, sometimes called Swing Street, might rightly be called the Montparnasse of New York, for like the famous Montparnasse of Paris, this street is literally lined with gay night clubs, cafes and restaurants . . . Jack White's Club 18 (No. 18) where the madcap Jack White and versatile Pat Harrington put on a merry show nightly . . . Behind an iron gate and high fence is a typically oldfashioned New York residence numbered 21-Jack and Charlie's "21" . . . . No. 33 marks the spot made famous by Leon & Eddie and their Pago Pago Room. Leon hovers in the background quietly supervising—nothing escapes his gimlet eye. The spot-light is focused on Eddie-Eddie singing old songs in a new way and new songs in any old way, and he is perfect; perfectly shocking and perfectly swell! . . . . Tony's and the inimitable Spivy, The Swing Club, Maria's, The Famous Door, Hickory House, Gallaghers . . . . just before you reach the Guild Theatre now being glorified by George M. Cohan in "I'd Rather Be is Ruby Foo's famous Den Restaurant and just bevond is Janet of France where the popular bar is an exact reproduction of a boat, the rendezvous of theatrical folk.

EAST OF FIFTH AVENUE in the direction of Park Avenue is Sherman Billingsley's Stork Club, rendezvous of debutantes and the smart set . . . El Morocco where celebrities and society (cafe and otherwise) come to see and be seen . . . the Colony Club, La Rue, Versailles, St. Regis' Iridium Room and La Maisonette Russe, Kit Kat, Continental Cafe, Theodore's, Fan and Bill's Merry-Go-Round, Bill's Gay Nineties, The Glass Hat, and more—much more!

GREENWICH VILLAGE is New York's Latin quarter—Bohemia. The intelligentsia tell us that the Village is filled with phonies trying to escape life. An unfair criticism! The Village is a most interesting part of our city. The quaint streets, unique shops and unusual night clubs make a visit worthwhile. At Sheridan Square, a horse and carriage race into space atop Jack Delaney's known as "the Horse Lovers Paradise" . . . next door is the Nut Club . . . and across the way on the roof of Rikers stands a lifesize cow silhouetted against the sky-line. Spectacular! Other high-lights: The Village Barn, mecca of all out-of-towners -very small-town and lots of fun! . . . . The Black Cat where Harlem goes Bohemian . . . Jimmy Kelly's sophisticated show . . . El Chico's smart Spanish revue, the new Trocadero, the Pepper Pot and of course Dimitri's famous Club El Gaucho. . . . there are many more interesting spots filled with atmosphere . . . but if you want to mingle with the villagers go to the Jumble Shop—the young artists gather here in winter to keep warm, and in summer to keep cool, and you can munch pretzels and peanuts on the house.

THE THEATRE has come into its own and Now Broadway Laughs: For years (all our lives it seems) we've been hearing about the Hollywood grand larceny.... the theft of the legitimate stage's best talent. But 1938 saw Broadway come into its own—it is stealing stars back again. To wit:

All That Glitters. A tale about a lady from the bordellos posing as a Countess. Another George Abbott hit starring Allyn Joslyn.

Casey Jones, concerning a brave engineer (Charles Bickford) whose eyesight fails him.

A Doll's House, Ibsen again—Dennis King & Paul Lukas. Golden Boy, Clifford Odets newest effort concerning a prizefighter stars Frances Farmer.

Our Town, concerns life in a small New England town and Frank Craven.

Shadow and Substance, about a church intellectual and a slavey (Julie Hayden).

The Star-Wagon, about a time machine that is worked like a radio and can take you into the past, starring Lillian Gish and Burgess Meredith.

#### "STRANGE AS IT SEEMS"

Explanations of Page 4

#### "Wild Stars of the Road" . . . .

Oddly enough, Hollywood, the film capital which is not a city, cannot be reached via railroad—except by freight train! Clark Gable and Jim Tully—one a screen idol, the other a noted scenarist and author—selected this unusual path to fame several years ago when they "hit the road" to study geography at first hand.

The paths of these two men crossed one day, and they "threw in" with each other, traveling together across the western states, taking odd jobs and gaining an understanding of human nature that was to stand them both in good stead

Tully has given the world many delightful and colorful stories based on his own first hand experiences in the art of hoboing and Gable's human characterization on the silver screen have carried him to an envied stardom.

#### Shirley's Pictures . . . .

Shirley Temple, whose 100,000 feet of motion picture film each year delight countless thousands of fans and warm the hearts of theatre exhibitors toward such talent as she possesses, appears in an average of 20 still portraits daily for magazines, newspapers and advertisements. Because of this, she lays claim to the title: "The World's Most Photographed Person."

#### Mustard and Movies . . . .

Gilette Burgess "never saw a purple cow" and neither did Hollywood. Yet Mrs. Cow, despite her drab color, made Hollywood what it is today—simply because she relishes occasional bits of wild mustard in her diet.

The gelatine used in the manufacture of film is made from cow's hide and, according to Dr. C. E. K. Mees, director of the Eastman research laboratories at Rochester, N. Y., certain impurities are present in the gelatine because cows eat wild mustard along with their other pasture fodder. This accidental presence of sulphur-bearing impurities is necessary to the chain of chemical reactions which take place in the manufacture, exposure and development of motion picture film.



# FAN CLUB LOW-DOWN.....

• By JEAN BETTY HUBER

## **FANEDITORIAL**

Jimmie Fidler, columnist and commentator says, "IS THE STAR'S POPULARITY ON THE WANE OR ON THE INCREASE? THE GRAPHS MADE IN THE FAN-MAIL DEPARTMENT ANSWER THE QUESTION EXACTLY . . . . BY THE GENERAL TONE OF THE FAN MAIL, THE CASTING DEPARTMENT DETERMINES WHAT TYPE OF ROLES A PLAYER IS BEST SUITED FOR . . . . . YOU CAN DETERMINE THE FATE OF YOUR FAVORITE BY THE LETTERS YOU WRITE THEM."

Our appreciation to Mr. Fidler for this statement—which is an undeniable fact. It is a fact which your writer has long been aware of-a fact we have long shouted to the very top of Hollywood's highest hills-a fact which is KNOWN but not ADMITTED by too many of your studio heads. WHY isn't it admitted? I can't answer that question, but something should be done about it. We commend the film players because they DO admit it. How? By the marked degree of attention which they pay to their mail. Very few stars ignore their mail; fail to respond. Those that do, are doing so because they think it is a smart publicity angle. But they're wrong. Statistics . . . . those all important box office statistics—have, and still are proving that. Who gets the greater amount of mail—Garbo or Joan Crawford? We are not putting Miss Garbo on the spot, for the simple reason that her "I tank I won't answer my mail" was the first gag of this type to be pulled-and because it was first—because it was different—it worked beautifully. But NO OTHER PLAYER IN HOLLY-WOOD, LARGE OR SMALL CAN AFFORD TO FOLLOW IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF SWEDEN'S GIFT TO THE FILM WORLD! And the smart ones

If every movie fan in the country could see the avid way in which their favorites eye their studio fan mail barometer, they would be pleased right down to their boot tips. Fan mail spells box-office, and box-office spells success—if the fan mail warrants it, and not unless it does. This is not a new subject with your writer. We have written about it in these pages before. And we shall continue to write about it, until something very definite is done—and that something can be done only by the studio heads themselves.

They are doing something now—something which does not meet with the approval of the average fan. They are charging for photographs. Not all of them, but the majority. Paramount has always done this. There are a few exceptions at Paramount, however—to cite two we have Bing Crosby and Johnny Downs. Two people very much in the spot-light, who have always been keenly interested in their fans—who have always backed their fan clubs—who have always sent photographs—incidentally, AT THEIR OWN EXPENSE. For that reason, they deserve your support always—and I am sure we don't have to request that you give it.

Jimmie Starr of the "Herald and Express," a Los Angeles newspaper, discussed fan mail not so long ago. He pointed out that there had been a decided change in the fan mail of today from that of yesterday. It is much more intelligent; less gushy. Much more helpful, less demanding. Mr. Starr concluded with "AND THIS, INCIDENTALLY, HAS BEEN WHAT THE FILM INDUSTRY HAS BEEN STRIVING TO ACHIEVE FOR A GOOD MANY YEARS." A surprising statement—a bold admission—and here's a deep bow to Mr. Starr for his frankness. It proves again that FAN MAIL IS IMPORTANT AND THAT THE STUDIO EXECUTIVES REALIZE IT . . . but . . . THEY STILL WON'T ADMIT IT! And again, we ask WHY NOT?

Charging exorbitant rates for a photograph of a player won't increase fan mail—it never has—it never will. And we defy anyone to state 10c for a small picture isn't exorbitant. We can quote exactly the cost to the studio of that 10c picture—you'd be surprised at that quotation! Which leads us to ask, who gets the profits? The star? Definitely NO, because the star's only contact with the main mail department is, to pick up and read his mail, then return it for response. Who collects the dimes—the quarters? Ask the head of—well—Paramount for instance—and we guarantee your fan mail head there won't give you an honest answer!

There are many examples of the GOOD your letters actually do at the studio. For instance, Marie Wilson is definitely enacting the coveted role in BOY MEETS GIRL . . . . Another player was originally scheduled for the part. People saw the play—people read that Marie Wilson wanted the role—people realized that no one in Hollywood could fill the bill better than Marie—they wrote to the studio—they demanded—your daily paper admits that the role is Marie's—BECAUSE HER FAN MAIL DEMANDED THAT IT SHOULD BE. So . . . it can be done!

Your writer has in her files numerous letters from various players requesting that "You ask what you can do to help. If you will write the studio, and get your friends to write, and request that I play such and such a part, it would do a world of good and I'll be so grateful." This has not happened once, but many times. Which proves the faith the players have in fan mail.

We have the printed admission of two of Hollywood's leading columnists that fan mail is very very essential to screen success. We also have that admission from numerous players climbing the ladder, and from just as many firmly at the top of it. They admit it with their kindly responses to letters, by granting requests for autographed photographs, and primarily by their unceasing interest in their fan clubs. What is there to overcome? The fan mail heads—there is one in Hollywood, particularly, who seems to be ruler supreme. She has made some very daring statements about fan clubs, and individuals connected with them. If she reads this, and I happen to know that she will . . . because she's afraid of fan clubs-afraid of them because they represent a great portion of the movie goers and are increasing their numbers constantly—I hope she will stop and think carefully as she delves into these paragraphs, and realize she is only harming the young, new-comers at her studio by her own greed-that has already been proven. Miss Blank had personality and talent—but she was just beginning—and a printed card with a request for money before a picture would be sent, was a bit too much for any tolerant movie fan to tolerate! Where is Miss Blank today? And why is she there? We've given you the answer.

Fan mail brings happiness to the stars—happiness, success, and all the luxuries of life. A response to that mail brings a much smaller degree of happiness, but happiness just the same, to the writers of the letters . . . and a photograph makes everything swell . . . so, how about it, you chargers-for-pictures?

# FANS WANT TO KNOW:

Here we go again with those questions!

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE GERTRUDE NIESEN-CRAIG REYNOLDS ROMANCE?

Nothing unusual has happened. It grew, it blossomed, it faded. Craig is having no trouble at all . . . there's a new and lovely gal, but we're not telling on him! Gertrude, if you read your motion picture magazines, is flitting from flower to flower and smiling happily in all picture close-ups with this 'un and that 'un . . . . so!

DID SIMONE SIMON REALLY SING IN "LOVE AND HISSES"?

Yes, Simone really did sing in this film . . . and very nicely too, we think. She's an individual with a delightful personality, and we're grateful to France for her.

IS TYRONE POWER REALLY ALTAR BOUND WITH JANET GAYNOR?

Frankly, we don't know the details . . . but just the same we're not betting in favor of it. They're an attractive couple—and it is excellent publicity for both, so, why not?

ARE JOAN CRAWFORD AND FRANCHOT TONE REALLY GOING TO SPLIT?

No...no...a thousand times no.... if they do, no one will be more surprised than your trusting reporter. They're a grand, congenial couple, with so many mutual interests, it would be down-right terrific to see them go their separate ways.

IS IT TRUE THAT WAYNE MORRIS IS CONCEITED OFF SCREEN AND HAS LET HIS SUCCESS GO TO HIS HEAD?

This reporter has only seen Mr. Morris once. It would not be fair to judge him, despite the fact that we were not favorably impressed. He's tall and very Wayne Morrisish off-screen, if you know what we mean. Young and tan and refreshing in appearance. A bit too conscious of the fact that he has met over-night fame. On the other hand, those who really know him term him a "swell guy." There are always two sides to every story . . . so . . . we'll let it go at that!

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO GLORIA SWAN-SON'S MUCH-DISCUSSED COME-BACK?

Gloria practically wore herself to a frazzle reading numerous scripts, but was unable to find any suitable vehicle for a screen come-back, so she packed her trunks and hied herself East for a brief vacation. Then she decided to make New York her permanent headquarters and try the stage . . . . We no sooner resign ourselves to this news, when BANG, we learn she has signed a long term contract with REPUBLIC . . . Swell!

# AMONG THE CLUBS:

As every member of the FAN CLUB FEDERATION knows, we have very strict rules in our organization—rules which we insist must be adhered to. President Irene Brettmann informs me that many complaints have reached her desk this past month about CARL ANDERSON, 1109 So. 22nd St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin . . . We have investi-

gated these complaints and are making a public announcement, in effect, that the Federation no longer recognizes any of the clubs headed by Mr. Anderson either in the past or the future. Incidentally, our dismissing Mr. Anderson from our worthy organization is no reflection on the kindness of the stars who generously sanction his forming clubs in their honor. It is fans like this one who create ill feeling on the part of stars and the thousands of worthy followers who boost them.

FRIENDSHIP... as descriptive a word as ever popped out of Mr. Webster's big book . . . came flying our way from across the sea. It's a snappy, variety filled Fan Club magazine with a most capable Editor named Mollie Hart at the Editorial desk. This publication is so excellent that it merits newstand space, and we'll wager that's exactly what it is headed for. English films may not be all they should be . . . but this sample of English Movie News will cause many of our American club prexies to sit up and start competing. Hurrah for London . . . Hurrah for Mollie Hart . . . and we'll send details on request.

# MORE QUESTIONS:

DO YOU HAVE TO HAVE A QUESTION BOX? I DON'T LIKE THEM! LORRAINE MASON.

No, Lorraine, we don't have to, and we're sorry you don't like the idea . . . we appreciate your frankness, and you will note that we have less "Question Box" and more "Club Notes" this issue. However, lots and lots of folks are applauding our questions, so what's a scribbler to do?

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO JERRIE MATATIA'S BETTE DAVIS CLUB?

This club has been disbanded, however, Bette Davis fans really should drop a note to Martha Ferguson who has an up-and-coming new one in Bette's honor.

I SENT DUES TO THE ALICE FAYE CLUB, BUT HAVE RECEIVED NO RESPONSE. HOW ABOUT IT?

This is not the first complaint of this sort. We have contacted Jean Young, President of this organization, and also contacted Alice Faye fans interested in joining, but we are doing nothing about them until further notice. This Faye gal is plenty popular, Jean Young, so wake up and show us some action.

WHAT ON EARTH HAS HAPPENED TO THE JUNE CLYDE CLUB? I NOTICE THAT IT IS NO LONGER LISTED IN THE FEDERATION'S CLUB LIST.

The June Clyde Club has been and will continue to be inactive, since Miss Clyde has practically decided to continue gracing English screens. At the moment, she is playing in Ed Wynn's Broadway show, and gaining lots of column raves for her fine work. June has always wanted to do a Broadway show, and her ambition has been successfully realized.

# THIS AND THAT

DOTTIE MAE HULSE has been appointed Hollywood Representative of Mollie Hart's "Friendship" magazine previously mentioned in this issue . . . . VAUGHN PLATZER, saleslady — still on the road — she already knows practically every foot of ground in the U. S. A. and she's still going strong, lucky gal . . . . RADIO GUIDE has a new writer—JANE GREENBERG, prexy of the Lane Sisters Club. Nice spread of pictures of Jane with

details of the club's history in a recent issue . . . . MARIAN DOMMER, president of the Joan Crawford club speaking for Joan's thousands of fans from every New York newspaper in conjunction wth plugs for "Mannequin." Proof again that fans words carry weight . . . . MARGARET CONNELL, president of the EVELYN VENABLE club will be in Hollywood when you read this, as the guest of Evelyn and Hal Mohr. . . . MARIONNE OPPEN-HEIM, ANNE RAND and MARION HESSE trooping backstage to visit wth JUNE CLYDE, and sending plaudits for June's work to your writer . . . RUTH FIFFER sporting a new fur coat, and still whizzing a snappy and interesting club paper our way . . . Ruth has the PAUL KELLY club . . . . FAITH FERRIS greeting her friends via the mails with a portrait of herself smiling atcha'. is still doing super-nicely with the JAMES ELLISON organization . . . . The CRAIG REYNOLDS club now has headquarters in San Francisco under the very capable leadership of ALMA CALLIGAN. Write this subscriber for details. They're really going places. A swell enthusiastic bunch of fans up 'Frisco way, with CRAIG, NELSON EDDY and DICK POWELL as top favorites of the majority . . . . Another fan club gal makes good and has for some time though we have overlooked her in this column . . . we apologize to HELEN RAETHER and want to tell you how much we enjoy your Hollywood columnparticularly that grand write-up on our favorite actor, CRAIG REYNOLDS . . . . THE GINGER ROGERS CLUB celebrating its fourth anniversary under the guidance of that top-notch fan magazine editor, MARION HESSE . . . . We don't see much of HARMONY HAYNES these days, unfortunately, as she's THAT busy writing-and Harmony really knows HOW! . . . . We predict mammoth success for lovely FLORENCE GEORGE whose first picture has yet to be released, but who is already known and admired by hundreds of radio listeners . . . . MARTHA FERGUSON is not only president of the STARLYTE SYNDICATE, but conducts three fan clubs-and we mean she really DOES . . . every one of them is excellent—there's the BASIL RATH-BONE club, the ERROL FLYNN club, and more recently, the BETTE DAVIS club. Martha writes that ERROL certainly isn't conceited; that he has been swell to her; that he writes the nicest letters; and recently sent her a handsome copy of "ROBIN HOOD," which he went to the trouble of having the cast autograph . . . DARLYNE BETTS who was visited by CRAIG REYNOLDS when she was seriously ill, expressing her appreciation for CRAIG'S kindness by whipping up a swell fruit cake with 27 ingredients in it-hey-do you want OUR address, Darlyne? . . . LUCILE CARLSON, president of the ALICE WHITE club has more personality than anyone we know . . . she numbers some of our biggest stars and writers among her friends, and tops that off with a couple of Duchesses! . . . . MARY MUNGER, president of the LANNY ROSS GIRLS' CLUB writes: "We gave Lanny a stamp album for his birthday, which exactly matches his other albums. He is an ardent collector you know. This was his wife's suggestion. She sent us full details regarding the type of album and Lanny certainly was pleased about it." . . . . Good luck to EDNA ROGERS, who is really going to town with her EDDIE DUCHIN CLUB. Every three months a copy of "Duchin Key Notes" reaches you upon subscription.. There are members from all over the United States as well as Canada, Australia, Hawaii and Cuba . . . . HEAR YE! HEAR YE! MRS. ARLETTE JOHNSON, president of the MYRNA LOY club has been very ill, and needs some assistance with her club for awhile. Is there any fan in our midst who will volunteer

to aid Arlette as VICE PRESIDENT of her organization? Write your scribbler, and we'll pass the word along . . . LILLIAN BLOOM still popping splendid CHARLES IGOR GORIN club magazine our way . . . . DOT MARTIN has merged her fine club for DICK POWELL with that conducted by CAROL DOSE and FRANCES FEATHER. That's our idea of unselfish interest in their favorite star—not one girl seeking the glory—but all three working for a specific cause—they can't fail, and don't really need our wishes for good luck, so instead we'll offer our congratulations to them on their far-sightedness, and give a loud cheer for their fine first co-publication . . . . MATTY FAIN calling us via phone for a chat . . . watch for him in BOY OF THE STREETS . . . he's been getting raves and from all we hear, deserves them . . . . the GENE RAYMOND club, headed by RICHARD CAR-ROLL are sporting club pins these days—silver plated and very attractive carrying the following initials, "G.R.F.C. GLENNA RILEY, head of the CHEVALIER-MACDONALD club is one of the Federation's most loyal boosters. Thanks for all you've done, Glenna . . . . MIKE BUTLER is an ardent MARIE WILSON fan . . . . we ditto that, Mike.

## "THE WEARIN O' THE GREEN"

And this is certainly the month for it . . . Hurrah for St. Patrick—and another hurrah for the Irish. There's PAT O'BRIEN, for instance, as lovable an Irishman as ever wandered away from the 'uld sod to rise to success on our movie screens. A personality all his own, and a love-life story which sounds like some chapter torn from the year's prize best-seller. The story of gaiety and sorrow, of suspense and laughter, and of course, there's the happy happy ending . . . . the O'Brien's marital life is a credit and contradiction to Hollywood's usual predictions for Marriage versus Success. And Pat's screen career proves equally as surprising-for, like the steady brook, it flows on and on -call it the luck of the Irish, if you will-personally, we'll toss in some admiration for the Irish gumption, pluck and talent . . . . BRIAN DONLEVY—laughing Irish eyes and the gay Irish wit which leads to friendships, lasting ones, love, also lasting, and success in his chosen field . . . . Then there is the gorgeous little MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, as dainty a Colleen as ever graced any magazine cover. Shining black hair, big blue eyes, peaches and cream complexion—a soft little voice, a dimpled smile, warm, vibrant. gifted, and she tops that off with a name who's origin needs no explanation . . . . "Variety," 'tis said, 'is the spice of life.' So now we give you PATSY KELLY . . . good ole' Kelly ... a voice like the results of a traffic tie-up, a face to match, a lovable grin, and a figure that wouldn't make Venus jealous . . . but, don't yell, Patsy, we love you just the same! . . . . Handsome ERROL FLYNN, ditto PHIL REGAN, (one flat-foot that really made good), but definitely! . . . . and SPENCER TRACY, who even has Irish freckles, strange as it seems! Which reminds us . . For this year's Academy award we shouted SPENCER TRACY for his performance in "Captain's Courageous." . . . and a special award to little MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN for getting away from those Tarzan roles and proving her worth in others to which she is much better suited.

Thus we conclude another month of fan club news, questions and answers, and a discussion, which we hope will merit some action on the part of the studio fan mail departments. So long, and for no particular reason, other then we're "green" conscious . . . "The top O' the Marnin' to yuh," and here's chucking a grapefruit at JIMMY CAGNEY, just by way of letting him know we haven't forgotten his nationality, or his swell performances!

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# SAN FRANCISCO LOW-DOWN . . . . .

#### • By Steve Terry

Red Nichols and his torrid trumpet are due to give the Bay Cities the pleasure of seeing him and his boys in action at Sweets on the 13th, El Patio on the 14th . . . Carvel Craig is swinging along in nice style. He will do transcontinentals soon . . . Roger Pryor is gaining in popularity at the St. Francis, he gets in the groove a good deal and pleases muchly, but would suggest that he tone down the cob of corn. That novelty is in danger of being overdone, but Roger delights the Francis patronage with his sweet-swing . . . Henry King quietly entertains his following at the Fairmont. He is never touted as a sensation, yet has a big listening audience over the airways and his spot is always packed when others are slack. His music is pleasing and the dancable kind . . . The De Marcos are appearing with King for a short time before leaving for London engagements . . . Joe Reichman is a No. 1 Maestro in town. The many Peacock Courters prove this. He's always jolly, friendly and ever ready to play those many request numbers in his own inimitable way . . . Joe Sanders (Ole Lefthander) looks to be in for a long stay on the Coast. He'll no doubt be trekking south to Hollywood and Los Angeles soon to add further to his laurels . . . Everett Hoagland leaves El Patio on the 18th for the Baker in Dallas . . . Sid Hoff, local boy, takes over the baton with his crew the 19th at aforesaid El Patio .. Jack Winston had to leave the Bal Tabarin on the 4th. But for good reasons: a screen test at Warner Brothers. Then a series of one-nighters and up North again . . . Carl Ravazza at the Sir Francis Drake for a short while . . . Jess Stafford at the Lake Merritt Hotel . . . Jimmy Walsh batons at Sweets . . . Hal Dreiske, former Horace Heidt arranger, takes his band into Bal Tabarin and features the charming Dorothy Allen, KFRC songstress. . . . Correction: Kim Kimmel's reported regular broadcasting was a misquote in last month's issue. However, a program is being contemplated for her in the very near future, and swing fans will welcome this newcomer to the airways on the electric organ . . . Johnny O'Brien and his Harmonica Highhats continue their regular NBC broadcasts, now coming from the Persian Room of Sir Francis Drake where they opened on the 7th. HOTELS-

A decided improvement has been noticed in the better class spots in the Bay Cities. Bal Tabarin has both wings opened, and capacity crowds every night in the week. First class acts are being used. The large rooms of the Palace, St. Francis, Sir Francis Drake, Whitcomb, Mark Hopkins and Fairmont Hotels are all enjoying better patronage. The Lido Club, and Moderne and Deauville are in the same trend, while across the Boy, the Lake Merritt Hotel and El Rancho Club are getting their share of the increase. Only the cheaper spots and those where the "Bee Girl" used to abound are suffering. In the same breath, it might be well to mention that some of the cheaper spots are putting on good shows, serving good food, and no cover and no "Bees", but still the going is rough. "Bee" spots are dark, except the bars that light up every block.

#### EXTRA ORCHIDS—

The singing of that handsome gentleman, Phil Tully, featured singer in many pictures, on the radio, operas, and musical comedies. Someone is missing a bet here by not signing him for one of the above fields . . . The Three C Trio and Marie Roberts, members of Carvel Craig's band,

do an unusual arrangement that pleases . . . Ray and Bee Goman at the Music Box. They sing and dance.

#### PERSONALITIES—

The Albins are billed at the Bal Tabarin as the "Nutmost in Dancing" . . . Harry Stockwell, the voice of the prince in "Snow White," is Prince Charming himself . . . Grey and Kathleen in a breath-taking adagio . . . Darlene Walders, a diminutive, dynamic danseuse . . . B. B. B., our friend from Hollywood, handling the shows very capably at the Moderne, where Joe Morello, the genial manager is smiling gaily the past few weeks. We suspect business is better . . . Rue Shepard, that "Sophisticated Singer of Songs," was caught by the camera's eye while drinking a toast to her many San Francisco friends upon her return to the Moderne. She was so happy to be back again in San Francisco that she carried her glass to the microphone three times . . .

Lane Truesdale, singer with Roger Pryor's orchestra has Umph . . . Fisher & White the Merry Maniacs comedy piano and vocal team, in their take-off on Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. White is the live dummy. Other numbers are good but this dummy skit is about to a perfection ... That line of cuties at the Deauville trained by Helene Hughes of F. & M. They are young, pretty and their routines are clever and well executed. Frank De Goff manages the spot. . . BUDDA the conductor of the amateur shows over KFRC, has gained an enviable record nationally. He also is called upon to take dramatic parts at the various stations. Calling All Cars gets him very often. KPO and KSFO have him on regular programs. . . JIMMY HOL-LYWOOD, Syd Chatton and Ed Bartlett the three Radio Rogues holding forth at the Bal. Trio familiar figures in flickers . . . BILL ASHBY has brought Bill Duffin back again to the Royal Hawaiian Club, where Mel Peterson and Rosie Cohan are the featured acts on the floor show. Frank De Voe master of ceremonies. Mel writes many of the songs that are featured there and darling Mary Lane changes off with him singing the numbers. . . . BAL TABARIN plays host to movie stars and famous folks almost every night in the week. . . . ROOSEVELT THE-ATRE Oakland books big name acts every week. . . . NOR-MAN NAZAAR, newcomer to California, continues on as M. C. and increases in popularity each week. Norman is a clever performer. He is young, nice looking, a good dancer and not a bad singer.

DID YOU KNOW the gent at the stage door at the Roosevelt is Louie Kolb brother of the famous Clarence Kolb (Kolb & Dill). Louie has a favorite pastime making monkey charms out of peach stones and giving them to the acts each week for souvenirs.

Listening to the Ole Lefthander talk to you over the airways makes you feel like you almost know him personally. Well if you do meet him personally you will find him just that same fine character. His friendly genuineness and remarkable personality grows upon you with every meeting. Just a common ordinary guy like all of us and likes to have others feel the same way about him. His invitations to luncheons, parties and a dozen other things keep him going so much that he hardly finds time to sneak away to let down his hair. Joe is liable to find himself being offered movie contracts when he hits the South City. Whether dancing or listening to his music you never tire of it. Jane Kaye possesses those same fine qualities and is always smiling even when vocalizing before the mike.

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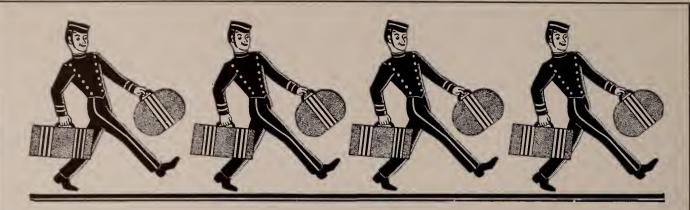
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# FROM OUR READERS

RACINE, WIS.—The Mae West articles amused me quite a bit and I'd like to show it to some of the "prudes" at the office, but there are so many of them there that I'm afraid I couldn't defend myself.—(Name withheld by request).

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I've seen several good movies of late. Liked most of them. Topping are "Mannequin", "Wells Fargo", and "Happy Landing." . . . Seen a number of stars too. Judy Garland, Jack LaRue, Vince Barnett, Gertrude Niesen and oh so many more. All did well in New York . . . . I hoped Frances Farmer's "Golden Boy" won Pulitzer prize. It's magnificent—Elaine Poliment.

LONDON, ENGLAND—I went to see a film some time ago. Sonja Henie in "Lovely To Look At." I was greatly interested in the comedienne in the film by the name of Joan Davis. Haven't heard anything about her over here, but she certainly ought to get a big part. She's got the kind of humor that will appeal to British audiences—Doris Statters.

COLUMBUS, OHIO—I thought I'd be the town's show when I reached town, but Mae West arrived with me. I was met by a taxi. Not a cop in sight. Mae was met by a squad of policemen, a 30-piece brass band and 60-odd autos driven by curious males. Of course I bear Mae no ill will. We both do our work for the world. She in her way, and I in mine.—Marion Rubinstein.

DETROIT, MICH.—Thanks for mailing me the Hollywood Low-Down. They had sold out at the newsstands and I wouldn't have missed an issue for the world. Sometime I expect to come back to Hollywood and leave the cold lake country forever. Then I'll see some of these people I look forward to reading about every month.—Parke Hanner.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Your article, "All Hell Broke Loose" was called to my attention the other day while visiting Milwaukee. To say it pleased me mightily is putting it mildly indeed! For one to have the "intestinal fortitude" to come out in print with his convictions as you did . . . for one, further, to have the ability to forcefully put into no uncertain words those convictions . . . is a rare combination of straight thinking and rare talent.—Louis Epstein.

BOSTON, MASS.—While we have enjoyed the magazine during the past six years, we would like to have the answers to the "Do You Know?" department appear in the back of the book. . . . Yours for more gossip.—Alcott B. Simmons.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In looking over the hundred and one magazines on a local newsstand, we came across your publication . . . we like the frankness, but how about news behind the news that actually happens in Hollywood?—Lucille Bard Vaughn.

SUVA, FIJI—The natives here enjoy your magazine ... why don't we see more of Evelyn Venable ... she's such a fine actress.— $Tommy\ Tucker$ .

# DO YOU KNOW?

THAT the wife of a film director had better watch her step or she will lose her meal ticket? It seems that she has gone overboard for an erstwhile actor, and is being seen about with him in public.

THAT a former silent screen actress divorced a stage producer and writer in Reno? Her so-called friends advised her to get a divorce stating that her husband kept her off the screen. The real truth is that the husband actually helped the girl in the past, and unless we miss our guess she'll come crawling back to him.

THAT an actor married to a very wealthy girl is drowning his sorrows by squiring another girl around town? Meanwhile it develops that the girl is married and welcomes the change of scenery in the company of the actor.

THAT the physical culture director at one of the major studios has been paying too much attention to one of the better stars? The star happens to be married, and her husband is watching the outcome of the affair.

THAT an assistant director cancels the calls for the girls who have failed to give-in to his wishes? On the other hand, the girls who are receiving most calls for work are listed in his little black book. It seems unfair and someone should relay this news to the head of the studio.

THAT after spending \$28,000 on a story, a studio woke up to the fact that they did not own the rights to the story since 1932? Which explains why stories are shelved.

THAT an actress is suing a studio because her part was completely cut from the picture she was to appear in? It will be the first time that such a case has been in court.

THAT despite denials, the domestic troubles of a star and his actress wife, will soon make front page headlines? Both players are in the top bracket and they have had considerable home-battling of late.

THAT the shake-up in the personnel of one of the studios will affect the higher-ups? The big moguls who have been in charge are all in for a spring house-cleaning—with New York heads coming out to take charge.

THAT an actor recently returned from a vacation in Mexico City was surprised on arriving there, to learn that the girl he thought had remained in Hollywood, was also vacationing at the Mexican resort? The strange part of the item is that the actor left for Mexico to get away from the girl.

THAT a director has been courting one of his chorus cuties? During an evening of fun with his girl friend at the beach, the pair ran into the husband—needless to say a battle royal was soon started with the director getting the worst of the fracas.

THAT since one of the more important radio broadcasts was switched on the airlanes, the audience has suddenly fallen off? The star of the show blames it on the switch in time—but the sponsor suddenly realized that the popularity of the star has waned.

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# A P R I L I S S U E

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# HOLLYWOOD LOW-DOWN

Jimmy Valentine . . . Editor and Publisher

Alice Van Norman . . . . . Art Editor

Volume VI APRIL, 1938

Number 4



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# THE REAL LOW-DOWN..

BITS OF GOSSIP

Chiseling Females . . .

Yes, there are a lot of gals in Hollywood who make their money without giving—that is if you except trouble. They can give you a lot of it!

Witness the case of a prominent western star who recently took a "rap" just to keep the case out of the headlines. On more than one occasion, the lady was told to keep away from the star's ranch but she persisted in making herself obnoxious. When the star left on a p. a. trip she high-tailed it after him, catching him in Memphis where the local squire assessed the star fifty bucks for presumably taking a crack at the girl. He figgered he'd rather pay the fine than fight the case.

And, while this is only one case that has seen the light of day recently, we know of one or two other females who are making life miserable for some of our cinema favorites.

#### On Way Out . . .

There's a well-known comedian in our fair village that bids fair to lose his wife as well as his contract if he doesn't hitch up his belt and turn serious attention to the job of being an ace comic. The flowing bowl and glamour girls do not mix so well with marital bliss and film success. Nor do those night clubs add anything to reputation.

#### Checkbook Wins Again . . .

He was tight when the car stopped for gas. He was seen taking a healthy slug from a bottle before he started on his way. He was driving on the wrong side of the street. He collided with another car, knocking the occupant unconscious. His own charming companion lost the sight of one eye.

And, he entered a plea of "not guilty" to the charge of driving while intoxicated.

The laugh in the gag is that this chap—who is a motion picture director, if you please—got away with it. High powered attorneys and a ready hand on the bottom of his checks brought out the white wash brush.

#### Speaking of Checks . . .

Several pretty Hollywood gals gave testimony recently which resulted in holding a local publicity agent for superior court trial on eight counts of forgery and issuing checks without sufficient funds.

His is really a case of biting the hand that feeds him for he not only took his clients into camp but he asked the secretary to an editor of a screen magazine to endorse a check that bounced.

#### Pet Dislikes . . .

There is the fellow who aspires to be a writer—and his stuff is so much junk—who gets into our hair every time we see him. Speaking always in the thousands, he never has a dime. In fact, wise though the town is to him, he manages to get in on dinner parties and the like with the promise to pay his share of the expenses the next day. But, as usual, the day never comes. He's tolerated because his wife seems to be alright but she can't do a thing with the father of her child so she holds on . . . just hoping.

#### Playboy Pays Piper . . .

One of Hollywood's widely publicized playboys got himself a private detective to find out if his true love was true. They socked him three grand, gave him their report and lots of free newspaper space. Not content, he sued the detectives for an accounting claiming that he should not have been charged all of that oughday for a little job like shadowing his sweetie. Of course, the judge ruled for the coppers after—yop, you guessed it—the playboy got what he wanted. Lots and lots of news space. The fact that he aired a mess of dirty linen bothered this "scion of a wealthy California family" little. It got him in the papers.

We're wondering what escapade will be credited to him next. We venture the guess that it will be a divorce from his current rave whom he recently wed despite hell and high water and the wrath of his family.

#### You Figger it Out . . .

When a woman writer loses money at roulette she is merely playing for recreation. When her husband drops a roll playing chemin-de-fer, he makes a bad investment.

At least, so ruled the Board of Tax Appeals which found that the man could deduct his losses because he played in anticipation of profit while his wife could not deduct hers because she played for fun. The board, however, did not explain how it reached the conclusion that the writer was not expecting to win when she placed her money on the line.

If you can figger it out, you might let us know. We might be able to use it to advantage come next March 15.

### It Happened . . .

But not very often. And, as a matter of record, the Superior Court sustained the verdict.

What:

Oh yes. It was a suit brought by a pair of writers against a studio, exhibitor and stars for plagiarism. They proved that certain situations and gags appearing in a money-making pic appeared in an original script that they had submitted to the studio a year or so previous. They garnered \$10,000 for winning their point.

### Busted Romance Notes . . .

As usual, the month's record of blasted romances is long. It takes in the great and near great—none of whom apparently can keep the skeleton hidden.

Lend an ear to the tale of the director. He's one of the tops but he "often becomes sulky and uses insulting language" and, to quote the lady, "has pursued a course of conduct which has destroyed the purposes of matrimony."

So, instead of marking their 25th anniversary of married life this year—they were wed in 1913—they will tell it to the judge.

Then, there is the sad, sad case of the little lady whose husband beat her so severely that she will be unable to accept any employment for a year.

It may be publicity, for the "artiste" is comparatively unknown. She only lived with the chap a few months and he is not listed among the moneyed boys. So it must have been romance that made her forget the movies and marry.

Also curdled is the wedding bliss of the writer of a best-seller of a few years ago. He, too, was possessed of a violent temper, frequently called his wife names and insulted her before guests. (That complaint, by the by, is one regularly used—a new angle for divorce would certainly give the scribes a break).

The judge agreed that he didn't do right by his Nell so he upped the costs to 400 bucks weekly for two years plus \$225 for each week in the next two years.



13 Cuties from Hollywood



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# WE'RE TELLING YOU

#### **EDITORIAL COMMENT**

### "At Liberty"—WHY?

Does ability count in Hollywood?

We've often wondered as we view the passing parade from the side lines and see the array of stellar talent-all of it proven—that goes by unnoticed by movie moguls. It has always been a copy-book axiom that experience and knowledge go hand in hand with success. But the contrary seems to be the rule rather than exception in this fair Cinemaland.

Let's just highlight a few.

EDDIE QUILLAN. A swell trouper, a seasoned actor, a regular fellow and always doing his best for audiences. His last break was in "Mutiny On The Bounty"—and except for minor parts, he has been "at liberty" since, waiting for an opportunity to show more of his wares.

HAL MOHR. An Academy award winner in 1936 for his cinematography on "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and later director of "When Love Is Young" and today waiting for some studio to make use of his talents and experience. Certainly another very flagrant example that ability apparently does not count in Hollywood. Mohr has proven that he has everything necessary to turn out winners.

MURIEL EVANS. Blonde, beauteous, capable—another talented individual who, in the light of past experience, is not getting the breaks that experience justifies. Her list of successes is long but just to recall a few let us mention "Manhattan Melodrama", "Hideout", "The Prize Fighter and the Lady" and "Rustlers' Valley". This young lady too, has what it takes.

CHARLES MAXWELL. For seven years under contract to M-G-M and now "free lancing." It's to laugh! The man who did the complete musical scores on "The Lancer Spy", "This Is My Affair", "The Magnificent Brute", "The White Hunter", "Girls' Dormitory" and aided in arranging the music for "Heidi", "Parole", "Lost Horizon" and many others, is trying to get set with some studio capable of appreciating his fine music.

SAM FULLER. Here's a writer schooled by the studios. He has turned out capable originals and screenplays. He has ability and experience. But his ideas fall on deaf ears when it comes to moving up into the higher salary brackets. There must be something radically wrong when a man trained in the ways of Hollywood and its studio needs cannot find an outlet for his product, the kind of wares Hollywood has

taught him to produce.

FREDRIK LAWRENCE. For two years under the Warner banner. His last-"Talent Scout"-got the nod from the critics who did not hesitate to stamp an enthusiastic okay on the young man's work. He's young, clean-cut, personable-and, must we mention it again-experienced. He, too, is standing by while the search for new talent swirls about his head and the hand of Fate finds a resting place on less capable shoulders.

KIDS. Recently we heard a producer say that he wanted a youngster who has done things in pictures to double for one of the big name kid stars because he had more between the ears. That's the tale time and again. Youngsters who have proved that they can produce are passed over or made to take "leftovers" while the fat roles are turned over to

newcomers with nothing on the ball.

Isolated cases? No, just a few of the many, many that have come to our attention. Real talent souring in the vinegar of studio indifference! Get wise, Mr. Producer. There is plenty of green grass right in your own back yard that can be turned into the greenbacks you like so well.

#### Will H. Hays Reports

The annual report of his stewardship of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors organization—presented as usual late last month by Will H. Hays, president—is always interesting and enlightening. Through the far-reaching arms of his sources of information and fact, Hays' findings bring a revealing picture of the industry and its pros-

Naturally, much dry statistical information is supplied. He tells for instance, that "notwithstanding the many themes and treatments developed for screen entertainment, it is notable that Westerns and other action pictures retain their perennial popularity. More than 30% . . . were films in that category. Over 10% of the total output consisted of musical pictures, the remaining 60% were spread over a great number of classifications . . .

Or-to quote again-"... the larger part of the boxoffice dollar remains in the city or town in which the theatre is situated. Taking a general average, it is evident that from 65% to 70% . . . is spent in the community . . . Mr. Hays cites 34% as representing film rentals!

But the remarkable thing that runs all through the report is the general spirit of optimism. One gathers that the industry is not going to the merry bow-wows despite the cries of the alarmists. No retrenchment is planned. As a matter of fact, greater schedules, more elaborate productions and more epic pictures are slated throughout the business. Even the smaller, independent producers are feeling the desire to get on the band wagon and turn out the kind of products that exhibitors can sell.

SO-there ain't no depression or recession in the motion picture business, 85,000,000 people visiting the box office weekly can't be wrong!

#### The Kid's Dilemma

"Jackie hasn't a leg to stand on. The law is on our side. Our lawyers tell us that anything a child earns before he is 21 belongs to the parents."

With that statement the step-father of Jackie Coogan hopes to acquire the millions earned by the Kid of silent film days. By a mere word he hopes to deprive the youngster of the gold he made as the idol of millions. With a shrug of the shoulder he implies that he does not give a tinker's continental if the Kid has any money or not.

We don't know what you call it. We'd like to call it grand larceny. True, there may be a law. But it is to be hoped that a serious-minded judge will interpret the spirit of the law as well as the letter.

Jackie deserves what he has earned. Too, his Mother is entitled to her fair share. But the conniving step-father who wants the whole hog should be kicked in the slack of the trousers for even suggesting the idea that he should have the dough and not the Kid who earned it.

We've mentioned this before and will probably have to do it time and again. Hollywood is full of chiselers and sometimes the "family" is the worst offender. It is just unfortunate that the greed for gold makes monkeys out of

So, Jackie, here's rooting for you. We know that every loyal Kid fan-and all of those who knew you only by your reputation of old—are hoping you'll win your case.



# ALEXANDER RAGS HIS BAND AGAIN .....

•By Open Braddagher

"Hey you, get down off there! You know the rules. Wanna get hurt?"

An overall-clad electrician bellowed the order at the scampering figure of a doughboy in khaki high up on the catwalk above a sound stage at 20th Century-Fox. The trespasser hesitated, acknowledged the authority with a cheery "Okay, boss" and started to climb down, the electrician meanwhile mumbling something about those blankety-blank extras getting away with murder. Naturally, he was a bit nonplussed, to say the least, when he discovered the "extra" to be Tyrone Power who had tried to get an unusual shot of the cast of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" with his own camera. We got a laugh although we could appreciate why the mistake, for Power looked just like some 2000 other men engaged in the making of war scenes for this dramatic spectacle currently engaging the attention of Darryl Zanuck, production chief on the story centering around Irving Berlin and his music.

At any rate it was a pleasant introduction to our visit to the set. So, for that matter, was our entire stay. After all we were witnessing the making of a production that has cost \$2,275,000 to film. That alone brought visions. And the cast—supported in various scenes by numerous characters, bit and 7,000 extras—was something to tickle the fancy of the most avid movie fan. Just look at the list: There is Tyrone, Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Ethel Merman, Jean Hersholt, Helen Westley, Wally Vernon, Ruth Terry, John Carradine, Douglas Fowley, Chick Chandler, Paul Hurst, Eddie Collins, Donald Douglas, Jack Pennick and Stanley Andrews. Now ain't that sumptin'?

Our statistically-minded guide from the publicity department spouted the greatest this, the most lavish that and the most expensive something or other. We took some notes

and as they seemed interesting we pass them on.

For instance, "Alexander's Ragtime Band" was before the cameras 60 days under the direction of Henry King and the associate producership of Harry Joe Brown. The dramatic sequences of the pic were built around 32 world famous Berlin hits and three new swing melodies he composed particularly for the sweeping climax of the picture. (Berlin, by the way, has composed more than 600 tunes, my dears.)

Too, we were particularly impressed—or at least seemed to be—when our host mentioned that 85 separate huge sets were required and that two—the Cliff House at Frisco and the Plantation Cafe in Culver City as it was in 1918—cost

But enough of cold figures. Let's look at the yarn.

\$275,000!

The film's sweep and scope may be emphasized by pointing out that the stress of the picture is on the dramatic side rather than musical. The song numbers are woven into a triangular love story with Tyrone, Alice and Don, from the time the spectacle opens on Frisco's colorful Barbary Coast in 1911—the time Alexander's Ragtime Band was introduced. From San Francisco, the picture action shifts to New York, to an Army camp during the World War, thence to France, back to New York's Broadway, then to Greenwich Village, to London, and back to famed Carnegie Hall for the grand finale.

This picture brings to the screen what is probably the world's highest priced non-playing orchestra. Director King supplied us with the details. When the picture went into production, the greatest problem confronting him, he

said, was the fact that none of his cast knew music. Power, who has the role of an orchestra leader who ostensibly plays the violin, had to go to school in the studio's music department for six months before shooting started in order not only to learn to finger the violin strings, but also how to conduct an orchestra and lead a choral unit. Don Ameche had to learn to simulate piano playing. Jack Haley had to learn how to play the drums while Wally Vernon took lessons on the piccolo. Chick Chandler had to learn to play the trombone. King didn't have to worry much about Berlin-who doesn't know music technically-or Alice Faye, who never had a voice lesson in her life. Both, long ago, had learned to overcome such "minor" deficiencies. When he finally had his music school "graduates" lined up, King-for every scene—had a musical expert on the set for each instrument in the orchestra so an absolute check for visual perfection could be made. A real orchestra's playing was dubbed in.

Berlin was on the set every day to watch production, we were told. He almost always sought an inconspicuous spot. There was always one outstanding point to his visit however. He never sat down during one of his numbers. You could see him standing, with his right toe tapping the time. Just before the scene opened, he would nervously walk the floor. He said that he never dreamed of anything like this \$2,275,000 production when he was composing at \$25 a week in the lean days. The picture is very close to him, not only because it contains the greatest songs he ever composed, but because it is built around the favorite of all his melodies.

Most of Berlin's 600 odd songs were composed on a piano he bought in 1910 for \$100. He still has it and uses it in his work today. Since his musical ear has an F-sharp range, Berlin installed a gear-shift lever which shifts the entire

keyboard to any other key.

Berlin plays only on the black keys in F-sharp. When he composes, he has a musical technician write the notes down—much in the same manner a business man dictates a letter—since Berlin can't read music and has had only one or two piano lessons in his life. He never learned to play in any formal, approved academic manner.

Sometimes, Berlin says, in composing, the lyrics or title comes first and sometimes the melody. It varies. But there is one thing the famed songsmith is positive about—the lyrics are the hardest to do. He slaves over them, he declares.

After working at his piano for so long, Berlin now has a perfect mental picture of the keyboard and can compose while lying on the beach in the sunshine, the notes tinkling over the mental keyboard until the musical pattern is complete and the lyrics are written. Then he plays the piece in its entirety and the technician takes it down.

It may sound simple, but Berlin says it isn't in the least. He works hard over each piece. He doesn't believe that anything in music, literature, art or any of the other creative fields that is worth anything is done in a moment and without

much hard labor.

As in every field of activity, death never takes a holiday. The set of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" was no exception. But we mention the fact only because it brought to light another example of the human-ness behind the bright lights and color. Al Wark, foreman of the "grips lot", died. But his widow and children will always live in the monument erected to Al's memory by the cast and fellow-workers. They raised enough money to purchase a lot, buy all material for a house, and the carpenters, electricians and studio

Continued on Page 17



Hexander's Ragtime Band TYRONE POWER DON AMEGHE



# REELS OF FILM IN REVIEW .....

# "TEST PILOT" (M-G-M)

• Here's the standout for the month—and, put a note on your cuff that this pic will probably be on the first ten lists for 1938. Might even emerge as the Academy award winner! It certainly has everything in full measure—a thrilling story, star names that always assure the maximum in performance, expert direction and all the ingredients that make for top production. You've never seen Clark Gable, Myrna Loy or Spencer Tracy in finer fettle. They give and give. So too, do the supporting players and Lionel Barrymore, Samuel S. Hinds, Marjorie Main, Ted Pearson, Gloria Holden, Louis Jean Heydt, Virginia Grey, Priscilla Lawson, Claudia Coleman and Arthur Aylesworth can all point to "Test Pilot" as a momentous milestone in their careers. Victor Fleming directed this epic of the men who risk their lives testing planes penned by Frank Wead which Vincent Lawrence and Waldemar Young turned into a screenplay. The camera work was in the capable hands of Ray June and no one can challenge his resourcefulness. All told, "Test Pilot" meets every test.

### "GO CHASE YOURSELF"

(R.K.O.-Radio)

• Add a batch of new gags, an abundance of laugh lines and crazy situations to the proven ability of Joe Penner to entertain and please and you have a comedy that will keep you in stitches. That's "Go Chase Yourself"—Joe's latest and best. Paul Yawitz and Bert Granet did this screenplay from an original by Walter O'Keefe. Robert Sisk rates the raves for quality production while Edward F. Cline's direction again reveals his mastery of comedy. Lucille Ball, Richard Lane, June Travis, Fritz Feld, Tom Kennedy, Granville Bates, George Irving, Arthur Stone, Edith Craig, Jack Carson and Frank M. Thomas ably aid the Park Avenue playboy in his shinnanigans.

### "NURSE FROM BROOKLYN"

(Universal)

• An old pattern—cops and robbers plus romance—is the basis for this pic. However, thanks to the nice work of Sally Eilers and Paul Kelly, the yarn runs along nicely and makes fairly acceptable entertainment. Larry Blake makes the kind of a crook we can believe and Morgan Conway—a film newcomer—is impressive in the part of the police inspector. You'll undoubtedly find this on the lower half of your neighborhood double bill but don't let that stop you from going to the movies. "Nurse from Broadway" will not disappoint.

#### "HEART OF ARIZONA"

(Paramount)

• Here's another edition on the "Hopalong Cassidy" series that is considerably upped by the return of Windy Hayes in the comedy spot. William Boyd, as usual, does not disappoint his fans and a new and pretty little gal—Dorothy Short—will cop the affections of all avid western fans in the romantic spot. There's plenty of action and the villain bites the dust in the accepted fashion. It is one of Harry Sherman's productions megged by Leslie Selander.

#### "THE PURPLE VIGILANTES"

(Republic)

• We can't hand this addition to the Three Mesquiteers series of westerns very much. It is pretty much hash—all mixed up and you can't tell what's in it. Naturally there is plenty of hard riding and oodles of gun play but it is not of the stuff that brings the kids to their feet with cheers. See it only if you can't live without your westerns.

#### "STOLEN HEAVEN"

(Paramount)

• High hopes were held out for this picture but it falls short of clicking big. Musically it is swell entertainment but the story is the bunk. Gene Raymond as the chief of a gang of jewel crooks is hopelessly miscast and adds nothing to his stature by this work. In a sense, the pic is Olympe (O-Lamp) Bradna's. She shows real possibilities as an actress, sings and dances delightfully but likewise is miscast in the role of a gem snatcher. Lovers of fine music may be able to overlook the story defects in their appreciation of their favorite fare. Andrew L. Stone did the original story, served as producer and director. Screenplay credits go to Eve Greene and Frederick Jackson with Boris Morros and Phil Boutelje getting the musical nod. Listed in the cast are Glenda Farrell, Lewis Stone, Porter Hall, Douglass Dumbrille, Joseph Sawyer, Esther Dale, Charles Judels, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Charles Halton, Bert Roach, Rolfe Sedan and Horace Murphy. While Charles Judels was seen in a brief part—he's one actor who deserves greater roles.

#### "TO THE VICTOR"

(Gaumont-British)

• A refreshingly different rural yarn that is spun around the sheep-herding dogs of the downs country in England. It is something for every dog lover to see. You'll appreciate too, the character portrayal of Will Fyffe, Scotch comedian, as the likeable old reprobate with an unquenchable thirst, Continued on Page 18

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# HIGHLIGHTS & SHADOWS.....

By Frederick O. Schubert

... Ho hum! Drat this ole spring fever. But as long as the coffee and aspirin hold out we can bang away at copy, 'cause we'd much rather think of boats and things, of blue oceans, far horizon, sails billowed by the wind. Instead—

. . . it's happened. The backbone of the Lady Esther program has been taken out with the removal of Phil Stewart. No longer do the Wayne King broadcasts hold any interest for us. Taking Phil off his spot isn't so hard to take but when they put someone on to imitate him, that's something else again. It is just too bad that the two boys could not have gotten together and fought out their differences, shaken hands and continued on what was a swell program.

. . . from the three 10-foot marquee signs and the two 20 foot towering signs above, one gathers that the new movie palace on Hollywood near Highland is going to be named

"Hollywood".

- ... wayside vignette. It was comparatively early for Holly-woodites to be about so Max Factor did not register protest when a fully loaded garbage truck tarried at his doorstep while the driver got some coffee-and. Apparently, the broad-shouldered, hairy individual acting as hoister had had his morning's morning for he decided to curl up in comfort upon the seat. Out of a grimy hip pocket came a book, a match book cover pointing to a place half way through the volume. As he settled back, the title of the volume came to view. It was Holt's "Care and Feeding of the Baby"—the big sissy, or is he?
- . . . when you see "Swiss Miss" you'll see Franz Hug, talented son of Sweden. Unfortunately, in this Hal Roach screamliner you won't see enough of Franz at his favorite tricks. What that boy can't do with a flag and flag pole isn't worth seeing. He can swing and swish 'em around to a fare-you-well.
- ... and, while we're on personalities, let us give voice to our appreciation of Mike Blair, newly appointed fight announcer for KFWB. He does a hard job well and we trust his fan mail—yes, he's that good he's been swamped with it—will not go to his head. Good luck, Michael.

... and another. Ray Buffum, scripter on the "Big Town" show over CBS. Busy as the proverbial paper hanger he finds time nevertheless to be pleasant to his office visitors—

even if they ARE trying to get some of his oday.

. . . answering Kay. No, Jack Benny is only kidding when he talks about Miss del Schmutz. There ain't no such person. As for razzing Phil Harris about the gals, don't take that seriously either. Phil is married to Marcia Ralston, comely Columbia star.

... to Gwen. We're getting so we don't like Prof. Quiz either. The ole boy seems to have gone high-hat and know it all. Remember, he didn't know the answers before he got

the questions.

... here's your answer, Mary. Anne Shirley will have an unusually powerful role in "Mother Carey's Chickens" currently on the R-K-O schedule. I'm sure she will like to hear from you. Why not write her at the studio. Her husband is John Payne.

. . . one would never guess that the business of supplying press clippings is as old as it is. But we just got word that Luce's Press Clipping Bureau marks its fiftieth anniversary this month. So it must be one of the oldest in America. Hon. Robert Luce of Massachusetts started the firm in 1888 and quit his job as exchange editor of the Bos-

ton Globe to run it. J. C. Van Alstyne, the present manager, has been with the company for 35 years. Congratulations! . . . we'll bet you didn't know that Abner Doncourt is the odd cognomen by which Ken Murray's childhood friends knew him. Neither did we until last week.

... add radio language. "Swang" is the cowboy's idea of swing music. "Killer-diller", which is a swingster's conception of music at its best, is a "rafter-shaker" in the parlance of the hillbilly. When the cowboy gives out with music with a romantic flavor, it is a "daisy-lou." A fast, loud ditty is "out of the oven" A—oh well, let's leave it for Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls to supply you with the rest.

. . . we anticipate seeing Carole Lombard and Fernand Gravet on the "Hollywood Hotel" broadcast. And thanks to Mary Garvin of Ward Wheelock for supplying the tickets for Momie and me.

... add people you'll hear about. Peter London and Edward Senchak. We caught these two boys at the third annual talent scout revue at the Ben Bard Playhouse and they proved to be the show stoppers. Peter is something on the John Howard type and both of his appearances were solidly on the dramatic side. Senchak, who shared one scene with London, was superb as the dumb prisoner. He demonstrated his versatility in a comedy number that was a wow. . . . in our midst. Marion Rubinstein, author of "Zorah Yoder" scheduled for publication in the fall. She's here to sit in on dickers for the movie rights.

... with the first ball thrown and the Pacific Coast teams well under way we cheer the home town team. Yap, Hollywood is on top of the heap after two week's play and we hope that they won't fail us as the season progresses. We sorta wish we hadda son just so we could take in the "Father and Son" games on Saturdays. It's probably the Scotch in us—we always like to get something for free.

... speaking of sports. The new Hollywood hoss race track is coming along nicely, thanks. We sorta hope that they can bring the "race of the century" to Cinemaland but we're afraid those Eastern boys will not want to see us have it. But there is nothing like hoping. By the way, Francis Albertanti, erstwhile New York newspaperman, will handle the publicity and already has made his experience felt for the dailies are full of "what's gonna happen at the track" stuff.

. . . add nice people. Lillian Sandler, former secretary to Henry Armetta. A gal with tremendous experience—and an attorney to boot. She's in Hollywood to crash the big gates, coming here from Canada where she practiced law. She'd make a grand secretary for some star.

... when Ellis D. Paris sent us his announcement card proclaiming the opening of the "Paris Detective Service" we got quite a start. Not only did he bring visions of the hoosegow but he brought to mind a delightful old friend from the days 'way back when the New York newspapers provided us with our bread and butter—Ellis D. Parker, the detective featured in the Lindbergh case.

. . . thanks Bill Faye for sending that picture of Alice to

Miss Mountjoy. It made her very, very happy.

... and that is that. If it ain't enough to cover the page we'll just have to fill it with white space. We're off to break our neck at Sid Grauman's new Rollerbowl. Hold your hats. Here we come!





# MURIEL EVANS EVELYN FARNEY [ Lillicitill Littlicities]



# THE NITE-OWL . . . . .

#### By Open Braddagher

Elsewhere in the section, boys and girls, there is the announcement that Win Morro, genial man-about-town and known in the niteways of New York, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, Pittsburgh and Los Angeles, will take over the nite-life department of HOLLYWOOD LOW-DOWN.

Naturally, this will—we hope—come as a distinct surprise to our many friends, but we bow to progress and the need of relief for our aching and aged bones. Win, we know, will do a swell job of reporting the happenings in the dance, dine and entertainment spots in and around Hollywood, and we bespeak for him everything good that you folk have done for Open Braddagher and more just because Morro will "win" —pardon the pun—your good will by his own magnatic personality.

And now for the rounds of the month as far as space will permit. We won't "tour" this month but just gather in the highlights of our wanderings and let you map out your own trip

Twas on a Wednesday night that we journeyed to the Palomar for the opening of Ozzie Nelson and his ork following the tenure on the stand of Ted Fio Rito. A goodly crowd was there—some 2000—and a high old time was had by all those present, including many of the bright names from the Hollywood roster of film and radio greats. The "young America's favorite" outdid himself and from the applause that rocked the rafters we could easily see why Ozzie has six hours of air time each and every week.

Our monthly meanderings would not be complete without a moment of idling at Frank Sebastian's Cotton Club. Frank, as usual, was the host par excellence and we shared in Frank's delight that his band of colored syncopaters were

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Phones

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signed by 20th Century-Fox for a specialty number in "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Les Hite conducts and good ,too.

One rarely associates the name of "Kit Kat Kafe" with delectable Near East foods. At least not in the ones we visited in London, in New York, in Chicago. But here in Hollywood it is refreshingly different. We thoroughly enjoyed our Egyptian dinner and only wished we had more tummy room to enjoy the Syrian, Turkish and Arabian foods that we spotted on the menu. Great credit is due Ardita Clark, new manager of the Kit Kat on Santa Monica. She spices her food with nice entertainment and features Russ Cantor and Thelma Royce. (Aside to Win—be sure and catch this spot soon. You'll find a lot of movie names dining here. Always good copy.)

Speaking of things "Near East" we are glad to see U-Gene's Bagdad reopen on Sunset. It's another spot for stage and screen favorites and swell entertainment in addition to good food. We liked—and think you will—the work of Jadine Wong, the mad oriental dancer, and the singing of Yvonne Fontaine and Martha Holland, and the music of the Park Avenue Boys.

Fond recollections. Inspired by Jerry De Lee now appearing with Mlle. Oylga Berkoff, premiere danseuse at a Hollywood Russian Restaurant. It seems they were playing Peoria and they got fired because Oylga fell into the drums, Jerry tripped as they were doing a routine and Mlle. Berkoff took the header that got them the air, plus a bill for the ruined drums. (Get 'em to tell you about it Win, it's a real laugh and they enjoy telling about it. Nice kids!)

At the It Club we ran into Jack Hess who told us that Joseph W. Rubinstein—long a Warner Brothers talent scout—is bringing his agency business to Sunset Boulevard from New York. We don't know Joe except by reputation, and because he has a good one we drank heartily with Jack to wish Joe luck.

Last Sunday we headed the family chariot out Western and to a comparatively new spot—Sonny's Bar B. Q. From a great big out-door pit we witnessed a smiling dusky gentleman of the south gather us a flock of spareribs. They were that good that we're going back, probably some night late after the nite club whirl. Joe Cascio, the host, is a new-comer to this fair town of ours and contemplates spreading himself in size soon.

On Lankershim—at the Indigo Cafe—we found another place that goes on our regular call list. \*We had some excellent steaks and saw a lotta movie folk but the thing that gave us the greatest bang was Joe Woo. Now Joe is the Indigo's chef, but the thing that gave us the fun was that he

#### ANNOUNCING . . . .

# WIN MORRO

Hollywood Low-Down Nite Life Editor Beginning May First

You'll enjoy his reviews of delightful dining, dancing and entertainment spots

Look for WIN MORRO in May

"doubles" as a musician. He can play an accordian like nobody's business. With host Sid Brown at the ivories, Wimpy, the Swede, and Joe at the stomach Wurlitzer, a good time was had by all and sundry.

We don't see him or his charming missus at the nite spots 'round town but we seem to run into him on the street everywhere we go. He's Paul Reed of the Henley Typewriter Service and he told us that the name "Henley" is all you need dial when you want his office. It is one case in about 26,-000,000 times when it is possible to use a firm name for a telephone number, according to the statisticians of the phone

We gotta nice handclasp and a cheery "hello" when we tarried for a moment at the Wilshire Bowl. (Boy, ain't that a cute rhyme). Our host, that man of the keyboards—Les Parker, who is enjoying a nice run at this favorite Holly-

wood rendezvous.

While grabbing a bit of lunch at the Troc we saw George Temple, Ira Thomason, Ken Dolan and Jim Doane deep in a huddle. It was Saturday and Shirley's birthday but from the looks of things the quartette was busier with more weighty problems than the natal day of America's little sweetheart. (By the way. We didn't get a chance beforeso "happy birthday" Shirley, and may you live many more years to bring happiness and joy to your millions of friends).

Another aside to Win. Stop by and visit a while with Harry J. Wall, the manager of the Hollywood Brevoort. Make him take you to the sidewalk cafe for a pick-me-up. Wall, you know, is the chap who runs the "fan club members "hostelry and goes out of his way to make visiting fans

thoroughly at home. You'll like him.

To satisfy that craving for hot music we barged in on Bob Lewis, manager of Swanee Inn. As usual, King Cole's Swingsters Three and Ruby Barbee gave us a good dose of rhythm but over the enjoyment we did manage to be polite to Jim Groves, a friend of Bob's who joined us. Spotted too, were Barbara Pepper and Craig Reynolds.

Sue Barker, major-domo of the Barker Hotel on Miramar, was our guide through her remodeled establishment one afternoon. She certainly has done a nice job of furnishing the place and we can easily see why so many folk like

to call this spot home.

At the Cafe de Paree we tarried for a quick one at the expense of Hal Mohr who was there with his charming wife, Evelyn Venable, star of "Hollywood Stadium", Muriel Evans Marshall Worcester and Mr. and Mrs. Preston Evans, Marshall Worcester and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis. They were there to enjoy the music of Jay Whidden and his boys who had opened there a night or so before. From the nature of their offerings we announce that Jay will be in this spot a long time. They are real crowdpleasers.

We dropped by the Brown Derby more than once—it's so handy—but never did we fail to see some radio or screen luminary enjoying a sip or a bite. Last Friday we spotted Mr. and Mrs. Roger Imhof doing justice to Derby fare.

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On another day—when the California mists had subsided a wee bit-we hopped the gutless wonder and hied ourselves over to see Morrie Morrison at the Chukker in Pasadena. He felt kinda low about his yacht but proved that he was an agreeable host first, last and always. Activity here has been reduced a little because of the closing of Santa Anita but it is still well patronized by the Hollywood and Pasadena crowd that like their libations and good food in congenial surroundings.

And, speaking of fine hosts, Win, there is a helluva fine chap at the Ambassador named John Browne. John is busier than the proverbial paperhanger but he'll quickly show you that a busy man can always take time to be pleasant. You'll

find him unusually cooperative.

Finally—but not because it is only a short stone's throw away from the office—we stopped at Helene's cafe on Highland. Here fine foods are paramount and hospitality is tops.

Sooooo. The time has come, the walrus said, to speak of many things. But, Win, the job will be yours. As we cover our trusty typewriter for the last time we wish you well and hope that our fans will become Morro fans, that our friends will become your friends. The enemies we'll keep for ourselves.

Auf Wiedersehn!

# **ALEXANDER RAGS HIS BAND AGAIN**

Continued from Page 10

plumbers have agreed to spend their days off building the

And—while we end on this note—we hope that we have made clear that Hollywood is great, its people greater and 'Alexander's Ragtime Band" a swellegant tribute to all music and composers.

# REAL SOUTHERN FARE

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**REAL SOUTHERN FARE** 

#### REELS OF FILM IN REVIEW

Continued from Page 12

a slick tongue and a deep devotion for his dog. Margaret Lockwood and John Loder, two English favorites, will find many names on the list of their American friends for the pleasant way they handled the romantic interest.

#### "UNDER WESTERN STARS"

(Republic)

• It is not always a pleasant task to review westerns. But, when one comes along that has something different, then we can go into the bag for all of our best adjectives. That's the case with this western but it is more so because as the film unwound we saw the birth of a new star-Roy Rogers. He is such a pleasant-to-take tonic after Gene Autry that we get on the Rogers' band wagon to cheer. Republic certainly need have no fears for their new find. The public will go for him in a big way and he should out-draw the studio's wayward cowboy wherever he plays. Too, the studio don't have to worry if Gene never comes back. Roy offers western fans an engaging naturalness, youthful good looks, a splendid voice, an excellent physique and impressive riding ability. And the pic is as good as its new-found star. It's a well told tale in a musical of exceptional merit and spells fine entertainment. To Smiley Burnette goes a deep nod for giving Rogers unusual support and to Carol Hughes, a winsome pretty, for the delightful heart interest. Guy Usher, Tom Chatterton and Kenneth Harlan are excellent in major support and the balance of the cast measures up remarkably well. We know you'll like Roy Rogers in 'Under Western Skies."

#### "COLLEGE SWING"

(Paramount)

• A pot-pourri of mad melody, zanny antics and Gracie Allen easily sums up this collegiate musical. What it lacks in original ideas it makes up in quantity and quality. Just check over this list of talent and you'll see the reasons why this pic will bring 'em in at the b. o.—George Burns and Gracie Allen, Martha Raye, Bob Hope, Edward Everett Horton, Florence George, Ben Blue, Betty Grable, Jackie Coogan, John Payne, Cecil Cunningham, Robert Cummings, E. C. "Skinnay" Ennis, Slate Brothers, Bob Mitchell and the St. Brendan's chorus. If that is not enough cast your optics on the list of production credits-Lewis E. Gensler, producer; Raoul Walsh, director; Ted Lesser, story idea; Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, adaptation; Walter de Leon and Francis Martin, screenplay; Frank Loesser, Burton Lane, Manning Sherwin and Hoagy Carmichael, songs; and Leroy Prinz, dance routines. Of outstanding interest to us was Florence George. Never have we seen a girl photograph more beautifully on the screen. This blonde beauty who, with young John Payne, shares the film's best song, "I Fall In Love With You Every Day", bids fair to be



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the discovery of the year. She has ability along with good looks. Gracie, of course, clicks along merrily in her role and while George is always about she shares the highlights with Horton. Martha Raye, Ben Blue, Betty Grable and hubby Jackie Coogan, Bob Hope-who lives up to all expectations foretold in his first picture—and all the rest of the cast add much to the speed and tempo of this opus.

#### "LUCKY PIECE"

(Columbia "Cubs")

• If this short hits your neighborhood catch it by all means. It offers a few minutes of thorough enjoyment. The pic is the first effort of the "Cubs"—Columbia studio employees—who devoted their spare time in making it. It is pantomime throughout and incorporates an idea or two worthy of consideration by their bosses.

#### "INTERNATIONAL CRIME"

(Grand National)

• An average "whodunit" featuring the exploits of The Shadow. It is somewhat better than the others in the series that have gone before and it ends with the usual moralization that crime does not pay—others than the actors. Rod LaRocque again is the crime specialist and Astrid Allwyn supplies the comedy relief as the nitwit helper. Lou Hearn, as the Shadow's cabby likewise adds to the laughs. It has all the stock situations so you will not be too bored.



#### "STRANGE AS IT SEEMS"

Explanations of Page 4

#### GUN-MAN . . . .

Tom Mix is one Hollywood actor whose off-stage life closely parallels the amazing series of thrilling episodes invented by scenarists. Born a Texan, Mix early sought out adventure with the Texas Rangers. He saw action of the Spanish American War at Cuba, fighting in the battle of Guaymas, with the Rough Riders at Christobel Hill and as a scout courier for General Chaffee and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. In this fracas, Mix was shot by a guerilla, the bullet passing through the roof of his mouth and leaving by the back of his neck.

Mix shipped to the Philippines, fought at Luzon, then shipped to China. During the siege of Peking a bursting shell literally stripped the skin from eyebrows to hairline. Later, Mix served in the Boer War, became a sheriff in Kansas, Oklahoma and Colorado and a government marshall in Montana.

Mix refused his first movie offer from Colonel Selig, because he thought he was being kidded with the offer of \$100 a week! He took them seriously when the Selig Company offered \$150. Mix did a number of "Westerns," then left the acting profession to become city marshall of Dewey, Colorado. In 1910 the Francisco Madero revolution broke out in Mexico and Mix hurried South, participating in the capture of Juarez. In the Mexican Revolution Mix was shot in the right leg and was actually sentenced to be shot by a firing squad. His life was saved when a Mexican confessed to the military law violation Mix was charged with.

In 1910 Mix returned to Texas, then went to California to become a star at the Selig Studio (first motion picture company to make a picture completely in California), which was located behind a Chinese laundry at Eighth and Hill Streets in Los Angeles (8 miles from the present Holly-

In spite of his amazing career as an adventurer, Mix did not receive a single broken bone until he entered motion pictures—then he suffered 18 of them.

# AFTER FORTY ..... CONTENTMENT!

#### • By IRENE RICH

Very frequently I am asked by my friends why I do not quit worrying about women who have passed the forty year mark. They ask me constantly why I do not pay more attention to my own private affairs and not put so much of my time into the direction of my "After Forty" club.

The answer is very, very simple. I have found a real purpose in life and right or wrong, I am going to try my level best to fulfill my self-set objective. I only hope that in doing so I can accomplish some measure of good for my fellow women who fear the "over forty" stigma. There is no reason in the wide world that I can see why I cannot do something of sound value. Therefore my determination to keep trying. The club idea has proved itself and so it engages a goodly measure of my time!

Again, why not? As for myself, I feel that I was extremely fortunate during my career. When the early years of life slipped into the background and I saw myself passing into a new professional category I took stock of myself. Anyone in the same position would do the self same thing. I looked over the results achieved by other women who had tried to beat Father Time to a standstill. None of them had succeeded. They were through, their moment in the spotlight past. I figured that it was not in the cards for me to try it. Reason assured me that those pages in my life's progress were a closed book, that I would have to inscribe a new subject on the pages that followed.

So I met the facts face to face. And, surprising as it may seem coming from a motion picture star, I found that those tide-turning facts were not particularly hard to face. The whole situation simply called for an adjustment—an adjustment too many women in bygone days did not have the courage to make. After all, the all-important fact could not be denied. I was beyond the forty year mark. I had to ask myself if I would accept the passage of the years or try and fool myself into believing that I was to enjoy eternal youth.

Naturally, being endowed with a fair measure of brains, I determined to act my age. And, in so doing—in one way at least—I think I found eternal youth. Once that I had made up my mind to look facts in the face and accept the situation of being forty, I was completely relaxed, mentally, and physically. I found that the only difference was that I accepted my age as it actually was, instead of trying to make myself believe it could not be true. It certainly did not change my perspective one iota. I knew instinctively that I would find my niche of usefulness somewhere.

All of this leads up to the fact that I have actually capitalized upon my age. Why not? The adage of opportunity's knock was not intended for the young alone, you know. That is why I am so firm in my belief that any other woman can do the same thing. That is why I have delivered so many talks on the subject of the fullness of life after forty from one end of the land to another. That is why I organized the "After Forty" club among my radio listeners and work so hard to spread its ideals and ideas to all women faced with the beginning of a new future at the ripe young age of forty.

There is one thing, however that I want to make clear. Do not feel, please, that I consider that I can help anyone overcome this foolish age bugaboo. To the contrary. I am no miracle maker. The only person who can help a woman when she faces the predicament of being forty is herself.

I do know that I can point the way for I have traveled it. I hope that by example I can help others get on the right track. There is much to be gained by perfect understanding and appreciation of undeniable facts.

The thing that makes me very happy indeed, is the knowledge that already there are many women throughout the country who have seen the wisdom of planning for life after forty. They have escaped all this age foolishness. They write me such pleasant letters and the correspondence of the "After Forty" club is one of the things that give me a real insight on the benefits accomplished through the club's efforts. Invariably the writers report great progress in their own plans. Many have become outstanding successes in business after the so-called age "deadline." Others have taken a new lease on life and devoted their time, talent and energy to social and welfare activities. Still others have just gone on thoroughly enjoying life and its gifts in the happy circumstances in which they found themselves before they even gave the matter of age a thought. But, regardless of what engages their time and attention, their minds are free of the age complex. They are living a life dedicated to a useful purpose, not moping or bemoaning the fact they are forty and at the end of life's highway. And, I am sincerely happy. If my "After Forty" club continues doing its work, my mission and the mission of the club will have been accomplished.

So, by way of emphasis, let me add just another word or two. For too long a time, women have felt that they had to ring down the curtain on useful activity when they reached their fortieth anniversary. Such foolishness! What an action! That is only the beginning, only the beginning folks—as a well known radio star puts it.

To my way of thinking, it is more than just the beginning. It is actually the turning point. It is the milepost where the road invariably divides. Those women who want to carry on, find at this point inspiration for bigger and better things in life. Others, unfortunately, go in the opposite direction.

Our big job today is to give courage and inspiration to those women who are not quitters, women who want to carry on into a greater, happier life. That I have taken the lead in this direction is only natural because I have had particularly good facilities through a large and sympathetic radio audience. But in this I am only a symbol—a symbol of what thousands of other women, too, represent in this modern world—a symbol, I hope, of success and happiness for millions of women who will travel with us on the right road once they cross the threshold of their fortieth anniversary.

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# RADIO LOW-DOWN .....

#### • By WHITMAN IRVING

Gosh, what a yowl went up from subscribers of the Los Angeles metropolitan newspapers when the publishers yanked their radio columns!

The object of the move, obviously, is to place radio on the same basis as motion-picture advertising; the logical contention being that sponsors have been given free editorial space to exploit programs which are advertised in a "rival" medium.

However, the bulk of the readers is not concerned with such matters, and wasted no time in giving expression to its wrath when the agreement was put into effect.

Many smaller publications took time by the forelock; adding radio columns where none had existed, or expanding the department already in operation. Throw-away sheets featuring ether activities came like a scourge of grasshoppers.

The ultimate effect of the ban is yet to be seen. Some of the wise heads of Radio Row predict it will spread to the nation, while others contend it will die a natural death.

Be that as it may, some top-notch radio scriveners feel like men without a country. Two downtown radio editors found themselves jobless, another was shifted to the waterfront beat, and still another hung onto a thread by continuing his newscasts and interviews.

#### Off the Cuff . . .

Martha Raye has joined the ranks of spectacle-wearers, but she keeps them in her handbag when she's night-clubbing with a swain.

Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson are in town, looking over the motion-picture field and playing a bit of golf. The Beverly-Wilshire is their hangout.

Carlton KaDell asked for a raise in salary when an oil company decided to put him on the successor program to "Thrills." We don't know what the answer was.

The Bob Burnses chose the name of Barbara Ann for their new daughter so she could go through life as "Babs Burns"—as Bob explains it.

Haven MacQuarrie interviews more than 300 aspirants each week. Ten to fourteen—or roughly, one in thirty—get on the air.

Newest addition to the writing staff for the Al Jolson show is Alex Gottlieb, formerly publicity director of the Paramount Theatre in New York.

Two gangsters, Johnny Hyman and Ralph Foster, help Tony (Oswald) Labriola in the preparation of his fiveminute "Oh, Yeah" spot on "Hollywood Hotel."

#### Salaams To . . .

Paula (Peegee) Gayle, vocal swingstress on the Penner program. She was like a scared rabbit on her first broadcast but she's got the stuff that makes for success.

Ben Pollack, bandster of the Penner show. His music sounds similar to Jimmie Grier's, and quite often, smoother.

Bill Morrow and Ed Beloin, scriptors of Jack Benny's program must take a bow because they write swell material and don't go up and down the Boulevard telling everybody how clever they are.

Fred Allen's recent broadcasts have been gems of satirical wit. His recent rib on Benny and his Boy Scout knife was a wow—to everybody but the Boy Scouts.

Victor Young is one of the finest orchestra leaders in the country, but isn't given enough opportunities to prove it.

Kay Kyser's "Musical Class and Dance" programs become more entertaining with each broadcast. However, Kay should cut down on the talk.

# Things to Beef About . . .

Political blah-blah will soon be filling the air—a boon to station owners and a bore to dialers . . . Office secretaries who filch most of the radio broadcast tickets . . . Policemen who take the tickets and give you a citation if they don't happen to care for the star of the show . . . Children who recite poetry . . . Fluddy-duddies who dish out advice on family problems over the air . . . Announcers who cannot remember which network they are working for . . . Celebrities who brag about their philanthropic acts . . . "Hill-billies" who never saw a hill or a horse . . . sponsors who can't hum a tune, yet insist on dictating the musical policy of their program.

### An Oversight . . .

Why doesn't some sponsor sign Walter O'Keefe, one of the finest comedians in the land?

# What's in a Name? . . .

Many are the reasons for the adoption of noms de plume by stars of the theatrical firmament; chief among them being that they are easier to spell and pronounce.

Others change their names for the sake of euphony and brevity, and still others to keep from being confused with celebrities in other walks of life.

John Sullivan, despite his love of amateur boxing, had no desire to be linked with the world-famous fighter of yore,

so he changed his moniker to Fred Allen.

Continued on Page 24

# Announcement....

The Paris Detective Service—formerly at Los Angeles—announce the opening of their new offices in Beverly Hills—specializing in investigations along all legitimate lines—with day or night service.

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# Greetings

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FRED CULLEN

Your Hosts

PAGE 22



Greetings

from

Raymond Paige



# GREETINGS



JOE PENNER

Currently starred in "Go Chase Yourself"
(RKO-Radio Production)

# Greetings C. B. S....

From the staff of

"BIG TOWN'S" ILLUSTRATED PRESS

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Hanley Stafford
Paula Winslow
Bill Wright
Edmund MacDonald
Lou Merrill
Joe Kearns
Helen Brown

Gale Gordon
Horace MacMahon
Verna Felton
Lee Millar
Bodil Ann Rosing
Jane Morgan
Billy Cook
James Spottswood

#### RADIO LOW-DOWN

Continued from Page 20

Jack Benny started his theatrical career as Ben Benny, and soon found he was being confused with Ben Bernie. Jack was born Benny Kubelsky.

It was only natural that Robin Burns would be dubbed Bob-and who could ask for a simpler or more euphonious "tag"? Harry Lillis Crosby might have been anything but the King of Crooners had he ducked the nickname in his teens—Bing.

Raymond Paige never considered it feasible to add his middle name—North—but he did give serious consideration to the possibility of adding a "ski" to his surname; simply because so many of the world's famous maestri have foreignsounding names.

Harry Einstein will be Parkyakarkus for the rest of his life, even though his heirs might turn out to be celebrated

Al Jolson sounds like a literal translation of his real moniker, Asa Yoelson, which he dropped for professional

reasons at the beginning of his career.

Joe Penter adopted "Penner" because his surname was easy prey for misspellers. He began to see it in print as "Pinter," "Painter" and Panter."

Georgie Stoll found it easy to drop the "berg" from his last name, but he's stuck with the "Georgie" because he was a child prodigy.

# Brief Bio . . .

IERRY BELCHER—tall, red-haired chairman of the "Interesting Neighbors" program, heard Sundays over the NBC red network . . . visits homes in all walks of life; holding ad lib conversations with members of the various families . . . Still bears the stamp of his newspaper training . . . Has gleaned a tremendous amount of information about American people, customs, industries, geography and history in his travels.

Belcher started the Vox Pox program in Houston, Texas, in 1932; the first ad lib network offering on record . . . Real name, Jerrold Belcher . . . Born in Austin, Texas, November 7, 1895 . . . Attended the University of Texas where he received a Bachelor of Business Administration degree . . . managed the college's basketball team and received his letter in football . . . Swimming is now his favorite sport . . . has a one-year-old daughter, Betsy, who probably has traveled more than any infant in the United States.

Made his radio debut at KTRH, Houston, a station he managed for six years . . . Quit Vox Pop and started "Our Neighbors" in the Fall of 1936, which was broadcast, sustaining, for nearly a year before it was sponsored and titled "Interesting Neighbors" . . . Never knows what type of family he is to interview until he visits the city from which his Sunday broadcast is to originate . . . Selections often come through the aid of local newspapers and Chambers of Commerce.

### What's All the Shootin' For? . . .

When it leaked out that Eddie Cantor was to change sponsors, Radio Row began to buzz with all sorts of rumors about the vast changes he intended to make in his program set up. When you boil it down, his new program isn't much different than his former show-except for the absence of Deanna Durbin.

# Take a Bow, Tiny! . . .

Edmund Burch (Tiny) Ruffner, West Coast director of operations for the agency which produces the Jolson, Penner and Robinson radio programs, celebrated his first anniversary with the concern, last week. A stag testimonial dinner was given in his honor at the Victor Hugo, with a guest list that included the above-mentioned stars and other male members of the staff.

Tiny took all the kidding without flinching. After all, it was a mild attack, compared to the temperamental onslaughts

he had withstood throughout the season.

# CBS To Open Building . . .

Naturally, the forthcoming "grand" opening of the new CBS studios on Sunset near Gower—now known to the world and sundry as "Columbia Square"-has the boys and girls of Follywood pretty much excited. A program befitting the event is on tap and will cover the system's networks for the entire day.

Much credit goes to Prexy Paley and Donald W. Thornburgh, vice-president in charge of West Coast operations, for their foresight in building planning. It encompasses all of the latest in styling and equipment and was erected

with a weather eye toward future expansion.

To Charles Vanda, program director of the west coast, likewise should go an accolade for his program building. Not only have the greater majority of local airings been ace-high but the grapevine tells us that some new items are planned for later release that will set the seasoned listenerinners back on their heels. While Hal Rorke, genial gentleman in charge of press relations, has not shown his hand he does not deny the plans for tomorrow and the day after. In a tight spot—with too many would-be press demands— Hal is doing a commendable job of keeping everybody happy and well supplied with news releases on Columbia and KNX activities.

# Delilah-Judith Clicks . . .

As forecast in previous issues of HOLLYWOOD LOW-DOWN, that petite belle of the southland—Delilah-Judith -has already made her personality felt in Hollywood. Not only are the movie studios interested in this unusual personality, but the radio executives, who have discussed programs with her, are also planning to make use of her many talents, -Watch for her on your favorite airlane soon.

A nod too, to Johnnie Wald, St. Paul boy who is making good on the big time. You hear him and his buddy on the air every evening over KFI with newscasts for the Richfield folk.

A program we don't care for particularly is that Thursday nite amateur show over KECA. It is too obviously "ham" and one can't sit by long without turning the dial, Our idea is that these would-be actors and actresses be trained in their act for a week or two before they are permitted to take the air.

Add radio treats-the Negro Hour on KEHE at nine every Thursday . . . the "Man About Town" program at 3:45 on Friday over KMPC . . . the "Ho Hum" comments—even though we seem to be unable to click with an idea—heard weekly on Friday evening over KFl . . naturally, the Joe Penner laugh-producer over KNX on Sunday.

# New Hollywood Arrival . . .

Recently arrived from England, is one Sandy Baird. A brilliant young English actor who has appeared on the air in London, he shows as much promise in Hollywood: He is tall and handsome and looks like one of the future leading men that the film city has been searching for, lo these last few years. He is embarking on a screen career, but is wise enough to first study the rudiments of film technique that is so necessary for a successful career. When Baird does appear on the silver screen you can bet your last dollar that he is ready. Good luck!



# THEATRE & SCHOOL NOTES . . . . .

#### • By Marion Mathis

Outstanding in the cast of "The Greatest Gift", showing this month at the Masque Little Theatre, is Lynne Cascales, giving everything that is possible to her light-comedy role. Ursula March capably directs her company of young players in this little vehicle which has for its locale the famous Latin Quarter of Paris. Others who give a good account of themselves are Eric Efron and Jean Reynolds. In addition to her stage productions Miss March presents the Masque Radio Players each Sunday evening on KMTR.

The Third Talent Scout Review at the Ben Bard Playhouse furnishes the screen aspirants of the Bard school the opportunity to display to advantage their varied wares in an atmosphere designed both for beauty and comfort. The program is composed entirely of adults and is nicely balanced with comedy and drama to hold the interest of the audience.

Joseph Carole's play "Pamela" which recently closed a run of several weeks at the Footlights Workshop is, we hear, soon to see light as a Broadway show, with the producers, Hilbert and Ames, negotiating now in New York City. Bonnie Barclay, whose progress we have watched with interest, did some splendid work in "Pamela" but will not leave Hollywood with the company.

Edgar Wallace's thriller "The Case Of The Frightened Lady" re-titled "Criminal At Large" is attracting enthusiastic audiences to the Pasadena Community Playhouse. The story is replete with mysterious situations and seemingly unsolved murders, that is, until Scotland Yard steps in and makes everything very plain and simple. Maxwell Sholes directs.

The Gateway Players, under the direction of Francis Josef Hickson, are showing "Shadow That Passes", a dramatic story of a young man thwarted at every turn by the demands of a thoughtless mother and the unwanted attentions of a mature woman.

Eda Edson's student production, "The Pied Piper Of Hollywood" is an interesting satire on Flickerville and commendably presented at the Theatre Workshop. Miss Edson and Fred Montgomery collaborated on the story and have used splendid judgment, in most instances, in casting.

Dorothy Dean Meredith, long recognized as an authority of exceptional talent in children, is sponsoring a series at the Ambassador Hotel Theatre, known as the Hollywood Junior Talent Parade, in which some very unusual young-

sters are presented for the approval of studio scouts and agents. Miss Meredith has, in the past, been in charge of Fox West Coast stage productions and this new parade of youth is in keeping with the high type of entertainment one has become accustomed to associate with her name. Little seven-year-old Carolynn Detrick was featured on a recent program at the Ambassador and we prophesy that, with her definite personality and sweet Southern accent, this child is sure to go places.

Under the expert tutelage of Jane MacArthur, little Edith Fellows continues to surprise executives at Columbia Studio, where she is contracted, with her sweetness of tone and marvelous range.

Having seen Delilah-Judith in her latest starring vehicle, Ibsen's "Doll's House", Wood Radio Productions have signed her and will feature this talented actress in a series of transcriptions. This assignment will preclude her acceptance of a part in "Pamela" which she had under consideration. Also she has been approached by scouts of the Selznick Studio for a test in the much publicized "Gone With The Wind" and so Delilah-Judith is looking forward to a very busy season.

Of interest to theatre-goers is the announcement by Warner Brothers Studio of the presentation by their players of the New York stage success "Winterset", early next month, at the Wilshire Ebell Theatre.

An authentic screen pictorial revelation of the life apart, is the modern Garden of Eden backdrop for "Unashamed", a romance in the nude, which is the featured attraction at the Criterion theatre.

"Unashamed" depicts the storm which suddenly descends on this Sylvan valley when the boy meets the girl he loves in a nudist camp—unadorned, unafraid and unashamed. It was filmed at the famous Olympic Fields nudist camp.

The word "Olympic" brings to mind the fact that several Olympic Champions are making themselves very popular with the boy members of the race boat crew in M.G.M.'s Lord Jeff company now on location at Lake Malibu. Grant Leenhouts' word is law with these lads whom he is coaching.

Adios for this month! We have a heavy date at the Trocadero where a few of our favorite youngsters are performing for the approval (they hope) of Johnny De Silva. They are the clever Pepper Twins, Buddy and Florence and the talented little dancer, Sadie Wooton. Buddy writes and arranges the music for their turn and it's really big time material.

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# NEW YORK LOW-DOWN....

#### By Lee Leary

If you want to see all the stars in the heavens under one roof you go to the Planetarium. If you want to see all the stars of stage and screen, you go to El Morocco—sooner or later, they all drift in along with the socially prominent, the intelligentsia and literati. We rather like the idea of fierce and picturesque Arab doormen and the decor of the interior does something to us—sky blue walls and ceiling, twinkling star-lights, sheer iridescent (white cellophane) palm trees and novel upholstery in the symbolic zebra stripe. Call it African splendor! It is as exquisite a setting as you can find in which to dine, dance and scrutinize at close range, celebrities and beauties in weird and impudent headdress, extravagant wraps and gowns that have enormous chic, dashing sophistication and originality.

How would you like to have one hundred new crisp bank notes float down into your lap? A unique piece of jewelry? Or, perhaps, a reservation on a southbound cruiser? If the idea is intriguing, drop into the Stork Club on a Sunday night—and try to get in. You'll see a multitude of balloons in net hammocks that are tacked on the ceiling—a carnival note in an elegant setting—and when these balloons are released (any hour after midnight) the lucky ones find astounding prizes—no niggard is Sherman Billingsley—and its fun, hilarious fun for everybody!

When the International finally opened last fall displaying escalators, a bar winging casually up stairs and a show straight from the night life of Paris, we all felt that here was the ultimate in theatre-restaurants.

Now Billy Rose's Casa Manana is hogging the spotlight with such novel features as sun baths (gratis) and six ferocious tigers taking part in the spectacular show. Celebrity Nights (Sundays) at the Casa Manana are something to talk about too. In one night, under one roof (the 20th to be exact) we see and hear such celebrities as Nelson Eddy, Guy Robertson, Edward Roper, Paul Draper, Mary Pickford, Buddy Rogers, Estelle Taylor, Mark Blitzstein, Jack Waldron, and—so on into the wee hours of the morning.



"A little bit of Paris in the heart of New York" Chambord's will delight you. Here's a place that is proud of its kitchen—so proud, in fact, that the diner may look through the glass wall at the colorful red pots and pans, the earthen ware dishes and shining copper and brass urns—there's nothing sordid about cooking in such surroundings And the food itself is the kind you find in the out of way restaurants in Paris, those the tourists rarely visit. Best of all, though, is the wine cellar—space doesn't permit enumeration of the rare vintages, and kinds of wine, but if you like wine of any brand or description—Chambord's is the place for you.

If it's Swedish food you crave, go to the Stockholm where the food is excellent and the smorgasbord something to talk about. A spacious mansion in the fifties was converted into a lounge and bar downstairs, though the rest of the house is still intact and you dine in the original dining room on the second floor at the head of the winding staircase. The patrons are genteel, the surroundings pleasant and homelike, and the service impeccable. One does well to reserve a table in advance.

If your taste runs to quiet simplicity visit the Tally-Ho restaurant, which is an exact reproduction of an English Tavern with the usual Snack Bar, rosy cheeked waiters and waitresses, and a genial host, Jack O'Neil, whose aim is to make the Tally-Ho the rendezvous of out-of-towners. Everything about this amazing place is so typical of merry England that the most unimaginative person recalls the fairy tale of the magic carpet.

We heard someone say once that when you've been to one New York night club you've been to all—but not so Le Ruban Bleu. The entertainment here is of an uncommonly high order and, besides being extremely amusing, gives you a chance to brush up on your French. For years the original Le Ruban Bleu in Paris was the rendezvous of that set of Americans dubbed Cafe Society. Now that the sprightly Herbert Jacoby moved his Le Ruban Bleu to these shores the former devotees still get together here and it's all very informal and "Hello-how-are-you" so that outsiders experience the uneasiness of a gate-crasher which is perhaps as it should be.

When one considers the miraculous success of the hotels which have come under the supervision of Ralph Hitz, it is very evident that though Mr. Hitz is a hotelman he is a superior showman as well. At the Belmont Plaza's Glass Hat, patrons willingly stand at the attractive bar patiently waiting for an available table. Here you dine, dance, enjoy a good floor show and danceable music for practically the cost of a pair of theatre tickets.

Space did not permit the rounds of the various and sundry places of entertainment on the great white way, but in the next issue we will take you to more places, and really show you the sights.

The more we see of Broadway, the better we like it—for it is still Broadway in spite of what some columnists would have you believe. Grand shows—grand late spots—always something to do—always new personalities and acts to entertain. We like it here—and to Broadway and its grand people, we salute you!



# NEW YORK FASHION FLASHES....

New York.

Dear Linda:

Wouldn't it be nice if you could of a morning walk into your favorite flower shop and walk right out trailing the mingled fragrance of your favorite flowers for the rest of the day? It's even easier than that with Elizabeth Arden's new Perfume Bouquet Ensemble of flower fragrances. All the girls here are using appropriate perfume on their costume flower accents—on boutonnieres, on the flowers that are planted all over hats, on artificial flowers set low at the decolletage in the Empress Eugenie manner—and some even use perfume with flower prints to give a lovely illusion of fresh flowers in bloom.

If you're interested in glamour and that school-girl complexion—and what woman isn't—you'll be delighted to know that Scandia products are now available in this country. For years we've heard about the lovely preparations of Mme. Scandia Jourde, famous skin, health, and beauty specialist whose Parisian Salon is visited by all Americans in the know, as well as the aristocracy of Continental Europe. Now that I've used them myself. I think our enthusiastic friends didn't rave nearly enough! What I especially love is the Creme Rose which smells of fresh strawberries and is two-fold in action, really and truly cleansing and nourishing the skin, the Champagne Scandia which gives an invigorating sparkle to the complexion, and Creme pour le Bain which when applied to the rough spots of your body (before the bath) leaves it smooth and sweetly scented. Everything you can think of is displayed in the Scandia array of gay rose, amber and green colored jars and bottles (Saks-5th Avenue). Yes my dear, every conceivable aid to beauty, glamour and charm.

Michael of the Waldorf-Astoria maintains that no matter how lovely the complexion, its really your hair—woman's

To the left—Portrait of a Belle of the 19th Century.

\*\*

To the right—High points of 19th Century Belle's coiffure reproduced by Bernord az Guro for the modern woman.

crowning glory—that counts most of all and he puts the accent on a good foundation; a permanent and smart hair cut. I bend my knee to Michael's coiffures which are of the romantic I-kiss-your-hand-madame type. It was Michael who created Irene Rich's new off the face coiffure (the very day she returned from Hollywood) which gives her added charm and chic. Gertrude Lawrence's exciting hairdress is the handiwork of Michael, as is that of Joyce Arling, Sonja Henie and many other celebrities.

Fashion flashes from Paris advise that the new evening dresses are of such a variety of silhouettes that 'most any figure may be set off to advantage. But that doesn't mean that you should neglect those bulges. No matter how you look at it you'll simply have to get rid of that I-once-had-a-baby look.

If a woman had written the song "I Believe in Miracles" I'm sure she'd have dedicated it to the Silhouette Shop! They take off the bulgy parts of your anatomy without diet or steam baths or any of the horrid tortures women often undergo for lovely figures. After exposure to infra-red rays, massage by dextrous operators—aided by suction cups for the very obese—young, old and middle-aged women leave the shop inches thinner than the first time they entered. "A hint to the wise is sufficient," n'est-ce pas?

Dobbs offers a boon to the woman whose escort invariably thinks her new hat was made for a laugh. They specialize in smart flattering hats which studiously avoid the lunatic fringe.

If, on the other hand, you want to go whole-hog in new fashions in hats, by all means visit Rea & Betty. You know what a penchant I have for acquiring hats I never seem to enjoy—well last month I bought one at Rea & Betty's and I'm still so enthusiastic that I want to tell the world about it. Yum, yum, wait until you see it!

In my next letter I'll write what the smart shops are showing in the way of new apparel and accessories and I'll tell you what was, what should have and what shouldn't have been worn in the Easter Parade.

Until next month,

LEE LEARY.

# SCANDIA PRODUCTS



The lovely preparations of the famous skin, health and beauty specialist

Mme Scandia Jourde of Paris

Now at sale at:

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Sweet and fragrant as a breath of spring, the toast of smart and charming women throughout the world.





1-GEORGE ABBOTT is one of the few producers who, despite a casting staff, personally engages members of his acting organization, which now lists 400. There are no rules about getting an Abbott engagement. If a person, new to the field, appears fitted for a certain role he gets his That's all there is to it. No favorites. The Abbott Acting Company has now become one of the most solvent setups in New York, affording troupers their first grip on steady employ-ment. Maybe the show business is becoming a

singer, and the first member of Society to sing as an entertainer, says it took a lot of courage and a long time to make up her mind to try. lovely to look at and delightful to hear, Miss Symington is as modest and humble as she is charming

horseman and restauranteur often confused with the fighter who bears the same name. Mr. De-laney, whose restaurant in the Village is a popular rendezvous of the horsey crowd, recently leased the club house of the Blind Brook Turf & Polo Club, on the club grounds adjoining the polo field,

the music of Claude Debussy, the great modern French composer. Miss Davis, who recently returned from a tour of Europe and South America's leading theatres, will soon be seen in Atlantic City and the leading theatres throughout the country in her sensational cloud swing act.
5—Gertrude Lawrence, a devotee of the stage

and one of its shining lights, is looking forward to her proposed trip to the coast. In June "Susan & God" will open at the El Capitan in Hollywood and later Miss Lawrence will portray Susan in the film version. Miss Lawrence has found the answer to Robert Burns' plea "to see ourselves as others see us" in the movies.



# RAMBLING REPORTER....

### Prize Assignment . . .

Bert Leeds, the youngest director at 20th Century-Fox, will megaphone "Five of a Kind," third Dionne quintuplet production. The film will start about May 15th. Leeds is only 28 years of age and has directed "Love on a Budget," "Island in the Sky," and is presently directing "Hello Hollywood," which stars Jane Withers . . . Another prize assignment is Victor McLaglen in "Gunga Din," which is scheduled for early production. Vic's brilliant portrayal of Gypo in "The Informer" was largely responsible for the choice role. George Stevens will direct, while Cary Grant and Jack Oakie will support McLaglen, whose English background should contribute materially to his portrayal of the important role.

### Farrell Comes Home . . .

When Charles Farrell was assigned a part in Shirley Temple's film, "Lucky Penny," it was like returning home. If you will recall Charlie was under contract to Fox for several years before sound pictures made their debut in Hollywood. This may mean his successful return to pictures, since an assignment with the darling of the screen, Shirley Temple, has helped many a player on his climb to cinema fame. Irving Cummings is directing the film, with Bill Robinson, Bert Lahr and Joan Davis in support of the little box-office champion . . . Virginia Verrill, who didn't fare so well in films, is headed back to New York to fill personal appearances and radio broadcasts. Unless we miss our guess the talented Verrill miss will be back to Hollywood for picture assignments.

#### Withers' Schedule Set . . .

The 1938 schedule of films for little Jane Withers has been completed by Sol. M. Wurtzel with "Down to Earth' as her next. The little Withers just finished "Hello, Hollywood." Other films are "Salomy Jane" and "Texas Kid. . . . Joan Davis will play the court jester in Sonja Henie's "Lucky Star." She is part of a big name cast which also includes Richard Greene, Cesar Romero, Buddy Ebsen and George Barbier. Roy Del Ruth will direct the skating champ. . . In keeping with the busy production schedule at all the film plants, the All-Year Club announces that America will be travel minded this summer, and the flow of vacationers to California will be greater than ever . . . Jack Strock is another newcomer that will soon grace the silver screen. He is the likeable announcer at KFWB, who pleases with an impersonation of little Barbara Ann on the Grouch Club ethering.

#### Twelvetrees On Tour . . .

Helen Twelvetrees, who has been off the screen for too long, is leaving on a personal appearance tour with Bob Oakley, the radio comedian. Your favorite glamour girl will visit most of the eastern key cities and will later return to Hollywood and picture making. . . Boris Morros, head of the Paramount music department has assigned Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger to write the score for "Artists and Models Abroad." The composers are also busy on Bing Crosby's "Paris Honeymoon" and "Give Me a Sailor." . . . Ann Miller, who is headed for stardom at RKO-Radio is enacting an important role in "You Can't Take It With You" for Columbia. Frank Capra is directing with James Stewart, Edward Arnold, Lionel Barrymore and a long list of other prominent players in this Harry Cohn opus.

#### Cocoanut Grove Preview . . .

An elaborate press preview is scheduled for "Cocoanut Grove" May 9th. After the picture is screened at the Ambassador Hotel theatre, Harry Owens will lead Herbie Kay's orchestra on an NBC broadcast which will reach across the continent. Bob Hope will emcee, with Fred MacMurray, Burns and Allen, Dorothy Lamour, Shirley Ross and other Paramount stars taking part in the festivities. . . Frank Lloyd is readying "If I Were King" for Ronald Colman. In support of Colman will be Frances Dee, Basil Rathbone, Alma Lloyd and Ellen Drew. Twenty sets will be utilized for the film. . . Richard Wallace is directing Janet Gaynor and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in "Young in Heart" for David O. Selznick. Others prominently cast are Paulette Goddard, Roland Young, Billie Burke and Richard Carlson.

#### Garland-Rooney Teamed . . .

Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney are teamed in "Love Finds Andy Hardy" the fourth picture dealing with the adventures of Judge Hardy and his family. Lewis Stone again enacts the role of the Judge, while Fay Holden, Cecilia Parker and Ann Rutherford play other important roles. George Seitz is directing . . . David Broekman, who should be seen in films, is to begin a new radio series over the Columbia chain starting May 8th, to be heard weekly thereafter. . . "Three Comrades" and "Yellow Jack" are the headliners for May releases by M-G-M. Robert Taylor stars in the first film, while Virginia Bruce carries the banner for "Leo-the-Lion" in the latter film. Maureen O'Sullivan and Dennis O'Keefe will be seen in yet another important film titled, "Hold That Kiss."

### Chester Morris Returns . . .

Chester Morris returned from a personal appearance tour in time to step into RKO-Radio's "Ground Crew" with Richard Dix and Joan Fontaine. Robert Sisk will produce from an original story with screen adaptation by Lionel Houser... After seeing Donald McBride in "Room Service" on the Broadway stage, Producer Pandro S. Berman assigned the New York actor for the screen version of the play. He will support the three Marx brothers... In line with National Air Mail Week, Radio Station KMPC will dedicate special airings for the week of May 15th to May 21st. Postmaster O'Rourke will be in charge of the activities. The broadcasts will recount the nation's history in its transportation, from the time of Christopher Columbus to the present thundering speed of the United States air mail from coast-to-coast.

#### Just Ramblings . . .

Lanny Ross, popular radio tenor, arrives in Hollywood to discuss motion picture plans with Harry Cohn. . . . Nelson Eddy ditto. . . . George Temple and Ira Thomason are now managing the business affairs of John Boles, Irene Rich and others. . . Beverly Bemis is going it alone, and will enter motion pictures. Beverly had previously been dancing with her brother Billy. . . Roger Pryor goes to Catalina Island, followed by Dick Jurgens and Ted Weems . . . Leona Susa joins the cast of "Hedda Gabler" at the El Capitan Theatre May 9th. . . Eddie Eckels is doing a grand job at the Hollywood Reporter. . . Gilda Gray has returned to the film capital. . . Virginia McEldowney back to her hat shoppe after an eastern buying trip. . . So, until next month, we ramble on and on.



# SAN FRANCISCO LOW-DOWN . . . . .

#### • By Steve Terry

Much, much goes on in the Bay City to keep local nite life a long and merry one. There's lots to do and a lot of nice folk to help you do it.

Take Roger Pryor and his boys who are doing such a swell job of entertaining the lads and lassies at the St. Francis, for instance. We can easily appreciate why there is a sparkle of pride in the eyes of Mother, Dad and Brother Pryor as they listen to Roger via radio back in New York. He is carrying on the family's musical fame which, by the way, is now marked by the 77th anniversary of a Pryor's association with American music.

And Don Steele. He's the husky voiced tenor at the Golden Gate Theatre. We spotted him the other day admiring the lobby posters of "Snow White" and got quite a laugh out of it because Don has been on the Golden Gate bill since 'way back when Disney's pic started its record run. Should know them by heart by this time.

Then take Carvel Craig and his congenial group of music makers. They're at the Whitcomb Roof and doing a right smart job of crowd pleasing. You'll enjoy lovely Marie Roberts—and Oliver Edwards—and the Three C's. Catch them on the Roof or via your favorite airlane. You'll quickly see why we shout loudly in praise of this contingent.

And, while we're hob-nobbing with the band leaders, we must not forget that the Ole Lefthander, Joe Sanders is still doing right well by the patrons of the Rose Room Bowl at the Palace and that Carl Ravazza has substantiated our previous comments on the good quality of his music by getting himself an extension at the Sir Francis Drake. Too, there is Nat Brandwynne in the Venetian Room at the Fairmount. Only opened a week or so ago and clicking hand-somely.

Over at the Mark Hopkins—while sharing a saucer of tea with Ross Barbour, manager of Joe Reichman's ork—we learned that the "Jumping Jack of the Piano" leaves Frisco shortly for the Baker Hotel in Dallas, doing a series of one-niters enroute. He succeeds Everett Hoagland whose music is certainly missed hereabout.

Sidd Hoff is waving the baton at the El Patio where he and his boys are ably aided and abetted by Harriett Kaye and Dinorah in providing delightful entertainment.

At the Bal Tabarin, Hal Dreiske rules the roost from the conductor's stand. And, in his defense we cry "objection" to the statement made by Darrell Donnell, local critic, that Hal used to make arrangements for some "weaker name bands." Dreiske's doing right well and we look for big things from him. By way of a very sketchy review of the

acts at Bal Tabarin let us say that the Rio Brothers are show stoppers, that the Huntley sisters are plenty okay, that Jimae, the magician, and his cute partner are enthusiastically received. As usual, Tom Gerun is on hand to bid you welcome.

The Royal Hawaiian Club is doing its share to keep the nite spots aglow, what with the best in music and entertainment as well as vittles. Featured are Lena Mechado, swingsongstress; Marjorie Raymond, a clever little dancer who added much to the success of the movie "Top Hat"; Mel Peterson, who composes some swell numbers and Mary Lane—a swell number—who helps Mel on the vocalizing. Speaking of Hawaiians, Bobby True and the Royal Hawaiian Trio are giving Bay Citizens everything they seek in music and more. Clever boys!

Incidentally, don't be afraid of the rain when you set out for the Royal Hawaiian. Bill Duffin and Bill Ashby—the two boys who run this spot—have provided an entrance to the club directly from the garage.

The Deauville should be on every visitor's call list. Frank De Goff, genial host, always provides you with a cracker-jack F & M revue—and Charlie Kaley as emcee. On recent call we spotted Bobby Anderson in the Cocktail Lounge sipping a few with friends.

"Business going on as usual during renovations" might be the sign over Joe Morello's Moderne Club but don't let it stop you. You'll find Rue Shepard and Vince Silk holding forth upstairs while the lower half is being turned into a swellegant dining room.

CUFF NOTES—Thanks, Freddie Nagel, for the nice letter. Glad to know you and the ork are getting over so well with the patrons of Del Monte Hotel . . . Hey, fellers, help! Here's a letter for LaFayette and La Verne, postmarked Sidney, Australia . . . And more letters—from England, New York, Chicago, Salt Lake City, Hollywood—many of them asking for the same thing, more of the romance of San Francisco, its famous streets, places and faces, same as we scribbled years ago . . . okay, you asked for it, so look for a squib next month . . . hope you'll like it as of old. . . .

PERSONALITIES—Beryl Cameron doing a bang up vocal and dramatic job over NBC airlanes . . . Franklin Pangborn, movie comedian, and a party of friends doing the Bay Citv night spots . . . Jimmy Grainger, Hollywood biggie, at Bal Tabarin . . . Marco and Ramola dancing for the pleasure of Lake Merritt Hotel guests . . . Ray and Bee

Continued on Page 38

# CARVEL CRAIG

"ROMANCE IN RHYTHM"

N. B. C. Red and Blue

**Networks** 

His Orchestra and Entertainers
Featuring

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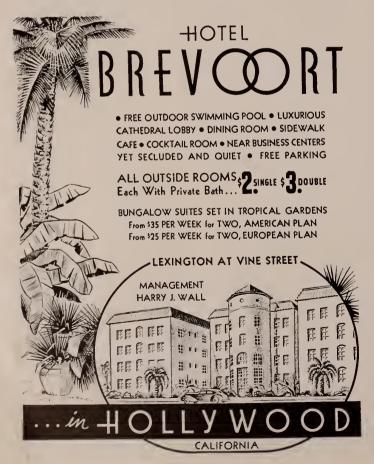
# FAN CLUB LOW-DOWN.....

# **FANEDITORIAL**

A national Motion Picture magazine has, by self-jurisdiction, appointed its publication as the EXCLUSIVE MAGAZINE OF ALL FAN CLUBS. That any film magazine is sufficiently aware of the value of fan clubs to the industry, in itself, is a tribute to our organizations. However, NO magazine has the authority to calmly state in bold black letters that THEY are the EXCLUSIVE MAGAZINE OF FAN CLUBS. This CANNOT be done without the permission of all the fan clubs in existence. And such a goal is an impossible one, because there are some one-hundred clubs under the FAN CLUB FEDERATION'S banner which already has an official magazine, namely, the HOLLYWOOD LOW-DOWN. Further, the Fan Club Federation is a corporation organized for the fans.

There is no reason on earth why any magazine can't have a department devoted to fan club news. In fact, it's a grand idea, and one which we feel sure all club presidents and their members will heartily approve of. But we feel it is a rash error on the part of a magazine editor to take it upon himself to appoint his THE ONE AND ONLY MAGAZINE FOR FAN CLUBS. Everyone, being human, makes mistakes. This particular editor has made a bad one. But there is still time to rectify it—and still no reason why this magazine can't have a fan club department, and a very fine one. We wish this editor much success with his new

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venture. We, speaking for the FAN CLUB FEDERA-TION as a whole, offer sincere congratulations for their far-sightedness, in devoting space to such a worth-while department. But, we do hope a retraction of this self-appointment will be forth-coming in short order!

IRENE BRETTMANN, President.

# WITH THE CLUBS

**HERBERT MARSHALL CLUB:** 

President: MADALENE MAYER, 53 No. Union St., Akron, Ohio.

HIGH-LITES of the HERBERT MARSHALL NEWS.... the cover, a grand eight by ten photograph of Mr. Marshall .... Letters from Mr. Marshall, Deanna Durbin, and Robert Montgomery's secretary.... Member Henrietta Mantell's visit backstage with PAUL LUKAS.... the club's own clever musical ad for "Mad About Music," Mr. Marshall's current film.... A breezy department called "On and Off the Record," author unknown which consists of an imaginary visit to the homes of the various club members—some whirl-wind traveling is done over this country of ours in the short space of one page.... the general neat lay-out of the entire publication deserves a cheer....

# THE JOSEPHINE HUCHINSON CLUB:

President: MARJORY CRAFT, 4802 Washington Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana

HIGH-LITES of IO'S JOURNAL . . . . A two page letter from Miss Huchinson to the club members. She takes them through the minutest details of a studio day, starting with a long drive from the beach at sunrise, and concluding with a visit on the "Marie Antoinette" set-such a letter gives the fans the news they want to know-which proves Miss Hutchinson not only apreciates, but KNOWS her fans! . . . . This club magazine has an interesting article on every page, but we're offering the Key to Hollywood to LORRAINE MASON for her "Fan Club and Clubbers Memories"—a beautifully written article and our favorite of the menth from ALL fan club magazines . . . . We attend the Vines-Perry Tennis Match with member Louise Thompson; we dash through Europe with member Cecile St. Aubin; We "Swing" along with member Frances Krezner to an in-person grimpse of Benny Goodman and his man-but-he's-good "Swing" band; we even look at a circus from the inside with member Doris Robinson, and we learn a lot about Hollywood that we didn't know before by regular contributor Lynne Marshall. If you've gathered that this is our idea of a top-notch publication, your gathering has not been in vain!

# BILL LAWRENCE FAN CLUB:

President: MARGARET SCOTT,

Box 2825, Hollywood Station, Hollywood, Calif.

HIGH-LITES of "NEWS REAL FROM HOLLY-WOOD".... Member Martin Saunders day spent at the studio with Honorary president, BILL LAWRENCE—at eight bells an impatient musical horn sings under Mr. Sounders' window—it's Bill, raring to go—and they really DO go—ending that evening with a gala party at the Bev-

erly Wilshire . . . . Club member and close friend of MR. LAWRENCE writes a detailed account of two exciting adventures—one while skiing, the other at Ocean Park in search of amusement. Inter-woven are tiny threads of a friend's opinion of one BILL LAWRENCE, who is obviously, a swell person . . . . Letters from Bill to the members . . . . a Question Box in which Bill answers frankly and completely any and all questions shot his way by the various club members . . . . this is a new club and promises much—it has an excellent writing staff and a president who knows just how such an organization should be handled.

# FIFI D'ORSAY CLUB:

President: MARY HELEN QUELLEY, 1748 E. 52nd St., Brooklyn, New York.

HIGH-LITES OF D'ORSAY-HILL DOINGS . . Clever cover with a cute informal picture of honoraries Fifi D'Orsay and her husband, Morgan Hill . . . . Three members can boast a personal visit with the vivacious Miss D'Orsay . . . . each account is well written and very interesting. It is worth noting that no two meetings are alike. -Each member dashed about, very informally, with Fifi on various missions. For instance, member Nyki Werle had the fun of "playing maid" for Fifi between stage appearances. Nyki also mentions that Fifi has a commendable habit of noticing one's attire, "an unusual and rather surprising characteristic for any actress to possess" . . . . it is usually the other way around . . . they bask in the sun, while we in the shadows praise. Not so with La D'Orsay . . . she turns the sun on YOU and there's a note of sincerity in her comments . . . . Member Dottie Mae Hulse visited Fifi on the Warner Brother's set, and watched her emote before zee ole' camera —Dottie Mae is well acquainted with the D'Orsay family, as we also note an interesting account of Dottie's meeting

with Morgan Hill.... Betty Church was not only thrilled at meeting Fifi, but when attending the stage show several days later, Fifi shouted hello to Betty who had a front row seat! •We have given you this detailed account of meetings to prove the friendliness of D'ORSAY DOINGS and of their honored celebrity.

# CRAIG REYNOLDS CLUB:

President: ALMA CALLIGAN, 1723 5th Ave., Oakland, California.

HIGH-LITES of REYNOLDS RUMPUS . . . nice informal snapshot of Craig greeting the members from the first page. Nice informal letter from the club's new president, Alma Calligan, greeting the members from ditto . . . . Member Carol Dose tells of a member with the genial and handsome Craig at his Hollywood home—there was tea, and chatter, and snapshots, and autographs and "Bobby", Craig's famous dog, performing for the "company" in grand style . . . . member Margaret Leonard tells of her first meeting with Craig, a brief one in a magazine office—but this was only the beginning—she has since joined the club, and was one of the many who attended a theatre party in honor of Craig, concluded with buffet supper at his home for the gang—more autographs, pictures, snapshots, chatter AND little Bobby! This club has a super-active chapter in San Francisco-Member Ethel Hennig gives details-and member Carol Dose pops up again with news of the members told breezily—but breezily!

# MICHAEL WHALEN CLUB:

President: L. Allan Smith, 12 Wayside Place, Lawrence, Mass.

HIGH-LITE of CAMERA . . . . we are proudly highliting every page of CAMERA including its stunning cover

| S<br>P<br>E<br>C<br>I<br>A<br>L                            | TO ALL MEMBERS OF FAN CLUBS AFFILIATED WITH THE FAN CLUB FEDERATION  SPECIAL OFFER  ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to the  HOLLYWOOD LOW-DOWN ONLY \$1.50 (FOREIGN \$2.50)  Use This Form NOW — Get Your Hollywood Dope Hot | S<br>P<br>E<br>C<br>I<br>A<br>L |
|--|--|---------------------------------|
| 1508 North Hollywood, I am a advantage o one full yea Name | DD LOW-DOWN Highland Ave., California member of the  | V-DOWN for                      |

with a new and nifty portrait of Mike gracing the center . . . in other words, CAMERA is our favorite magazine of the month . . . . it's the anniversary issue and it is really worth shouting about . . . extremely neat, perfectly edited, with a general lay-out which would do credit to any recognized film publication . . . take a deep bow, Allan Smith-you've got our admiration! . . . . There are Anniversary greetings from every member of the Whalen family, including Michael's mother . . . . there are further details of prexy Allan Smith's trip to Hollywood told in a frank, interesting style . . . . there's a peach of a "Discourse on Fan Clubs" by Lorraine Mason (what! is THAT gal here again) . . . seriously, we wish every motion picture executive could read that article . . . There are friendly letters from Bette Davis, Lanny Ross, Gordon Oliver, Pat Ellis, Barbara Stanwyck and Gloria Stuart . . . . There's a new contest, chatter about the members and a puzzling crossword puzzle which tops off a ripping good issue.

# PAULETTE GODDARD CLUB:

President: GERI MARIS CONNOR, 7901 Keeler Ave., Niles Center, Ill.

HIGH-LITES of REGENCY: This magazine has a stunning cover of Paulette Goddard and is one of the largest club publications issued by any fan club group. It is also one of the very neatest. Sketches, an extra picture of Miss Goddard as well as two darbs of Mr. Chaplin are bound to catch your eye . . . . Paulette's Page, covering, in reality, three pages of news directly from their honorary star is always a high-lite for Goddard admirers . . . . Harmony Haynes, writer supreme, gives an unforgettable inside glimpse at popular Craig Reynolds . . . . The readers travel to Africa with member Iona Archer, and then, member Maria Del Pilar O'Neill tells of famous visitors to her native Puerto Rico, Mrs. Roosevelt and Charles Lindbergh among them . . . . Editor Geri Maris's article "A Sunday Evening in December" is actually a ticket of admission to every reader to one of the Goddard club famous gatherings!

# NELSON EDDY CLUB:

President: Frances Bradley, 4211 Overlook Rd., Birmingham, Alabama.

HIGH-LITES of NELSON EDDY NOTES: The cover—a statuet sketch of Nelson Eddy accompanied by the phrase "The Greeks Have Two Words for His Name!" Clever? . . . . Unique dedication—this issue is not tossed in Mr. Nelson's direction, but, to the officers of the Nelson Eddy club, with applause for their hard work—bravo for this gesture on the part of President Bradley . . . . Mrs. Nelson Eddy came in for a bit of praise by member Ann Sanborn who had the pleasure of meeting her—a large bouquet of your favorite posies to Ann for this, our favorite article in this particular news.

# FREDRIK LAWRENCE CLUB:

President: JOANNA KROZACK, 601 E. 36th St., Baltimore, Maryland.

HIGH-LITES of LAWRENCE LYRICS: Three loud cheers for member Madge Riley who certainly told Gilbert Kanous of the Baltimore Evening Sun a few things regarding his outburst on fan clubs. Miss Riley writes with dignity but to the point—and every word she pens is correct . . . . Whoever drew the sketch of Mr. Lawrence for the club magazine's cover deserves a medal— it's swell . . . . According to the THRU THE KEYHOLE department more than half of his club's members have been getting backstage glimpses of stage and screen favorites.

#### **GENERAL CHATTER:**

ELEANOR MORGENSEN, president of the ELEANOR POWELL club, writes that she plans to have club pins for her members, with pictures of Eleanor on the pins . . . . DOTTIE MAE HULSE initial issue of the FRIEDA INESCOURT news is aces high—it looks like Spring—it reads like Spring—it's gay, it's colorful—you'll like it . . . . VERA ALLEN, president of the new and so nice ANNE NAGEL news, is doing justice to her club for a sweet actress . . . . BINGANG breezed in all done up in bright yellow—swell work on the part of ink slinger subblime, LYNNE HOFSTETTER and prexy of this Crosby Crooner Club, CEL JOSEPH . . . . GLENNA RILEY'S Jeannette MacDonald News, Virginia Haas TITO GUIZAR news, and Lucile Carlson's ALICE WHITE NEWS are always welcome at this writer's desk . . . see you next month.

#### $\star$

# SAN FRANCISCO LOW-DOWN

Continued from Page 34

Goman producing the shows at the Music Box with Jeanne Williford handling the girlie numbers . . . Francis Kohler, interpretive dancer in Nude Flourescence . . . Betty Baker and Fay Wilson, the two misses with the swell vocals at the El Rancho Club, where Lou Ashe is the m. c. . . . those boys on the mag San Francisco Life . . . Kim Kimmel, back on the job at Techau, after a short vacation . . . Earl Bell, erstwhile Hollywoodite, taking over the management of the Kit Kat Club will present Babe Laurette as m. c. and producer of the line numbers . . . those two master showmen-BBB to entertain and Ellis Levy to host-who make Omar Khayyam's a delightful place to visit . . . Val Valente and his combination of ace musicians at Club Lido . . . Anita Aguerro, the charming miss who sings those Spanish numbers at the Club Moderne, and her variations of "Tipitin" . . . Philip G. Lasky, general manager of KSFO, and his yearin-the-making film epic on the construction of the station's new transmitter. It's a wow. . . .

KNOWIN' 'EM BETTER — Subject — Carvel Craig. Tall, dark and good looking young maestro with a beaming smile and million dollar personality. A few years ago Carvel organized his band and took them into the Saint Claire Hotel, San Jose, Calif. From there the Palace Hotel, San Francisco. Here he started and found success as a hotel band leader. He definitely has that hospitable way about him. Came an offer to open the Starlight Gardens atop the Hotel Utah in Salt Lake. Completed entire summer's engagement there. Then into the Odenback Room of Hotel Hayward in Rochester, New York, followed by the Club Greyhound in Louisville, Kv. Returned again to the Hotel Utah the next summer. Followed this engagement with a stand at the College Inn, San Diego, then the Frisco Whitcomb Roof, where they are now swinging out in fine fashion. During all this time Carvel has kept the nucleus of his band together. After the first engagement at the Hotel Utah, an automobile accident which injured Carvel threatened to ruin his start. It became necessary to abandon plans for the time. Soon he was up again and leading the boys back into the spots. This did not prove a handicap as he built his present band around the best members of his former aggregation. Today this band is headed for the high spots.

# MAXWELL CO. AWARDED CONTRACT

Paramount Studio has contracted with the Hollywood Maxwell Company, makers of the famous V-ette brassieres, to use their product to the exclusion of all other brands, it is said. Quite a concession to these manufacturers, eh?





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